Surfojee Rajah

# THE

# PECTATOR.

## VOL. VI.

# THE
# PECTATOR,

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES.

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VOLUME the SIXTH.

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*LONDON:*


nted for *John Donaldson*, corner of Arundel-Street, No. 195.
n the Strand. Sold by *T. Wilson*, at York: *A. Smith*,
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M.DCC.LXXVI.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# CHARLES,

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

MY LORD,

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to

know

know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her Majesty's favour to all who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A Secretary of State, in the interests of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a Ministry, by whose services your Sovereign and country are in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great-Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration

niſtration, in which your Lordſhip bore ſo important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time ſhall endure; I ſhall not therefore attempt to rehearſe thoſe illuſtrious paſſages, but give this application a more private and particular turn, in deſiring your Lordſhip would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the moſt polite literature, and perfectly accompliſhed in the knowledge of books and men, which makes it neceſſary to beſeech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the Author of them; who is, with the greateſt truth and reſpect,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordſhip's*

*Obliged, Obedient, and*

*Humble Servant,*

*The* SPECTATOR.

# THE SPECTATOR

No. 395. *Tuesday, June 3, 1712.*


——*Quod nunc ratio est, impetus ante fuit.* Ovid.

*'Tis reason now, 'twas appetite before.*

B*EWARE of the ides of March*, ſaid the Roman Augur to Julius Cæſar ; *Beware of the month of May*, ſays the Britiſh Spectator to his fair countrywomen. The caution of the firſt was unhappily neglected, and Cæſar's confidence coſt him his life. I am apt to flatter myſelf, that my pretty readers had much more regard to the advice I gave them, ſince I have yet received very few accounts of any notorious trips made in the laſt month.

BUT though I hope for the beſt, I ſhall not pronounce too poſitively on this point, 'till I have ſeen forty weeks well over, at which period of time, as my good friend Sir ROGER has often told me, he has more buſineſs as a juſtice of peace, among the diſſolute young people in the country, than at any other ſeaſon of the year.

NEITHER muſt I forget a letter which I received near a fortnight ſince from a lady, who, it ſeems, could hold out no longer, telling me ſhe looked upon

the month as then out, for that ſhe had all along reckoned by the new ſtile.

ON the other hand, I have great reaſon to believe, from ſeveral angry letters which have been ſent to me by diſappointed lovers, that my advice has been of very ſignal ſervice to the fair ſex, who, according to the old proverb, were *forewarn'd forearm'd.*

ONE of theſe gentlemen tells me that he would have given me an hundred pounds rather than I ſhould have publiſhed that Paper, for that his miſtreſs, who had promiſed to explain herſelf to him about the beginning of May, upon reading that diſcourſe told him that *ſhe would give him her anſwer in June.*

THYRSIS acquaints me, that when he deſired Sylvia to take a walk in the fields, ſhe told him *the Spectator had forbidden her.*

ANOTHER of my correſpondents, who writes himſelf Mat. Meager, complains, that whereas he conſtantly uſed to breakfaſt with his miſtreſs upon chocolate, going to wait upon her the firſt of May, he found his uſual treat very much changed for the worſe, and has been forced to feed ever ſince upon green tea.

AS I begin this critical ſeaſon with a caveat to the ladies, I ſhall conclude it with a congratulation, and do moſt heartily wiſh them joy of their happy deliverance.

THEY may now reflect with pleaſure on the dangers they have eſcaped, and look back with as much ſatisfaction on the perils that threatned them, as their great-grandmothers did formerly on the burning plough-ſhares, after having paſſed through the ordeal-trial. The inſtigations of the Spring are now abated. The nightingale gives over her *love-laboured ſong*, as Milton phraſes it, the bloſſoms are fallen, and the beds of flowers ſwept away by the ſcythe of the mower.

I ſhall now allow my fair readers to return to

their

their romances and chocolate, provided they make uſe of them with moderation, 'till about the middle of the month, when the ſun ſhall have made ſome progreſs in the crab. Nothing is more dangerous, than too much confidence and ſecurity. The Trojans, who ſtood upon their guard all the while the Grecians lay before their city, when they fancied the ſiege was raiſed, and the danger paſt, were the very next night burnt in their beds. I muſt alſo obſerve, that as in ſome climates there is a perpetual Spring, ſo in ſome female-conſtitutions there is a perpetual May: theſe are a kind of valetudinarians in chaſtity, whom I would continue in a conſtant diet. I cannot think theſe wholly out of danger, 'till they have looked upon the other ſex at leaſt five years through a pair of ſpectacles. Will Honeycomb has often aſſured me, that it is much eaſier to ſteal one of the ſpecies, when ſhe has paſſed her grand climacteric, than to carry off an icy-girl on this ſide five-and-twenty; and that a rake of his acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the affections of a young lady of fifteen, had at laſt made his fortune by running away with her grand-mother.

BUT as I do not deſign this ſpeculation for the ever-greens of the ſex, I ſhall again apply myſelf to thoſe who would willingly liſten to the dictates of reaſon and virtue, and can now hear me in cold blood. If there are any who have forfeited their innocence, they muſt now conſider themſelves under that melancholy view in which Chamont regards his ſiſter, in thoſe beautiful lines:

'————Long ſhe flouriſh'd,
'Grew ſweet to ſenſe, and lovely to the eye:
'Till at the laſt a cruel ſpoiler came,
'Cropt this fair roſe, and rifled all its ſweetneſs,
'Then caſt it like a lothſom weed away.

ON

ON the contrary, ſhe who has obſerved the timely cautions I gave her, and lived up to the rules of modeſty, will not flouriſh like *a roſe in June*, with all her virgin-bluſhes and ſweetneſs about her: I muſt, however, deſire theſe laſt to conſider, how ſhameful it would be for a General, who has made a ſucceſsful campaign, to be ſurpriſed in his winter-quarters: it would be no leſs diſhonourable for a lady to loſe, in any other month of the year, what ſhe has been at the pains to preſerve in May.

THERE is no charm in the female ſex, that can ſupply the place of Virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible, good-breeding degenerates into wantonneſs, and wit into impudence. It is obſerved, that all the virtues are repreſented by both painters and ſtatuaries under female ſhapes, but if any one of them has a more particular title to that ſex, it is Modeſty. I ſhall leave it to the divines to guard them againſt the oppoſite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is ſufficient for me to have warned them againſt it, as they may be led aſtray by inſtinct.

*I DESIRE this Paper may be read with more than ordinary attention, at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Weſtminſter.* X

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## No. 396. *Wedneſday, June 4.*

*Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.*

*A barbarous verſe invented by the Logicians.*

HAVING a great deal of buſineſs upon my hands at preſent, I ſhall beg the Reader's leave to preſent him with a letter that I received about half a year ago from a gentleman of Cambridge, who ſtiles himſelf Peter de Quir. I have kept it by me ſome months,

months, and though I did not know at firſt what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently I have at laſt diſcovered ſeveral conceits in it: I would not therefore have my Reader diſcouraged if he does not take them at the firſt peruſal.

To MR SPECTATOR.

*From St John's College, Cambridge, Feb.* 3, 1712.

*SIR,*

'THE monopoly of puns in this univerſity has 'been an immemorial privilege of the Johni'ans; and we can't help reſenting the late invaſion 'of our ancient right as to that particular, by a lit'tle pretender to clenching in a neighbouring col'lege, who, in an application to you by way of let'ter, a while ago, ſtiled himſelf Philobrune. Dear 'Sir, as you are by character a profeſt well-wiſher 'to ſpeculation, you will excuſe a remark which 'this gentleman's paſſion for the Brunette has ſug'geſted to a brother theoriſt: it is an offer towards 'a mechanical account of his lapſe to punning, for 'he belongs to a ſet of mortals who value themſelves 'upon an uncommon maſtery in the more humane 'and polite part of letters. A conqueſt by one of 'this ſpecies of females gives a very odd turn to 'the intellectuals of the captivated perſon, and very 'different from that way of thinking which a tri'umph from the eyes of another, more emphatical'ly of the fair ſex, does generally occaſion. It fills 'the imagination with an aſſemblage of ſuch ideas 'and pictures as are hardly any thing but ſhade, 'ſuch as night, the devil, *&c.* Theſe portraitures, 'very near overpower the light of the underſtand'ing, almoſt benight the faculties, and give that 'melancholy tincture to the moſt ſanguine complex'ion, which this gentleman calls an inclination to 'be a brown-ſtudy, and is uſually attended with

'worse consequences, in case of a repulse. During 'this twilight of intellects, the patient is extremely 'apt, as love is the most witty passion in nature, to 'offer at some pert sallies now and then, by way of 'flourish, upon the amiable enchantress, and unfor-'tunately stumbles upon that mungrel miscreated '(to speak in Miltonic) kind of wit, vulgarly term-'ed the pun. It would not be much amiss to con-'sult Dr T—W— (who is certainly a very able pro-'jector, and whose system of divinity and spiritual 'mechanics obtains very much among the better 'part of our under-graduates) whether a general 'inter-marriage, enjoined by parliament, between 'this sisterhood of the olive-beauties, and the fra-'ternity of the people called Quakers, would not be 'a very serviceable expedient, and abate that over-'flow of light which shines within them so power-'fully, that it dazzles their eyes, and dances them 'into a thousand vagaries of error and enthusiasm. 'These reflections may impart some light towards a 'discovery of the orgin of punning among us, and 'the foundation of its prevailing so long in this fa-'mous body. It is notorious from the instance un-'der consideration, that it must be owing chiefly to 'the use of brown jugs, muddy belch, and the 'fumes of a certain memorable place of rendezvous 'with us at meals, known by the name of staincoat 'hole: for the atmosphere of the kitchen, like the 'tail of a comet, predominates least about the fire, 'but resides behind and fills the fragrant receptacle 'above-mentioned. Besides, it is farther observa-'ble, that the delicate spirits among us, who de-'clare against these nauseous proceedings, sip tea, 'and put up for critic and amour, profess likewise 'an equal abhorrence for punning, the ancient in-'nocent diversion of this society. After all, Sir, 'though it may appear something absurd, that I 'seem to approach you with the air of an advocate 'for punning, (you who have justified your censures

of

'of the practice in a set dissertation upon that sub-'ject;) yet, I am confident, you will think it abun-'dantly atoned for by observing, that this humbler 'exercise may be as instrumental in diverting us 'from any innovating schemes and hypothesis in 'wit, as dwelling upon honest orthodox logic would 'be in securing us from heresy in religion. Had Mr 'W—'s researches been confined within the bounds 'of Ramus or Crackenthorp, that learned news-'monger might have acquiesced in what the holy 'oracles pronounced upon the deluge, like other 'Christians; and had the surprising Mr L—y been 'content with the employment of refining upon 'Shakespear's points and quibbles, (for which he 'must be allowed to have a superlative genius) and 'now and then penning a catch or a ditty, instead 'of inditing odes, and sonnets, the gentlemen of 'the Bon Gout in the pit would never have been 'put to all that grimace in damning the frippery of 'state, the poverty and languor of thought, the 'unnatural wit, and inartificial structure of his 'dramas.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your very humble servant,*

PETER DE QUIR.

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## No. 397. *Thursday, June 5.*

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*——Dolor ipse disertum*
*Fecerat——* Ovid. Met. l. 13. v. 225.

*For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence.* Dryden.

AS the Stoic philosophers discard all passions in general, they will not allow a wise man so much as to pity the afflictions of another. If thou seest thy friend in trouble, says Epictetus, thou mayest put

put on a look of sorrow and condole with him, but take care that thy sorrow be not real. The more rigid of this sect would not comply so far as to shew even such an outward appearance of grief, but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and shewed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer was still, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

FOR my own part, I am of opinion, compassion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent happiness, such an indifference to mankind as that in which the Stoics placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow: in short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the same common lot.

THOSE who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up pity so much as those who indite their own sufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving sentiments than can be supplied by the finest imagination. Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by art.

IT is for this reason that the short speeches or sentences which we often meet with in histories, make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader than the most laboured strokes in a well-written tragedy. Truth and matter of fact sets the person actually before us in the one, whom fiction places at a greater distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any antient or modern story more affecting

fecting than a letter of Ann of Boleyn, wife to king Henry the eighth, and mother to queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the Cotton Library, as written by her own hand.

SHAKESPEAR himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character. One sees in it the expostulation of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen. I need not acquaint my Reader that this princess was then under prosecution for disloyalty to the king's bed, and that she was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the same account, though this prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she herself intimates, rather from the king's love to Jane Seymour, than from any actual crime in Ann of Boleyn.

*Queen Ann Boleyn's last letter to king Henry.*

*SIR,*

*Cotton Lib. Otho C. 10.* 'YOUR Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine antient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

'BUT let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn: with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so plea-

" sed:

'fed. Neither did I at any time fo far forget myfelf 'in my exaltation or received queenfhip, but that 'I always looked for fuch an alteration as I now 'find; for the ground of my preferment being on 'no furer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the 'leaft alteration I knew was fit and fufficient to draw 'that fancy to fome other object. You have cho-'fen me, from a low eftate, to be your Queen and 'companion, far beyond my defert or defire. If 'then you found me worthy of fuch honour, good 'your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counfel 'of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour 'from me; neither let that ftain, that unworthy 'ftain, of a difloyal heart towards your good Grace 'ever caft fo foul a blot on your moft dutiful wife, 'and the infant-princefs your daughter. Try me, 'good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let 'not my fworn enemies fit as my accufers and jud-'ges; yea let me receive an open trial, for my truth 'fhall fear no open fhame; then fhall you fee either 'mine innocence cleared, your fufpicion and con-'fcience fatisfied, the ignominy and flander of the 'world ftopped, or my guilt openly declared. So 'that whatfoever God or you may determine of me, 'your Grace may be freed from an open cenfure, and 'mine offence being fo lawfully proved, your Grace 'is at liberty, both before God and man, not only 'to execute worthy punifhment on me as an unlawful 'wife, but to follow your affection, already fettled 'on that party for whofe fake I am now as I am, 'whofe name I could fome good while fince have 'pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my 'fufpicion therein.

'BUT if you have already determined of me, and 'that not only my death, but an infamous flander 'muft bring you the enjoying of your defired hap-'pinefs; then I defire of God, that he will pardon 'your great fin therein, and likewife mine enemies, 'the inftruments thereof, and that he will not call

'you

'you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel
'usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where
'both you and myself must shortly appear, and in
'whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world
'may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly
'known, and sufficiently cleared.

'MY last and only request shall be, that myself
'may only bear the burden of your Grace's displea-
'sure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls
'of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand,
'are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If
'ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the
'name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your
'ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so
'leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine
'earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in
'his good keeping, and to direct you in all your ac-
'tions. From my doleful prison in the tower, this
'sixth of May;

*Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,*

L ANN BOLEYN.

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## No. 398. *Friday, June 6.*

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*Insanire pares certa ratione modoque.* Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. 271.

——————*You'd be a fool*
*With art and wisdom, and be mad by rule.* Creech.

CYNTHIO and FLAVIA are persons of distinction in the town, who have been lovers these ten months last past, and writ to each other for gallantry sake, under those feigned names; Mr Such-a-one and Mrs Such-a-one not being capable of raising the soul out of the ordinary tracts and passages of life, up to that elevation which makes the life of the enamoured

moured so much superior to that of the rest of the world. But ever since the beauteous Cecilia has made such a figure as she now does in the circle of charming women, Cynthio has been secretly one of her adorers. Laetitia has been the finest woman in town these three months, and so long Cynthio has acted the part of a lover very aukwardly in the presence of Flavia. Flavia has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this change of mind to any one less engaged than she was. Cynthio was musing yesterday in the piazza in Covent-Garden, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill man to go on in visiting and professing love to Flavia, when his heart was enthralled to another. It is an infirmity that I am not constant to Flavia; but it would be still a greater crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a woman with the coldness that usually indeed comes on after marriage, is ruining one's self with ones eyes open; besides it is really doing her an injury. This last consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this thought, he saw Robin the porter, who waits at Will's coffee-house, passing by. Robin, you must know, is the best man in town for carrying a billet; the fellow has a thin body, swift step, demure looks, sufficient sense, and knows the town. This man carried Cynthio's first letter to Flavia, and by frequent errands ever since, is well known to her. The fellow covers his knowledge of the nature of his messages with the most exquisite low humour imaginable: The first he obliged Flavia to take, was by complaining to her that he had a wife and three children, and if she did not take that letter, which, he was sure, there was no harm in, but rather love, his family must go supperless to bed, for the gentleman would pay him according as he

did

did his bufinefs. Robin therefore Cynthio now thought fit to make ufe of, and gave him orders to wait before Flavia's door, and if fhe called him to her, and afked whether it was Cynthio who paffed by, he fhould at firft be loth to own it was, but upon importunity confefs it. There needed not much fearch into that part of the town to find a well dreffed huffy fit for the purpofe Cynthio defigned her. As foon as he believed Robin was pofted, he drove by Flavia's lodgings in an hackney coach and a woman in it. Robin was at the door talking with Flavia's maid, and Cynthio pulled up the glafs as furprifed, and hid his affociate. The report of this circumftance foon flew up ftairs, and Robin could not deny but the gentleman favoured his mafter; yet if it was he, he was fure the lady was but his coufin, whom he had feen afk for him; adding that he believed fhe was a poor relation, becaufe they made her wait one morning till he was awake. Flavia immediately writ the following epiftle, which Robin brought to Will's.

*SIR,* *June* 4, 1712.

'IT is in vain to deny it, bafeft, falfeft of mankind; my maid, as well as the bearer, faw you.

*The injured Flavia.*

AFTER Cynthio had read the letter, he afked Robin how fhe looked, and what fhe faid at the delivery of it. Robin faid fhe fpoke fhort to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to fay to him, and bid him and all the men in the world go out of her fight; but the maid followed, and bid him bring an anfwer.

CYNTHIO returned as follows:

*Madam,* June 4, *Three afternoon,* 1712.

'THAT your maid and the bearer has feen me very often is very certain; but I defire to

'know, being engaged at picquet, what your letter
'means by *it is in vain to deny it.* I shall stay here
'all the evening.

*Your amazed Cynthio.*

As soon as Robin arrived with this, Flavia answered:

*Dear Cynthio,*

'I HAVE walked a turn or two in my anti-chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered
'myself from an impertinent fit which you ought to
'forgive me, and desire you would come to me immediately to laugh off a jealousy that you and a
'creature of the town went by in a hackney-coach
'an hour ago.

*I am your most humble servant,*

FLAVIA.

'I WILL not open the Letter which my Cynthio writ upon the misapprehension you must have
'been under when you writ, for want of hearing
'the whole circumstance.

ROBIN came back in an instant, and Cynthio answered:

*Half an hour, six minutes after three,*

*Madam,* *June 4, Will's Coffee-house.*

'IT is certain I went by your lodging with a gentlewoman to whom I have the honour to be
'known; she was indeed my relation, and a pretty
'sort of woman. But your starting manner of writing, and owning you have not done me the honour so much as to open my letter, has in it something very unaccountable, and alarms one that has
'had thoughts of passing his days with you. But

'I am

'I am born to admire you with all your little im-
'perfections.

CYNTHIO.

ROBIN run back, and brought for an answer;

'EXACT Sir, that are at Will's Coffee-house six minutes after three, June 4.; one that has had thoughts, and all my little imperfections. Sir, come to me immediately, or I shall determine what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you,

FLAVIA.

ROBIN gave an account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that Cynthio only looked at the clock, taking snuff, and writ two or three words on the top of he letter when the gave him his.

NOW the plot thickened so well, as that Cynthio saw he had not much more to accomplish being irreconcilably banished, he writ,

*Madam,*

'I HAVE that prejudice in favour of all you do, that it is not possible for you to determine upon what will not be very pleasing to

*Your obedient servant,*

CYNTHIO.

THIS was delivered, and the answer returned, in a little more than two seconds.

*SIR,*

'IS it come to this? You never loved me; and the creature you were with is the properest per-

 'son

'son for your associate. I despise you, and hope I
'shall soon hate you as a villain to

*The credulous Flavia.*

ROBIN ran back, with

*Madam,*

'YOUR credulity when you are to gain your point, and suspicion when you fear to lose it, make it a very hard part to behave as becomes

*Your humble slave,*

CYNTHIO.

ROBIN whipt away and returned with,

*Mr Wellford,*

'FLAVIA and Cynthio are no more. I relieve you from the hard part of which you complain, and banish you from my sight for ever.

*Ann Heart.*

ROBIN had a crown f is afternoon's work; and this is published to admonish Cecilia to avenge the injury done to Flavia. T

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## No. 399. *Saturday, June 7.*

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*Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!*—— Pers. Sat. 4. v. 23.

*None, none descends into himself, to find*
*The secret imperfections of his mind.* Dryden.

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing

that

that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

BUT there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit which is taken notice of in those words, *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

IF the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in those secret corners of the soul, and to shew my Reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowlege of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to

to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may set them in too strong a light it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies, and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

IN order likewise to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

IN the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should

not

not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs that are of a doubtful nature: and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry and perſecution for any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many perſons eminent for piety ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own I never yet knew any party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe actions which proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe, and the like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that is of a diſputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and examine all theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue as will

turn

turn to account on that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I SHALL conclude this Essay with observing that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty ninth Psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition: *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*

L.

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## No. 400. *Monday, June 9.*

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——*Latet anguis in herba* Virg. Ecl. 3. v. 93.

*There's a snake in the grass.* [English Proverb.

IT should, methinks, preserve modesty and its interest in the world, that the transgression of it always creates offence; and the very purposes of wantonness are defeated by a carriage which has in it so much boldness as to intimate, that fear and reluctance are quite distinguished in an object which would be otherwise desireable. It was said of a wit of the last age;

'Sidney has that prevailing gentle art,
'Which can with a resistless charm impart
'The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;

Raise

'Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire,
'Between declining virtue and deſire,
'That the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away
'In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

THIS prevailing gentle art was made up of complaiſance, courtſhip, and artful conformity to the modeſty of a woman's manners. Ruſticity, broad expreſſion, and forward obtruſion, offend thoſe of education, and make the tranſgreſſors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this taſte that the ſcenery is ſo beautifully ordered in the deſcription which Antony makes, in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge:

'Her galley down the ſilver Cidnos row'd;
'The tackling ſilk, the ſtreamers wav'd with gold:
'The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple ſails;
'Her nymphs, like nereids, round her couch were
'plac'd,
'Where ſhe, another ſea-born Venus lay;
'She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
'And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
'As if, ſecure of all beholders hearts,
'Neglecting ſhe could take 'em. Boys, like Cupids,
'Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
'That play'd about her face; but, if ſhe ſmil'd,
'A darting glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad,
'That mens deſiring eyes were never weary'd,
'But hung upon the object. To ſoft flutes
'The ſilver oars kept time; and, while they play'd,
'The hearing gave new pleaſure to the ſight,
'And both to thought———

HERE the imagination is warmed with all the objects preſented, and yet there is nothing that is laſcivous, or what raiſes any idea more looſe than that of a beautiful woman ſet off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful ſpirit of modeſty, appears

pears in the following paſſage in one of Mr Philip's paſtorals:

'Breathe ſoft, ye winds, ye waters, gently flow,
'Shield her, ye trees, ye flow'rs, around her grow,
'Ye ſwains, I beg you, paſs in ſilence by,
'My love in yonder vale aſleep does lye.

DESIRE is corrected when there is a tenderneſs or admiration expreſſed which partakes the paſſion. Licentious language has ſomething brutal in it which diſgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the ſavages in the field. But it may be aſked, To what good uſe can tend a diſcourſe of this kind at all? It is to alarm chaſte ears againſt ſuch as have what is above called the prevailing gentle art. Maſters of that talent are capable of clothing their thoughts in ſo ſoft a dreſs, and ſomething ſo diſtant from the ſecret purpoſe of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondneſs which grows too inſenſibly to be reſiſted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to ſeem afraid leſt ſhe ſhould be annoyed by the very air which ſurrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expreſſed by an interjection, an ah, or an oh, at ſome little hazard in moving or making a ſtep, than in any direct profeſſion of love, are the methods of ſkilful admirers: they are honeſt arts when their purpoſe is ſuch, but infamous when miſapplied. It is certain, that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have not made one advance which ties their admirers, tho' the females languiſh with the utmoſt anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning againſt agreeable company of the other ſex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may diſguiſe it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for ſaying it; but I ſay

I ſay it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without ſome degree of love: for this reaſon he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or viſitant, who is capable of gaining any eminent eſteem or obſervation, though it be ever ſo remote from pretenſions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous deſign, he may eaſily improve approbation into kindneſs, and kindneſs into paſſion. There may poſſibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendſhip; and yet they may be as fond as ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs in a paſtoral, but ſtill the nymph and the ſwain may be to each other no other, I warrant you, than Pylades and Oreſtes.

> 'When Lucy decks with flow'rs her ſwelling
> 'breaſt,
> 'And on her elbow leans, diſſembling reſt,
> 'Unable to refrain my madding mind,
> 'Nor ſleep nor paſture worth my care I find.
> 'Once Delia ſlept, on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
> 'Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind.
> 'I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
> 'Condemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.

SUCH good offices as theſe, and ſuch friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

IT is the permiſſion of ſuch intercourſe, that makes a young woman come to the arms of her huſband, after the diſappointment of four or five paſſions which ſhe has ſucceſſively had for different men, before ſhe is prudentially given to him for whom ſhe has neither love nor friendſhip. For what ſhould a poor creature do that has loſt all her friends! There is Marinet the agreeable, has, to my knowledge, had a friendſhip for Lord Welford, which had

like

like to break her heart; then ſhe had ſo great a friendſhip for Colonel Hardy, that ſhe could not endure any woman elſe ſhould do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been diſaſters between friends who have fallen out, and theſe reſentments are more keen than ever thoſe of other men can poſſibly be: but in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different ſexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

FOR my part, who ſtudy to paſs life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I ſhun the company of agreeable women as much as poſſible; and muſt confeſs that I have, though a tolerable good philoſopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love: for which reaſon I thought it neceſſary to give my fair readers a caution againſt it, having, to my great concern, obſerved the waiſt of a Platoniſt lately ſwell to a roundneſs which is inconſiſtent with that philoſophy. T

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## No. 401. *Tueſday, June* 10.

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*In amore haec omnia inſunt vitia: injuriae,*
*Suſpiciones, inimicitiae, induciae,*
*Bellum, pax rurſum.*—— Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

*It is the capricious ſtate of love, to be attended with reproaches, ſuſpicions, enmities, truces, quarrelling, reconcilement.*

I SHALL publiſh for the entertainment of this day, an odd ſort of a packet, which I have juſt received from one of my female correſpondents.

MR SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have often confeſſed that you are not 'diſpleaſed your Paper ſhould ſometimes convey 'the

'the complaints of diſtreſſed lovers to each other, 'I am in hopes you will favour one who gives you 'an undoubted inſtance of her reformation, and at 'the ſame time a convincing proof of the happy 'influence your labours have had over the moſt in-'corrigible part of the moſt incorrigible ſex. You 'muſt know, Sir, I am one of that ſpecies of wo-'men whom you have often characterized under 'the name of Jilts, and that I ſend you theſe lines, 'as well to do public penance for having ſo long 'continued in a known error, as to beg pardon of 'the party offended. I the rather chooſe this way, 'becauſe it in ſome meaſure anſwers the terms on 'which he intimated the breach between us might 'poſſibly be made up, as you will ſee by the letter 'he ſent me the next day after I had diſcarded him; 'which I thought fit to ſend you a copy of, that 'you might the better know the whole caſe.

'I MUST further acquaint you, that before I 'jilted him, there had been the greateſt intimacy 'between us for a year and half together, during 'all which time I cheriſhed his hopes, and indulged 'his flame. I leave you to gueſs after this what 'muſt be his ſurpriſe, when upon his preſſing for 'my full conſent one day, I told him I wondered 'what could make him fancy he had ever any 'place in my affections. His own ſex allow him 'ſenſe, and all ours good-breeding. His perſon is 'ſuch as might, without vanity, make him believe 'himſelf not incapable to be beloved. Our fortunes 'indeed, weighed in the nice ſcale of intereſt, are 'not exactly equal, which, by the way, was the 'true cauſe of my jilting him, and I had the aſſu-'rance to acquaint him with the following maxim, 'that I ſhould always believe that man's paſſion to 'be the moſt violent, who could offer me the lar-'geſt ſettlement. I have ſince changed my opinion, 'and have endeavoured to let him know ſo much by 'ſeveral letters, but the barbarous man has refuſed

'them all; so that I have no way left of writing to 'him but by your assistance. If you can bring him 'about once more, I promise to send you all gloves 'and favours, and shall desire the favour of Sir 'ROGER and yourself to stand as god-fathers to my 'first boy.

*I am, Sir, your most obedient most humble servant,*
AMORET.

*Philander to Amoret.*

*MADAM,*

'I AM so surprized at the question you were plea-'sed to ask me yesterday, that I am still at a loss 'what to say to it. At least my answer would be 'too long to trouble you with, as it would come 'from a person, who, it seems, is so very indiffer-'ent to you. Instead of it, I shall only recommend 'to your consideration the opinion of one whose 'sentiments on these matters I have often heard you 'say are extremely just. *A generous and constant pas-'sion*, says your favourite author, *in an agreeable 'lover, where there is not too great a disparity in their 'circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befal a 'person beloved*; *and if overlooked in one, may perhaps 'never be found in another.*

'I DO not, however, at all despair of being very 'shortly much better beloved by you than Antenor 'is at present; since whenever my fortune shall ex-'ceed his, you were pleased to intimate your passion 'would increase accordingly.

'THE world has seen me shamefully lose that 'time to please a fickle woman, which might have 'been employed much more to my credit and ad-'vantage in other pursuits. I shall therefore take 'the liberty to acquaint you, however harsh it may 'sound in a lady's ears, that tho' your love fit should 'happen to return, unless you could contrive a way

'to

'to make your recantation as well known to the public, as they are already apprised of the manner with which you have treated me, you shall never more see

PHILANDER.

*Amoret to Philander.*

*SIR,*

'UPON reflection, I find the injury I have done both to you and myself to be so great, that tho' the part I now act may appear contrary to that decorum usually observed by our sex, yet I purposely break thro' all rules, that my repentance may, in some measure, equal my crime. I assure you, that in my present hopes of recovering you, I look upon Antenor's estate with contempt. The fop was here yesterday in a gilt chariot and new liveries, but I refused to see him. Tho' I dread to meet your eyes, after what has passed, I flatter myself, that amidst all their confusion you will discover such a tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but those who love. I shall be all this month at lady D—'s in the country; but the woods, the fields, and gardens, without Philander, afford no pleasures to the unhappy

AMORET.

'I MUST desire you, dear Mr Spectator, to publish this my letter to Philander as soon as possible, and to assure him that I know nothing at all of the death of his rich uncle in Gloucestershire. X

## No. 402. *Wednesday, June* 11.

——— *quae*
*Spectator tradit sibi*——. Hor. Ars Poet. v. 181.

*By the Spectator given to himself.*

WERE I to publish all the advertisements I receive from different hands, and persons of different circumstances and quality, the very mention of them, without reflections on the several subjects, would raise all the passions which can be felt by human minds. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three letters; the writers of which can have no recourse to any legal power for redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their sorrow than to receive consolation.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of beauty and quality, 'and suitably married to a gentleman who dotes 'on me. But this person of mine is the object of 'an unjust passion in a nobleman who is very inti-'mate with my husband. This friendship gives him 'very easy access, and frequent opportunities of en-'tertaining me apart. My heart is in the utmost 'anguish, and my face is covered over with confu-'sion, when I impart to you another circumstance, 'which is, that my mother, the most mercenary 'of all women, is gained by this false friend of my 'husband's to solicit me for him. I am frequently 'chid by the poor believing man my husband, for 'shewing an impatience of his friend's company; 'and I am never alone with my mother, but she 'tells me stories of the discretionary part of the 'world, and such a one, and such a one, who are 'guilty of as much as she advises me to. She laughs

'at

'at my astonishment; and seems to hint to me, that 'as virtuous as she has always appeared, I am not 'the daughter of her husband. It is possible that 'printing this letter may relieve me from the unna-'tural importunity of my mother, and the perfidi-'ous courtship of my husband's friend. I have an 'unfeigned love of virtue, and am resolved to pre-'serve my innocence. The only way I can think 'of to avoid the fatal consequences of the discovery 'of this matter, is to fly away for ever; which I 'must do to avoid my husband's fatal resentment a-'gainst the man who attempts to abuse him, and 'the shame of exposing a parent to infamy. The 'persons concerned will know these circumstances 'relate to them; and tho' the regard to virtue is 'dead in them I have some hopes from their fear 'of shame upon reading this in your Paper; which 'I conjure you to do, if you have any compassion 'for injured virtue.

SYLVIA.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM the husband of a woman of merit, but am 'fallen in love, as they call it, with a lady of her 'acquaintance, who is going to be married to a 'gentleman who deserves her. I am in a trust re-'lating to this lady's fortune, which makes my con-'currence in this matter necessary; but I have so 'irresistible a rage and envy rise in me when I con-'sider his future happiness, that against all reason, 'equity, and common justice, I am ever playing 'mean tricks to suspend the nuptials. I have no 'manner of hopes for myself, Emilia, for so I'll 'call her, is a woman of the most strict virtue; her 'lover is a gentleman who, of all others, I could 'wish my friend; but envy and jealousy, tho' placed 'so unjustly, waste my very being, and with the 'torment and sense of a demon, I am ever cursing

'what I cannot but approve. I wish it were the be-
'ginning of repentance, that I sit down and describe
'my present disposition with so hellish an aspect;
'but at present the destruction of of these two
'excellent persons would be more welcome to me
'than their happiness. Mr Spectator, pray let
'me have a Paper on these terrible groundless suf-
'ferings, and do all you can to exercise crouds who
'are in some degree possessed as I am.

Canibal.

Mr Spectator,

I HAVE no other means but this to express my
' thanks to one man, and my resentment against
'another. My circumstances are as follows. I have
'been for five years last past courted by a gentleman
'of greater fortune than I ought to expect, as the
'market for women goes. You must, to be sure,
'have observed people who live in that sort of way,
'as all their friends reckon it will be a match, and
'are marked out by all the world for each other.
'In this view we have been regarded for some time,
'and I have above these three years loved him
'tenderly. As he is very careful of his fortune, I
'always thought he lived in a near manner to lay
'up what he thought was wanting in my fortune to
'make up what he might expect in another. With-
'in few months I have observed his carriage very
'much altered, and he has affected a certain air of
'getting me alone, and talking with a mighty pro-
'fusion of passionate words. How I am not to be
'resisted longer, how irresistible his wishes are, and
'the like. As long as I have been acquainted with
'him, I could not on such occasions say down-right
'to him, You know you may make me yours when
'you please. But the other night he, with great
'frankness and impudence, explained to me, that
'he thought of me only as a mistress. I answered
'this

‘ this declaration as it deserved; upon which he only doubled the terms on which he proposed my yielding. When my anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little use of the unguarded hours we had been together so remote from company, as indeed, continued he, so we are at present. I flew from him to a neighbouring gentlewoman’s house, and tho’ her husband was in the room, threw myself on a couch, and burst into a passion of tears. My friend desired her husband to leave the room. But, said he, there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the affliction; and be it what it will, she is so much your friend, that she knows you may command what services I can do her. The man sat down by me, and spoke so like a brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He spoke of the injury done me with so much indignation, and animated me against the love he said he saw I had for the wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much reason and humanity to my weakness, that I doubt not of my perseverance. His wife and he are my comforters, and I am under no more restraint in their company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a small time contempt and hatred will take place of the remains of affection to a rascal.

*I am, Sir, your affectionate reader,*

DORINDA.

MR SPECTATOR,

‘ I HAD the misfortune to be an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces, and now we are grown up to better acquaintance they deny me the respect they owe. One upbraids me with being their familiar, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle,

‘ and

'and a fourth tells me there is no duty at all to an 'uncle. I have a brother-in-law whose son will 'win all my affection, unless you shall think this 'worthy of your cognisance, and will be pleased to 'prescribe some rules for our future reciprocal be-'haviour. It will be worthy the particularity of 'your genius to lay down rules for his conduct, 'who was, as it were, born an old man, in which 'you will much oblige,

*SIR, Your most obedient servant,*

T

CORNELIUS NEPOS.

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## No. 403. *Thursday, June 12.*

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*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit* —— Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 142.

*Who many towns, and change of manners saw.*

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

FOR this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and

and Weſtminſter, and to ramble up and down a whole day, together, in order to make myſelf acquainted with the opinions of my ingenuous countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-houſe has ſome particular ſtateſman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the ſtreet where he lives, I always take care to place myſelf near him, in order to know his judgment on the preſent poſture of affairs. The laſt progreſs that I made with this intention, was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the king of France's death. As I foreſaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious ſpeculations in our Britiſh coffee-houſes, I was very deſirous to learn the thoughts of our moſt eminent politicians on that occaſion.

THAT I might begin as near the fountain-head as poſſible, I firſt of all called in at St James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The ſpeculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were ſo very much improved by a knot of theoriſts, who ſat in the inner room, within the ſtreams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spaniſh monarchy diſpoſed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in leſs than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I ſaw a board of French gentlemen ſitting upon the life and death of their grand monarque. Thoſe among them who had eſpouſed the whig intereſt, very poſitively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week ſince, and therefore proceeded, without any farther delay, to the releaſe of their friends in the gallies, and to their own re eſtabliſhment; but finding they could not agree among themſelves, I proceeded on my intended progreſs.

UPON my arrival at Jenny Man's, I ſaw an

alerte

alerte young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered juſt at the ſame time with myſelf, and accoſted him after the following manner: Well, Jack, the old prig, is dead at laſt. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly. With ſeveral other deep reflections of the ſame nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing-Croſs and Covent-Garden. And upon my going into Will's I found their diſcourſe was gone off from the death of the French king to that of monſieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and ſeveral other poets, whom they regretted on this occaſion, as perſons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of ſo great a prince, and ſo eminent a patron of learning.

AT a coffee houſe near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very ſmartly in a diſpute on the ſucceſſion to the Spaniſh monarchy. One of them ſeemed to have been retained as advocate for the duke of Anjou, the other for his imperial majeſty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the ſtatute laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth, I paſſed forward to Paul's church-yard, where I liſtened with great attention to a learned man who gave the company an account of the deplorable ſtate of France during the minority of the deceaſed king.

I then turned on my right-hand into Fiſh-ſtreet, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for ſome time) If, ſays he, the king of France is certainly dead, we ſhall have plenty of mackarel this ſeaſon; our fiſhery will not be diſturbed by privateers, as it has been for theſe ten years paſt. He afterwards conſidered how the death of this great man would effect our pilchards, and, by ſeveral other remarks, infuſed a general joy into this whole audience.

I after-

I afterwards entered a by-coffee house that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a laceman who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French king was most like Augustus Cæsar or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French king; but upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness, that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garaway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the post came away: upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon

ſuch a piece of news every one is apt to conſider it with a regard to his particular intereſt and advantage. L

## No 404. *Friday, June* 13.

*—Non omnia poſſumus omnes.* Virg. Ecl. 8. v. 63.

*With different talents form'd, we variouſly excel.*

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the univerſe has appointed every thing to a certain uſe and purpoſe, and determined it to a ſettled courſe and ſphere of action, from which if it in the leaſt deviates, it becomes unfit to anſwer thoſe ends for which it was deſigned. In like manner it is in the diſpoſitions of ſociety, the civil oeconomy is formed in a chain as well as the natural; and in either caſe the breach but of one link puts the whole in ſome diſorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that moſt of the abſurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which Nature never deſigned them.

EVERY man has one or more qualities which may make him uſeful both to himſelf and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the infant continues under her guardianſhip, ſhe brings him on in his way, and then offers herſelf for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that courſe, he can hardly miſcarry: nature makes good her engagements; for as ſhe never promiſes what ſhe is not able to perform, ſo ſhe never fails of performing what ſhe promiſes. But the misfortune is, men deſpiſe what they may be maſters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themſelves already poſſeſſed of what their genius inclined them to, and ſo bend all their ambition to excel

cel in what is out of their reach. Thus they destroy the use of their natural talents in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

CLEANTHES had good sense, a great memory, and a constitution capable of the closest application. In a word, there was no profession in which Cleanthes might not have made a very good figure; but this will not satisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable fondness for the character of a fine gentleman; all his thoughts are bent upon this; instead of attending a dissection, frequenting the courts of justice, or studying the fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dances, dresses and spends his time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good lawyer, divine, or physician, Cleanthes is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that know him, a contemptible example of talents misapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs: Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part: she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears a high resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so. Opposing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the same success as declining from her course in the production of vegetables, by the assistance of art and an hot bed: We may possibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely salad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? just as insipid as the poetry of Valerio: Valerio had an universal character, was genteel, had learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was so far true, that there was but one; Valerio had no genius for poetry, yet he is resolved to be a poet; he writes verses,

and takes great pains to convince the town, that Valerio is not that extraordinary perſon he was taken for.

IF men would be content to graft upon Nature, and aſſiſt her operations, what mighty effects might we expect? Tully would not ſtand ſo much alone in oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Cæſar in war. To build upon nature, is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing diſpoſes itſelf into order as it were of courſe, and the whole work is half done as ſoon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the muſes; they piouſly obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modeſt and ingenious virtue would ſurely have made but a very indifferent figure; and Tully's declamatory inclination would have been as uſeleſs in poetry. Nature, if left to herſelf, leads us on in the beſt courſe, but will do nothing by compulſion and conſtraint; and if we are not ſatisfied to go her way, we are always the greateſt ſufferers by it.

WHEREVER Nature deſigns a production, ſhe always diſpoſes ſeeds proper for it, which are as abſolutely neceſſary for the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are taught not to reckon him equally abſurd that will write verſes in ſpite of nature, with that gardiner that ſhould undertake to raiſe a junquil or tulip without the help of their reſpective ſeeds.

AS there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both ſexes, ſo it is not to be imagined but the fair ſex muſt have ſuffered by an affectation of this nature, at leaſt as much as the other: the ill effect of it is in none ſo conſpicuous as in the two oppoſite characters of Cælia and Iras; Cælia has all the charms of perſon, together with an abundant ſweetneſs of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice;

Iras

Iras is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and good ſenſe: if Cælia would be ſilent, her beholders would adore her; if Iras would talk, her hearers would admire her; but Cælia's tongue runs inceſſantly, while Iras gives herſelf ſilent airs and ſoft languors; ſo that it is difficult to perſuade one's ſelf that Cælia has beauty and Iras wit: each neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character: Iras would be thought to have as much beauty as Cælia, and Cælia as much wit as Iras.

THE great misfortune of this affectation is, that men not only loſe a good quality, but alſo contract a bad one: they not only are unfit for what they were deſigned, but they aſſign themſelves to what they are not fit for; and inſtead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If Semanthe would have been ſatisfied with her natural complexion, ſhe might ſtill have been celebrated by the name of the Olive beauty; but Semanthe has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now diſtinguiſhed by the character of the lady that paints ſo well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate, *Follow Nature*, which the oracle of Delphos pronounced to Cicero when he conſulted what courſe of ſtudies he ſhould purſue, we ſhould ſee almoſt every man as eminent in his proper ſphere as Tully was in his, and ſhould in a very ſhort time find impertinence and affectation baniſhed from among the women, and coxcombs and falſe characters from among the men. For my part, I could never conſider this prepoſterous repugnancy to nature any otherwiſe, than not only as the greateſt folly, but alſo one of the moſt heinous crimes, ſince it is a direct oppoſition to the diſpoſition of providence, and (as Tully expreſſes it) like the ſin of the giants, an actual rebellion againſt heaven. Z

## No. 405. *Saturday, June 14.*

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα κῦροι Ἀχαιῶν
Μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκύων.

Hom. Il. 1. v. 472.

*With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;*
*The paeans lengthen'd till the sun descends:*
*The Greeks restor'd the grateful notes prolong;*
*Apollo listens, and approves the song.* Pope.

I AM very sorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to lose the greatest performer in dramatic music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a stage. I need not acquaint my reader, that I am speaking of *Signior Nicolini.* The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist, for having shewn us the Italian music in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art.

I COULD heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-music, as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great incitement to it: they are sure to meet with excellent words, and at the same time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings, which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

THERE is a certain coldness and indifference in

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the phrafes of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of fpeech: and it happens very luckily, that the Hebrew idioms run into the Englifh tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements, from that infufion of Hebraifms which are derived to it out of the poetical paffages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expreffion, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intenfe phrafes than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is fomething fo pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often fets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is compofed in the moft elegant and polite forms of fpeech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that folemnity of phrafe which may be drawn from the facred writings. It has been faid by fome of the antients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly fpeak in Plato's ftile; but I think we may fay, with juftice, that when mortals converfe with their Creator, they cannot do it in fo proper a ftile as in that of the holy fcriptures.

IF any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of fpeech mix and incorporate with the Englifh language; after having perufed the book of Pfalms, let him read a literal tranflation of Horace and Pindar. He will find in thefe two laft fuch an abfurdity and confufion of ftile, with fuch a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very fenfible of what I have been here advancing.

SINCE we have therefore fuch a treafury of words, fo beautiful in themfelves, and fo proper for the airs of mufic, I cannot but wonder that perfons of diftinction fhould give fo little attention and encouragement

couragement to that kind of musfic which would have its foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raised our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

MUSIC among those who were stiled the chosen people was a religious art. The songs of Sion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself: after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of his people.

THE first original of the drama was a religious worship consisting only of a chorus, which was nothing else but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which however the chorus so far remembered its first office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

HOMER and Hesiod intimate to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the muses as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might shew from innumerable

pas-

paſſages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and inſtrumental muſic were made uſe of in their religious worſhip, but that their moſt favourite diverſions were filled with ſongs and hymns to their reſpective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our paſſions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cheriſh thoſe divine impulſes in the ſoul which every one feels that has not ſtifled them by ſenſual and immoderate pleaſures.

MUSIC, when thus applied, raiſes noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It ſtrengthens devotion, and advances praiſe into rapture. It lengthens out every act of worſhip, and produces more laſting and permanent impreſſions in the mind, than thoſe which accompany any tranſient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worſhip. O

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## No. 406. *Monday, June* 16, 1712.

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*Haec ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis ſolatium et perfugium praebent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.*
Tull.

*Theſe ſtudies improve youth; delight old age; are the ornament of proſperity, and refuge of adverſity; pleaſe at home; are no incumbrance abroad; lodge with us; travel with us, and retire into the country with us.*

THE following letters bear a pleaſing image of the joys and ſatisfactions of a private life. The firſt is from a gentleman to a friend, for whom he has a very great reſpect, and to whom he communicates the ſatisfaction he takes in retirement; the other is a letter to me, occaſioned by an ode written by my Lap-

Lapland lover; this correſpondent is ſo kind as to tranſlate another of Scheffer's ſongs in a very agreeable manner. I publiſh them together, that the young and old may find ſomething in the ſame paper which may be ſuitable to their reſpective taſtes in ſolitude: for I know no fault in the deſcription of ardent deſires, provided they are honourable.

*Dear Sir,*

'YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter; 'by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life 'from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixt 'ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qua'lified for. Methinks moſt of the philoſophers and 'moraliſts have run too much into extremes, in 'praiſing entirely either ſolitude or public life; in 'the former men generally grow uſeleſs by too much 'reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed by too much 'precipitation: As waters, lying ſtill, putrify and 'are good for nothing; and running violently on, 'do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, 'and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. 'Thoſe who, like you, can make themſelves uſeful 'to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not 'only glide through lonely vales and foreſts amidſt 'the flocks and ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns 'in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and 'ſervice to them. But there is another ſort of peo'ple who ſeem deſigned for ſolitude, thoſe I mean 'who have more to hide than to ſhew: As for my 'own part, I am one of thoſe of whom Seneca ſays, '*Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid* '*in luce eſt.* Some men, like pictures, are fitter for 'a corner than a full light; and I believe ſuch as 'have a natural bent to ſolitude, are like waters 'which may be forced into fountains, and exalted 'to a great height may make a much nobler figure, 'and a much louder noiſe, but after all run more 'ſmoothly, equally and plentifully, in their own

natural

'natural courſe upon the ground. The conſidera-'tion of this would make me very well contented 'with the poſſeſſion only of that quiet which Cow-'ley calls the companion of obſcurity; but whoever 'has the muſes too for his companions, can never 'be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee 'I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my 'own way of living: Plutarch juſt now told me, 'that it is in human life as in a game at tables, one 'may wiſh he had the higheſt caſt, but if his chance 'be otherwiſe, he is even to play it as well as he can 'and make the beſt of it.

*I am, SIR, Your moſt obliged,*

*and moſt humble ſervant.*

Mr Spectator,

'THE town being ſo well pleaſed with the fine 'picture of artleſs love, which nature inſpired 'the Laplander to paint in the ode you lately print-'ed; we were in hopes that the ingenious tranſlator 'would have obliged it with the other alſo which 'Scheffer has given us; but ſince he has not, a much 'inferior hand has ventured to ſend you this.

'IT is a cuſtom with the northern lovers to divert 'themſelves with a ſong, whilſt they journey through 'the fenny moors to pay a viſit to their miſtreſſes. 'This is addreſſed by the lover to his rain-deer 'which is the creature that in that country ſupplies 'the want of horſes. The circumſtances which ſuc-'ceſſively preſent themſelves to him in his way, are, 'I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The 'anxiety of abſence, the gloomineſs of the roads, 'and his reſolution of frequenting only thoſe, ſince 'thoſe only can carry him to the object of his de-'ſires; the diſſatisfaction he expreſſes even at the 'greateſt ſwiftneſs with which he is carried, and his 'joyful ſurpriſe at an unexpected ſight of his miſtreſs 'as ſhe is bathing, ſeem beautifully deſcribed in the 'original.

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'IF all thoſe pretty images of rural nature are 'loſt in the imitation, yet poſſibly you may think 'fit to let this ſupply the place of a long letter, when 'want of leiſure or indiſpoſition for writing will not 'permit our being entertained by your own hand. 'I propoſe ſuch a time, becauſe though it is natural 'to have a fondneſs for what one does one's ſelf, 'yet I aſſure you I would not have any thing of 'mine diſplace a ſingle line of yours.

I.

'Haſte, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
'Our am'rous journey through this dreary waſte;
'Haſte, my rain-deer! ſtill ſtill thou art too ſlow,
'Impetuous love demands the lightning's haſte.

II.

'Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread:
'Soon will the ſun withdraw his chearful ray;
'Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread,
'No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

III.

'The wat'ry length of theſe unjoyous moors
'Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;
'Through theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores.
'Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

IV.

'Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
'My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires;
'Fly, my rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind,
'Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

V.

'Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid,
'And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhalt view my fair,
'Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
'Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

VI.

'But lo! with graceful motion there ſhe ſwims,
'Gently removing each ambitious wave;

'The crouding waves tranſported claſp her limbs:
'When, when, oh when ſhall I ſuch freedoms have!

VII.

'In vain, ye envious ſtreams, ſo faſt ye flow,
'To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze:
'From every touch ye more tranſparent grow,
'And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

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## No. 407. *Tueſday, June* 17.

——*Abeſt facundis gratia dictis.* Ovid. Met. l. 13. v. 127.

*Elequent words a graceful manner want.*

MOST foreign writers who have given any character of the Engliſh nation, whatever vices they aſcribe to it, allow in general, that the people are naturally modeſt. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are obſerved to make uſe of leſs geſture or action than thoſe of other countries. Our preachers ſtand ſtock ſtill in the pulpit, and will not ſo much as move a finger to ſet off the beſt ſermons in the world. We meet with the ſame ſpeaking ſtatues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a ſmooth continued ſtream, without thoſe ſtrainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majeſty of the hand which are ſo much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a diſcourſe which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the fineſt tropes and figures, it is not able to ſtir a limb about us. I have heard it obſerved more than once by thoſe who have ſeen Italy, that an untravelled Engliſhman cannot

not reliſh all the beauties of Italian pictures, becauſe the poſtures which are expreſſed in them are often ſuch as are peculiar to that country. One who has not ſeen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble geſture in Raphael's picture of St Paul preaching at Athens, where the apoſtle is repreſented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidſt an audience of Pagan philoſophers.

IT is certain that proper geſtures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much ſtudied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he ſays, with weak hearers, better than the ſtrongeſt argument he can make uſe of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the ſame time that they ſhew the ſpeaker is in earneſt, and affected himſelf with what he ſo paſſionately recommends to others. Violent geſture and vociferation naturally ſhake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to ſee women weep and tremble at the ſight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in England we very frequently ſee people lulled aſleep with ſolid and elaborate diſcourſes of piety, who would be warmed and tranſported out of themſelves by the bellowing and diſtortions of enthuſiaſm.

IF nonſenſe, when accompanied with ſuch an emotion of voice and body, has ſuch an influence on mens minds, what might we not expect from many of thoſe admirable diſcourſes which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the moſt agreeable graces of voice and geſture.

WE are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he uſed to deliver

liver himſelf. The Greek orator was likewiſe ſo very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagoniſts, whom he had baniſhed from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his baniſhment, and ſeeing his friends admire it, could not forbear aſking them, if they were ſo much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more would they have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out ſuch a ſtorm of eloquence?

HOW cold and dead a figure, in compariſon of theſe two great men, does an orator often make at the Britiſh bar, holding up his head, with the moſt inſipid ſerenity, and ſtroaking the ſides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the geſtures of an Engliſh ſpeaker; you ſee ſome of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thruſt them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may ſee many a ſmart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into ſeveral different cocks, examining ſometimes the lining of it, and ſometimes the button, during the whole courſe of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapning a beaver; when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the Britiſh nation. I remember when I was a young man, and uſed to frequent Weſtminſter-Hall, there was a counſellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he uſed to twiſt about a thumb or a finger, all the while he was ſpeaking: the wags of thoſe days uſed to call it the thread of his diſcourſe, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wiſe, ſtole it from him one day in the midſt of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he loſt his cauſe by his jeſt.

I HAVE all along acknowledged myſelf to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very

improper person to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of gesture, (which seems to be very suitable to the genius of our nation) or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive. O

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## No. 408. *Wednesday, June 18.*

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*Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere, nec subjacere serviliter.* Tull. de Finibus.

*We should keep our passions from being exalted above measure, or servilely depressed.*

Mr Spectator,

'I HAVE always been a very great lover of your speculations, as well as in regard to the subject, as to your manner of treating it. Human natur[e] I always thought the mo[st] useful object of hu[m]an reason, and to make the consideration of i[t] pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the best employment of human wit: other parts of philosophy may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that end, but makes us better too. Hence it was that the oracle pronounced Socrates the wisest of all men living, because he judiciously made choice of human nature for the object of his thoughts; an inquiry into which as much exceeds all other learning, as it is of more consequence to adjust the true nature and measures of right and wrong, than to settle the distance of the planets, and compute the times of their circumvolutions.

'ONE good effect that will immediately arise from a near observation of human nature, is that we shall cease to wonder at those actions which men a[re u]sed to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as

' nothing

'nothing is produced without a cause, so by obser-'ving the nature and course of the passions, we shall 'be able to trace every action from its first concep-'tion to its death. We shall no more admire at the 'proceedings of Catiline or Tiberius, when we know 'the one was actuated by a cruel jealousy, the other 'by a furious ambition; for the actions of men fol-'low their passions as naturally as light does heat, 'or as any other effect flows from its cause; reason 'must be employed in adjusting the passions, but 'they must ever remain the principles of action.

'THE strange and absurd variety that is so ap-'parent in men's actions, shews plainly they can ne-'ver proceed immediately from reason; so pure a 'fountain emits no such troubled waters: they must 'necessarily arise from the passions, which are to 'the mind as the winds to a ship, they only can 'move it, and they too often destroy it; if fair and 'gentle, they guide it into the harbour, if contrary 'and furious, they overset it in the waves: in the 'same manner is the mind assisted or endangered by 'the passions; Reason must then take the place of 'pilot, and can never fail of securing her charge if 'she be not wanting to herself: the strength of the 'passions will never be accepted as an excuse for 'complying with them; they were designed for sub-'jection, and if a man suffers them to get the upper 'hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own soul.

'AS Nature has framed the several species of be-'ings as it were in a chain, so man seems to be 'placed as the middle link between angels and 'brutes: hence he participates both of flesh and 'spirit by an admirable tie, which in him occasions 'perpetual war of passions; and as a man inclines 'to the angelic or brute part of his constitution, he 'is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or 'wicked; if love, mercy, and good-nature prevail, 'they speak him of the angel; if hatred, cruelty, 'and envy predominate, they declare his kindred

to the brute. Hence it was that ſome of the antients imagined, that as men in this life inclined more to the angel or the brute, ſo after their death they ſhould tranſmigrate into the one or the other; and it would be no unpleaſant notion to conſider the ſeveral ſpecies of brutes, into which we may imagine that tyrants, miſers, the proud, malicious, and ill-natured might be changed.

‘ AS a conſequence of this original, all paſſions are in all men, but appear not in all; conſtitution, education, cuſtom of the country, reaſon, and the like cauſes, may improve or abate the ſtrength of them, but ſtill the ſeeds remain, which are ever ready to ſprout forth upon the leaſt encouragement. I have heard a ſtory of a good religious man, who, having been bred with the milk of a goat, was very modeſt in public, by a careful reflection he made on his actions, but he frequently had an hour in ſecret, wherein he had his friſks and capers; and if we had an opportunity of examining the retirement of the ſtricteſt philoſophers, no doubt but we ſhould find perpetual returns of thoſe paſſions they ſo artfully conceal from the public. I remember Machiavel obſerves, that every ſtate ſhould entertain a perpetual jealouſy of its neighbours, ſo that it ſhould never be unprovided when an emergency happens; in like manner ſhould Reaſon be perpetually on its guard againſt the paſſions, and never ſuffer them to carry on any deſign that may be deſtructive of its ſecurity; yet at the ſame time it muſt be careful, that it does not ſo far break their ſtrength as to render them contemptible, and conſequently itſelf unguarded.

‘ THE underſtanding being of itſelf too ſlow and lazy to exert itſelf into action, it is neceſſary it ſhould be put in motion by the gentle gales of the paſſions, which may preſerve it from ſtagnating and corruption; for they are as neceſſary to the health of the mind, as the circulation of the animal

‘ ſpirits is to the health of the body; they keep it ‘ in life, and ſtrength, and vigour; nor is it poſſible ‘ for the mind to perform its offices without their aſ- ‘ ſiſtance: theſe motions are given us with our be- ‘ ing; they are little ſpirits that are born and die ‘ with us; to ſome they are mild, eaſy, and gentle, ‘ to others wayward and unruly, yet never too ſtrong ‘ for the reins of reaſon and the guidance of judg- ‘ ment.

‘ WE may generally obſerve a pretty nice propor- ‘ tion between the ſtrength of reaſon and paſſion; ‘ the greateſt geniuſes have commonly the ſtrongeſt ‘ affections, as, on the other hand, the weaker un- ‘ derſtandings have generally the weaker paſſions; ‘ and it is fit the fury of the courſers ſhould not be ‘ too great for the ſtrength of the charioteer. Young ‘ men, whoſe paſſions are not a little unruly, give ſmall ‘ hopes of their ever being conſiderable; the fire of ‘ youth will of courſe abate, and is a fault, if it be a ‘ fault, that mends every day; but ſurely, unleſs a man ‘ has fire in youth, he can hardly have warmth in ‘ old age. We muſt therefore be very cautious, leſt ‘ while we think to regulate the paſſions, we ſhould ‘ quite extinguiſh them, which is putting out the ‘ light of the ſoul; for to be without paſſion, or to ‘ be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind. ‘ The extraordinary ſeverity uſed in moſt of our ‘ ſchools has this fatal effect, it breaks the ſpring of ‘ the mind, and moſt certainly deſtroys more good ‘ geniuſes than it can poſſibly improve. And ſurely ‘ it is a mighty miſtake that the paſſions ſhould be ſo ‘ entirely ſubdued; for little irregularities are ſome- ‘ times not only to be borne with, but to be cultiva- ‘ ted too, ſince they are frequently attended with the ‘ greateſt perfections. All great geniuſes have faults ‘ mixed with their virtues, and reſemble the flaming ‘ buſh which has thorns amongſt lights.

‘ SINCE therefore the paſſions are the principles ‘ of human actions, we muſt endeavour to manage

'them so as to retain their vigour, yet keep them 'under strict command; we must govern them rather like free subjects than slaves, lest, while we 'intend to make them obedient, they become abject, 'and unfit for those great purposes to which they 'were designed. For my part, I must confess I 'could never have any regard to that sect of philosophers, who so much insisted upon an absolute 'indifference and vacancy from all passion; for it 'seems to me a thing very inconsistent, for a man 'to divest himself of humanity, in order to acquire 'tranquility of mind, and to eradicate the very 'principles of action, because it is possible they may 'produce ill effects.

*I am, Sir, your affectionate admirer,*

Z T. B.

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## No. 409. *Thursday, June 19.*

——*Musaeo contingere cuncta lepore.* Lucr. lib. I. v. 933.

*To grace each subject with enliv'ning wit.*

GRATIAN very often recommends *the fine taste*, as the utmost perfection of accomplished man. As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing which is so much talked of among the polite world.

MOST languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been

been a very great conformity between that mental taste which is the subject of this Paper, and that sensitive taste which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty as in the sense, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a person who possessed the one in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as, upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

AFTER having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shewn the propriety of the metaphor which is used on this occasion, I think I may define it to be *that faculty of the soul, which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike.* If a man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns, which have the sanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If upon the perusal of such writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness

and

and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too uſual among taſteleſs readers) that the author wants thoſe perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himſelf wants the faculty of diſcovering them.

HE ſhould, in the ſecond place, be very careful to obſerve, whether he taſtes the diſtinguiſhing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them ſo, the ſpecific qualities of the author which he peruſes; whether he is particularly pleaſed with Livy for his manner of telling a ſtory, with Salluſt for his entering into thoſe internal principles of action which ariſe from the characters and manners of the perſons he deſcribes, or with Tacitus for his diſplaying theſe outward motives of ſafety and intereſt, which give birth to the whole ſeries of tranſactions which he relates.

HE may likewiſe conſider, how differently he is affected by the ſame thought, which preſents itſelf in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a perſon of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in ſeeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the ſun.

IT is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of ſuch a taſte as that I am here ſpeaking of. The faculty muſt, in ſome degree, be born with us, and it very often happens, that thoſe who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the moſt eminent mathematicians of the age has aſſured me, that the greateſt pleaſure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas's voyage by the map; as I queſtion not but many a modern compiler of hiſtory would be delighted with little more in that divine author, than the bare matters of fact.

BUT notwithſtanding this faculty muſt, in ſome meaſure, be born with us, there are ſeveral methods

for

for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little uſe to the perſon that poſſeſſes it. The moſt natural method for this purpoſe is to be converſant among the writings of the moſt polite authors. A man who has any reliſh for fine writing, either diſcovers new beauties, or receives ſtronger impreſſions from the maſterly ſtrokes of a great author every time he peruſes him; beſides that he naturally wears himſelf into the ſame manner of ſpeaking and thinking.

CONVERSATION with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taſte. It is impoſſible for a man of the greateſt parts to conſider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, beſides thoſe general obſervations which are to be made upon an author, forms ſeveral reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; ſo that converſation will naturally furniſh us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other mens parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the beſt reaſon I can give for the obſervation which ſeveral have made, that men of great genius in the ſame way of writing, ſeldom riſe up ſingly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Auguſtus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontain, Bruyere, Boſſu, or the Daciers, would have written ſo well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

IT is likewiſe neceſſary for a man who would form to himſelf a finiſhed taſte of good writing, to be well verſed in the works of the beſt critics both antient and modern. I muſt confeſs that I could wiſh there were authors of this kind, who, beſides the mechanical rules which a man of very little taſte may diſcourſe upon, would enter into the very ſpirit and ſoul of fine writing, and ſhew us the ſeveral ſources of

of that pleaſure which riſes in the mind upon the peruſal of a noble work. Thus altho' in poetry it be abſolutely neceſſary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the ſame nature, ſhould be thoroughly explained and underſtood; there is ſtill ſomething more eſſential to the art, ſomething that elevates and aſtoniſhes the fancy, and gives a greatneſs of mind to the reader, which few of the critics beſides Longinus have conſidered.

OUR general taſte in England is for Epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greateſt writers, both among the antients and moderns. I have endeavoured, in ſeveral of my ſpeculations, to baniſh this Gothic taſte, which has taken poſſeſſion among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an eſſay upon wit, in which I endeavoured to detect ſeveral of thoſe falſe kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world; and at the ſame time to ſhew wherein the nature of true wit conſiſts. I afterwards gave an inſtance of the great force which lyes in a natural ſimplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from ſuch vulgar pieces as have little elſe beſides this ſingle qualification to recommend them. I have likewiſe examined the works of the greateſt poet which our nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized moſt of thoſe rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I ſhall next Saturday enter upon an eſſay *on the pleaſures of the imagination*, which, tho' it ſhall conſider that ſubject at large, will perhaps ſuggeſt to the reader what it is that gives a beauty to many paſſages of the fineſt writers both in proſe and verſe. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I queſtion not but it will be received with candour.

O

*Friday,*

## No. 410. *Friday, June 20.*

*——Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur mundius,*
*Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis elegans;*
*Quae, cum amatore suo cum coenant, liguriunt.*
*Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam,*
*Quam inhonestae solae sint domi, atque avidae cibi,*
*Quo pacto ex jure hesterno panem atrum vorent:*
*Nosse omnia haec, salus est adolescentulis.*

Ter. Eun. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

*When they are abroad, nothing is so clean, and nicely dressed; and, when at supper with a gallant, they do but piddle, and pick the choicest bits: but, to see their nastiness and poverty at home, their gluttony and how they devour black crusts dipped in yesterday's broth, is a perfect antidote against wenching.*

WILL HONEYCOMB, who disguises his present decay by visiting the wenches of the town, only by way of humour, told us, that the last rainy night he, with Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, was driven into the Temple cloister, whither had escaped also a lady most exactly dressed from head to foot. WILL made no scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his name, and turning immediately to the knight, she said, she supposed that was his good friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY: upon which nothing less could follow than Sir ROGER's approach to salutation, with, Madam, the same at your service. She was dressed in a black tabby mantua and petticoat, without ribbons; her linen striped muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable second-mourning; decent dresses being often affected by the creatures of the town, at once consulting cheapness and the pretensions to modesty. She went on with a familiar easy air, Your friend, Mr HONEYCOMB, is a little surprised to see a woman here alone and unattended; but

but I dismissed my coach at the gate, and tripped it down to my counsel's chambers; for lawyers fees take up too much of a small disputed jointure to admit any other expences but mere necessaries. Mr Honeycomb begged they might have the honour of setting her down, for Sir Roger's servant was gone to call a coach. In the interim, the footman returned, with No coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr Honeycomb and his friend, to wait at the tavern at the gate for a coach, or to be subjected to all the impertinence she must meet with in that public place. Mr Honeycomb being a man of honour, determined the choice of the first, and Sir Roger, as the better man, took the lady by the hand, leading her through all the shower, covering her with his hat, and gallanting a familiar acquaintance through rows of young fellows, who winked at Sukey in the state she marched off, Will Honeycomb bringing up the rear.

MUCH importunity prevailed upon the fair one to admit of a collation, where, after declaring she had no stomach, and eaten a couple of chickens, devoured a trusse of sallet, and drunk a full bottle to her share, she sung the old man's wish to Sir Roger. The knight left the room for some time after supper, and writ the following billet, which he conveyed to Sukey, and Sukey to her friend Will Honeycomb. Will has given it to Sir Andrew Freeport, who read it last night to the club.

*Madam,*

'I AM not so mere a country-gentleman, but I can 'guess at the law-business you had at the Temple. 'If you would go down to the country, and leave 'off all your vanities but your singing, let me know 'at my lodgings in Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, and 'you shall be encouraged by

*Your humble servant,*
Roger de Coverley.

We

MY good friend could not well ſtand the rallery which was riſing upon him; but to put a ſtop to it I delivered WILL HONEYCOMB the following letter, and deſired him to read it to the board.

MR SPECTATOR,

'HAVING ſeen a tranſlation of one of the chapters in the Canticles into Engliſh verſe inſerted among your late papers, I have ventured to ſend you the ſeventh chapter of the Proverbs in a poetical dreſs. If you think it worthy appearing among your ſpeculations, it will be a ſufficient reward for the trouble of

*Your conſtant reader,*

A. B.

'MY ſon, th' inſtruction that my words impart,
'Grave on the living tablet of thy heart;
'And all the wholeſome precepts that I give,
'Obſerve with ſtricteſt reverence, and live.
'Let all thy homage be to wiſdom paid,
'Seek her protection, and implore her aid;
'That ſhe may keep thy ſoul from harm ſecure,
'And turn thy footſteps from the harlot's door,
'Who with curs'd charms lures the unwary in,
'And ſoothes with flattery their ſouls to ſin.
'Once from my window as I caſt mine eye,
'On thoſe that paſs'd in giddy numbers by,
'A youth among the fooliſh youths I ſpy'd,
'Who took not ſacred wiſdom for his guide.
'Juſt as the ſun withdrew his cooler light,
'And evening ſoft led on the ſhades of night,
'He ſtole in covert twilight to his fate,
'And paſs'd the corner near the harlot's gate;
'When lo, a woman comes!———
'Looſe her attire, and ſuch her glaring dreſs,
'As aptly did the harlot's mind expreſs:

'Subtle ſhe is, and practis'd in the arts,
'By which the wanton conquer heedleſs hearts:
'Stubborn and loud ſhe is, ſhe hates her home,
'Varying her place and form; ſhe loves to roam;
'Now ſhe's within, now in the ſtreet does ſtray,
'Now at each corner ſtands, and waits her prey.
'The youth ſhe ſeiz'd; and laying now aſide
'All modeſty, the female's juſteſt pride,
'She ſaid, with an embrace, Here at my houſe
'Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.
'I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
'And lo, in happy hour I find thee here.
'My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed
'Are cov'rings of the richeſt tap'ſtry ſpread,
'With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,
'And carvings by the curious artiſt wrought:
'It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields;
'In all her citron groves, and ſpicy fields;
'Here all her ſtore of richeſt odours meets,
'I'll lay thee in a wilderneſs of ſweets.
'Whatever to the ſenſe can grateful be
'I have collected there——I want but thee.
'My huſband's gone a journey far away,
'Much gold he took abroad, and long will ſtay:
'He nam'd for his return a diſtant day.
'Upon her tongue did ſuch ſmooth miſchief dwell,
'And from her lips ſuch welcome flatt'ry fell,
'Th' unguarded youth, in ſilken fetters ty'd,
'Reſign'd his reaſon, and with eaſe comply'd.
'Thus does the ox to his own ſlaughter go,
'And thus is ſenſeleſs of th' impending blow.
'Thus flies the ſimple bird into the ſnare,
'That ſkilful fowlers for his life prepare.
'But let my ſons attend. Attend may they
'Whom youthful vigour may to ſin betray;
'Let them falſe charmers fly, and guard their hearts
'Againſt the wily wanton's pleaſing arts;
'With care direct their ſteps, nor turn aſtray
'To tread the paths of her deceitful way;

'Leſt

'Lest they too late of her fell pow'r complain,
'And fall, where many mightier have been slain. T

## No. 411. *Saturday, June* 21.

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante*
*Trita solo: juvat integros accedere fonteis,*
*Atque haurire:*——— Lucr. lib. 1. v. 925.

——*Inspired I trace the muses seats,*
*Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first*
*Untouch'd and virgin-streams, and quench my thirst.* CREECH.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

IT is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but

we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination; for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landskips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

THERE are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: My design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

THE pleasures of the imagination, taken in the full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul as much as a demonstration; and a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage above those of the understanding,

ing, that they are more obvious, and more eafy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye, and the fcene enters. The colours paint themfelves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are ftruck, we know not how, with the fymmetry of any thing we fee, and immediately affent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular caufes and occafions of it.

A MAN of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleafures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converfe with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a ftatue. He meets with a fecret refrefhment in a defcription, and often feels a greater fatisfaction in the profpect of fields and meadows, than another does in the poffeffion. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he fees, and makes the moft rude uncultivated parts of nature adminifter to his pleafures: fo that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and difcovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themfelves from the generality of mankind.

THERE are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relifh of any pleafures that are not criminal; every diverfion they take is at the expence of fome one virtue or another, and their very firft ftep out of bufinefs is into vice or folly. A man fhould endeavour, therefore, to make the fphere of his innocent pleafures as wide as poffible, that he may retire into them with fafety, and find in them fuch a fatisfaction as a wife man would not blufh to take. Of this nature are thofe of the imagination, which do not require fuch a bent of thought as is neceffary to our more ferious employments, nor, at the fame time, fuffer the mind to fink into that negligence and remiffnefs, which are apt to accompany our more fenfual delights, but, like a gentle exercife to the faculties, awaken them

from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

WE might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. For this reason Sir Francis Bacon, in his essay upon health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I HAVE in this paper, by way of introduction, settled the notion of those pleasures of the imagination which are the subject of my present undertaking, and endeavoured, by several considerations, to recommend to my reader the pursuit of those pleasures. I shall, in my next paper, examine the several sources from whence these pleasures are derived.

O

## No. 412. *Monday, June 23.*

*—Divisum sic breve fiet opus.* Mart. Ep. 83. lib. 4.

*The work, divided aptly, shorter grows.*

I SHALL first consider those pleasures of the imagination, which arise from the actual view and survey of outward objects: and these, I think, all proceed

proceed from the ſight of what is *great*, *uncommon*, or *beautiful*. There may, indeed, be ſomething ſo terrible or offenſive, that the horror or loathſomneſs of an object may over-bear the pleaſure which reſults from its *greatneſs*, *novelty*, or *beauty*, but ſtill there will be ſuch a mixture of delight in the very diſguſt it gives us, as any of theſe three qualifications are moſt conſpicuous and prevailing.

BY *greatneſs*, I do not only mean the bulk of any ſingle object, but the largeneſs of a whole view, conſidered as one entire piece. Such are the proſpects of an open champian country, a vaſt uncultivated deſart, of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks and precipices, or a wide expanſe of waters, where we are not ſtruck with the novelty or beauty of the ſight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of theſe ſtupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to graſp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are flung into a pleaſing aſtoniſhment at ſuch unbounded views, and feel a delightful ſtilneſs and amazement in the ſoul at the apprehenſions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a reſtraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itſelf under a ſort of confinement, when the ſight is pent up in a narrow compaſs, and ſhortened on every ſide by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a ſpacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immenſity of its views, and to loſe itſelf amidſt the variety of objects that offer themſelves to its obſervation. Such wide and undetermined proſpects are as pleaſing to the fancy, as the ſpeculations of eternity or infinitude are to the underſtanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonneſs joined with this grandeur, as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with ſtars and meteors, or a ſpacious landſkip cut out into rivers, woods, rocks,

and meadows, the pleaſure ſtill grows upon us, as it ariſes from more than a ſingle principle.

EVERY thing that is new or uncommon raiſes a pleaſure in the imagination, becauſe it fills the ſoul with an agreeable ſurpriſe, gratifies its curioſity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before poſſeſſed. We are indeed ſo often converſant with one ſet of objects, and tired out with ſo many repeated ſhows of the ſame things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the ſtrangeneſs of its appearance: it ſerves us for a kind of refreſhment, and takes off from that ſatiety we are apt to complain of in our uſual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that beſtows charms on a monſter, and makes even the imperfections of nature pleaſe us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every inſtant called off to ſomething new, and the attention not ſuffered to dwell too long, and waſte itſelf on any particular object. It is this likewiſe, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any ſeaſon of the year pleaſant to look upon, but never ſo much as in the opening of the ſpring when they are all new and freſh, with their firſt gloſs upon them, and not yet too much accuſtomed and familiar to the eye. For this reaſon there is nothing that more enlivens a proſpect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water, where the ſcene is perpetually ſhifting, and entertaining the ſight every moment with ſomething that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixed and ſettled in the ſame place and poſture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the ſight of ſuch objects as are ever in motion, and ſliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

BUT there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the ſoul than *Beauty*, which immediately

diffuſes

diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a chearfulness and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shewn itself agreeable; but we find by experience, that there are several modifications of matter, which the mind, without any previous consideration, pronounces at first sight beautiful or deformed. Thus we see that every different species of sensible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the same shape and proportion, where we often see the mate determined in his courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather, and never discovering any charms but in the colour of its species.

'Scit thalamo servare fidem, sanctasque veretur.
'Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor
'Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit amorem
'Splendida lanugo, vel honesta in vertice crista,
'Purpureusve nitor pennarum; ast agmina late
'Foeminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit
'Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:
'Ni faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique monstris
'Confusam aspiceres vulgo, partusque biformes,
'Et genus ambiguum, et veneris, monumenta ne-
'fandae.
'Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito,
'Hinc socium lasciva petit philomela canorum,
'Agnoscitque pares sonitus, hinc noctua tetram
'Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
'Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis
'Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;

'Dum

'Dum virides inter ſaltus locoſque ſonoros
'Vere novo exultat, plumaſque decora juventus
'Explicat ad ſolem, patriſque coloribus ardet.

The feather'd husband, to his partner true,
Preſerves connubial rites inviolate.
With cold indifference every charm he ſees,
The milky whiteneſs of the ſtately neck,
The ſhining down, proud creſt, and purple wings:
But, cautious, with a ſearching eye explores
The female tribes, his proper mate to find,
With kindred colours mark'd: Did he not ſo,
The grove with painted monſters would abound,
Th' ambiguous product of unnatural love.
The black-bird hence ſelects her ſooty ſpouſe;
The nightingale her muſical compeer,
Lur'd by the well-known voice: the bird of night,
Smit with his duſky wings, and greeniſh eyes,
Woos his dun paramour. The beauteous race
Speak the chaſte loves of their progenitors;
When, by the ſpring invited, they exult
In woods and fields, and to the ſun unfold
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

THERE is a ſecond kind of *Beauty* that we find in the ſeveral products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper ſpecies, but is apt however to raiſe in us a ſecret delight, and a kind of fondneſs for the places or objects in which we diſcover it. This conſiſts either in the gaiety or variety of colours, in the ſymmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and diſpoſition of bodies, or in a juſt mixture and concurrence of all together. Among theſe ſeveral kinds of beauty the eye takes moſt delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleaſing ſhow in nature than what appears in the heavens at the riſing and ſetting of the ſun, which is wholly made up of thoſe different

different ſtrains of light that ſhew themſelves in clouds of a different ſituation. For this reaſon we find the poets, who are always addreſſing themſelves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

AS the fancy delights in every thing that is great, ſtrange or beautiful, and is ſtill more pleaſed the more it finds of theſe perfections in the ſame object, ſo it is capable of receiving a new ſatisfaction by the aſſiſtance of another ſenſe. Thus any continued ſound, as the muſic of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the ſeveral beauties of the place that lies before him. Thus if there ariſes a fragrancy of ſmells or perfumes, they heighten the pleaſures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landſkip appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both ſenſes recommend each other, and are pleaſanter together, than when they enter the mind ſeparately: the different colours of a picture, when they are well diſpoſed, ſet off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their ſituation. O

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## No. 413. *Tueſday, June 24.*

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——*Cauſa latet, vis eſt notiſſima*——

Ovid. Met. l. 4: v. 207.

*The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.* Addiſon.

THOUGH in yeſterday's paper we conſidered how every thing that is *Great*, *New*, or *Beautiful*, is apt to affect the imagination with pleaſure, we muſt own that it is impoſſible for us to aſſign the neceſſary cauſe of this pleaſure, becauſe we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the ſubſtance of a human

human ſoul, which might help us to diſcover the conformity or diſagreeableneſs of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of ſuch a light, all that we can do in ſpeculations of this kind, is to reflect on thoſe operations of the ſoul that are moſt agreeable, and to range, under their proper heads, what is pleaſing or diſpleaſing to the mind, without being able to trace out the ſeveral neceſſary and efficient cauſes from whence the pleaſure or diſpleaſure ariſes.

FINAL cauſes lie more bare and open to our obſervation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the ſame effect; and theſe, tho' they are not altogether ſo ſatisfactory, are generally more uſeful than the other, as they give us greater occaſion of admiring the goodneſs and wiſdom of the firſt Contriver.

ONE of the final cauſes of our delight in any thing that is great, may be this. The ſupreme Author of our being has ſo formed the ſoul of man, that nothing but himſelf can be its laſt, adequate, and proper happineſs. Becauſe, therefore, a great part of our happineſs muſt ariſe from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our ſouls a juſt reliſh of ſuch a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehenſion of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleaſing motion of the mind, immediately riſes at the conſideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy, and, by conſequence, will improve into the higheſt pitch of aſtoniſhment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumſcribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largeſt capacity of a created being.

HE has annexed a ſecret pleaſure to the idea of any thing that is new or uncommon, that he might encourage us in the purſuit after knowledge, and engage us to ſearch into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings ſuch a pleaſure along with it as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquiſition,

ſtion, and conſequently ſerves as a motive to put us upon freſh diſcoveries.

HE has made every thing that is beautiful in our own ſpecies pleaſant, that all creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants; for it is very remarkable, that wherever nature is croſt in the production of a monſter (the reſult of any unnatural mixture) the breed is incapable of propagating its likeneſs, and of founding a new order of creatures; ſo that unleſs all animals were allured by the beauty of their own ſpecies, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

IN the laſt place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleaſant, or rather has made ſo many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almoſt every thing about us the power of raiſing an agreeable idea in the imagination: ſo that it is impoſſible for us to behold his works with coldneſs or indifference, and to ſurvey ſo many beauties without a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we ſaw them only in their proper figures and motions: and what reaſon can we aſſign for their exciting in us many of thoſe ideas which are different from any thing that exiſts in the objects themſelves, (for ſuch are light and colours) were it not to add ſupernumerary ornaments to the univerſe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleaſing ſhows and apparitions, we diſcover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth, and ſee ſome of this viſionary beauty poured out upon the whole creation; but what a rough unſightly ſketch of nature ſhould we be entertained with, did all her colouring diſappear, and the ſeveral diſtinctions of light and ſhade vaniſh? In ſhort, our ſouls are at preſent delightfully loſt and bewildered into a pleaſing deluſion, and

we walk about like the inchanted hero in a romance, who ſees beautiful caſtles, woods and meadows; and at the ſame time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of ſtreams; but upon the finiſhing of ſome ſecret ſpell, the fantaſtic ſcene breaks up, and the diſconſolate knight finds himſelf on a barren heath, or in a ſolitary deſert. It is not improbable that ſomething like this may be the ſtate of the ſoul after its firſt ſeparation, in reſpect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are ſo pleaſing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is poſſible the ſoul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by ſome other occaſional cauſe, as they are at preſent by the different impreſſions of the ſubtle matter on the organ of ſight.

I HAVE here ſuppoſed that my Reader is acquainted with that great modern diſcovery which is at preſent univerſally acknowledged by all the inquirers into natural philoſophy; namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any exiſtence in matter. As this is a truth that has been proved inconteſtably by many modern philoſophers, and is indeed one of the fineſt ſpeculations in that ſcience, if the Engliſh reader would ſee the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the ſecond book of Mr Locke's eſſay on human underſtanding. O

*Wedneſday,*

## No. 414. *Wednesday, June 25.*

*——Alterius sic*
*Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.*
Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 410.

*But mutually they need each other's help.* Roscommon.

IF we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never shew herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lye in a narrow compass, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of Nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with the country-life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.*
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 77.

—To grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry muse's son. Pope.

*Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,*
*Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,*
*Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida tempe,*
*Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*
Virg. Georg. l. 2. v. 467.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty, the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that thro' the valley glide;
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
DRYDEN.

BUT tho' there are several of these wild scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landskips of trees, clouds and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottoes; and in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety of regularity as may seem the effect of design in what we call the works of Chance.

IF the products of nature rise in value according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advan-

tage

tage from their resemblance of such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest lankskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination; but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the thing it represents.

WE have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent everywhere an artificial rudeness much more charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage, and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole

eſtate be thrown into a kind of a garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleaſure of the owner? A marſh overgrown with willows, or a mountain ſhaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lye bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleaſant proſpect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lye between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by ſome ſmall additions of art, and the ſeveral rows of hedges ſet off by trees and flowers, that the ſoil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landſkip of his own poſſeſſions.

WRITERS, who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; becauſe, they ſay, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They chooſe rather to ſhew a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themſelves. They have a word, it ſeems, in their language, by which they expreſs the particular beauty of a plantation that thus ſtrikes the imagination at firſt ſight, without diſcovering what it is that has ſo agreeable an effect. Our Britiſh gardeners, on the contrary, inſtead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as poſſible. Our trees riſe in cones, globes, and pyramids. We ſee the marks of the ſciſſars upon every plant and buſh. I do not know whether I am ſingular in my opinion, but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffuſion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy, that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little labyrinths of the moſt finiſhed parterre. But as our greateſt modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to diſpoſe of, it is very natural for them to tear up

all

all the beautiful plantations of fruit-trees, and contrive a plan that may moſt turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens, and the like moveable plants, with which their ſhops are plentifully ſtocked.

O.

## No. 415. *Thurſday, June 26.*

*Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque, laborem.*

Virg. Georg. 2. v. 155.

*Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,*
*Their coſtly labour, and ſtupendous frame.* Dryden.

HAVING already ſhewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards conſidered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually aſſiſt and complete each other in forming ſuch ſcenes and proſpects as are moſt apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I ſhall in this Paper throw together ſome reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency, than any other, to produce thoſe primary pleaſures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the ſubject of this diſcourſe. The art I mean is that of architecture, which I ſhall conſider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing ſpeculations have placed it, without entering into thoſe rules and maxims which the great maſters of architecture have laid down and explained at large in numberleſs treatiſes upon that ſubject.

GREATNESS, in the works of architecture, may be conſidered as relating to the bulk and body of the ſtructure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the firſt, we find the antients, eſpecially among the eaſtern nations of the world, infinitely ſuperior to the moderns.

NOT

NOT to mention the tower of Babel, of which an old author ſays, there were the foundations to be ſeen in his time, which looked like a ſpacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temple to Jupiter Belus, that roſe a mile high by height ſeveral ſtories, each ſtory a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian obſervatory. I might here, likewiſe, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, with the ſmaller rocks that lay by it in the ſhape of tributary kings; the prodigious baſon, or artificial lake, which took in the whole Euphrates, till ſuch time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the ſeveral trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are perſons who look upon ſome of theſe wonders of art as fabulous, but I cannot find any ground for ſuch a ſuſpicion, unleſs it be that we have no ſuch works among us at preſent. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in thoſe times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever ſince. The earth was extremely fruitful, men lived generally on paſturage, which requires a much ſmaller number of hands than agriculture: there were few trades to employ the buſy part of mankind, and fewer arts and ſciences to give work to men of ſpeculative tempers; and what is more than all the reſt, the prince was abſolute; ſo that when he went to war, he put himſelf at the head of a whole people: as we find Semiramis leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. It is no wonder, therefore, when ſhe was at peace, and turned her thoughts on building, that ſhe could accompliſh ſuch great works, with ſuch a prodigious multitude of labourers: beſides that in her climate, there was ſmall interruption of froſts and winters which make the northern workmen lye half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of

the climate, what historians say of the earth, that it sweated out a bitumen, or natural kind of morter, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in holy writ, as contributing to the structure of Babel. *Slime they used instead of morter.*

IN Egypt we still see their pyramids, which answer to the descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a traveller might find out some remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

THE wall of China is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

WE are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might, at the same time, open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

IN the second place, we are to consider *greatness of manner* in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lysipus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the

hero,

hero, according to the propofal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

LET any one reflect on the difpofition of mind he finds in himfelf, at his firft entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with fomething great and amazing; and, at the fame time, confider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the infide of a Gothic cathedral though it be five times larger than the other; which can arife from nothing elfe but the greatnefs of the manner of the one, and the meannefs in the other.

I HAVE feen an obfervation upon this fubject in a French author, which very much pleafed me. It is in Monfieur Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I fhall give it the Reader with the fame terms of art which he has made ufe of. *I am obferving*, fays he, *a thing, which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the fame quantity of fuperfices, the one manner feems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling: the reafon is fine and uncommon. I fay then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought fo to proceed, that the divifion of the principal members of the order may confift but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample relievo, and fwelling; and that the eye, beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigoroufly touched and affected with the work that ftands before it. For example, in a cornice, if the gola or cynatium of the corona, the coping, the modellions or dentelli, make a noble fhow by their graceful projections, if we fee none of that ordinary confufion which is the refult of thofe little cavities, quarter rounds of the aftragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and maffy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is moft certain that this manner will appear folemn and great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of thofe fmaller ornaments,* which

*which divide and ſcatter the angles of the ſight into ſuch a multitude of rays, ſo preſſed together that the whole will appear but a confuſion.*

AMONG all the figures in architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex, and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars, and vaulted roofs, make a great part of thoſe buildings which are deſigned for pomp and magnificence. The reaſon I take to be, becauſe in theſe figures we generally ſee more of the body than in thoſe of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two thirds of the ſurface; but as in ſuch bodies the ſight muſt ſplit upon ſeveral angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but ſeveral ideas of the ſame kind. Look upon the outſide of a dome, your eye half ſurrounds it; look up into the inſide, and at one glance you have all the proſpect of it; the entire concavity falls into your eye at once, the ſight being as the center that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a ſquare pillar the ſight often takes in but a fourth part of the ſurface; and in a ſquare concave, muſt move up and down to the different ſides, before it is maſter of all the inward ſurface. For this reaſon, the fancy is infinitely more ſtruck with the view of the open air, and ſkies, that paſſes through an arch, than what comes through a ſquare, or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute leſs to its magnificence than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically deſcribed by the ſon of Sirach: ‘ Look upon the rainbow, and praiſe ‘ him that made it: very beautiful it is in its brightneſs; it encompaſſes the heavens with a glorious circle ‘ and the hands of the Moſt High have bended it.

HAVING thus ſpoken of that greatneſs which affects the mind in architecture, I might next ſhew the pleaſure that riſes in the imagination from what

appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taste of these two perfections in every building which offers itself to his view, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my Reader with any reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present purpose, to observe, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleases the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful. O

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## No 416. *Friday, June 27.*

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*Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.*
Lucr. l. 4. v. 754.

*——Objects still appear the same*
*To mind and eye, in colour and in frame.* Creech.

I AT first divided the pleasures of the imagination into such as arise from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind, either barely by its own operations, or on occasion of something without us, as statues, or descriptions. We have already considered the first division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which, for distinction sake, I have called the secondary pleasures of the imagination. When I say the ideas we receive from statues, descriptions, or such like occasions, are the same that were once actually in our view, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very place, action, or person which are carved or described. It is sufficient, that we have seen places, persons, or actions in general which bear a resemblance, or at least some remote analogy, with what we find represented. Since it is in the power of the imagination when it is once stocked with particular ideas, to enlarge

large, compound, and vary them at her own pleaſure.

AMONG the different kinds of repreſentation, ſtatuary is the moſt natural, and ſhews us ſomething likeſt the object that is repreſented: To make uſe of a common inſtance, let one who is born blind take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the furrows and impreſſions of the chiſſel, and he will eaſily conceive how the ſhape of a man, or beaſt, may be repreſented by it; but ſhould he draw his hand over a picture, where all is ſmooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the ſeveral prominencies and depreſſions of a human body could be ſhewn on a plain piece of canvas, that has in it no unevenneſs or irregularity. Deſcription runs yet farther from the things it repreſents than painting; for a picture bears a real reſemblance to its original, which letters and ſyllables are wholly void of. Colours ſpeak all languages, but words are underſtood only by ſuch a people or nation. For this reaſon, tho' men's neceſſities quickly put them on finding out ſpeech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told, that in America, when the Spaniards firſt arrived there, expreſſes were ſent to the emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the ſtrokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, tho' at the ſame time much more imperfect, becauſe it is impoſſible to draw the little connections of ſpeech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more ſtrange, to repreſent viſible objects by ſounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make ſomething like deſcription in muſic. Yet it is certain, there may be confuſed, imperfect, notions of this nature, raiſed in the imagination by an artificial compoſition of notes; and we find that great maſters in the art are able, ſometimes, to ſet their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcaſt their minds with melancholy

lanc oly ſcenes and apprehenſions of deaths and funerals or to lull them into pleaſing dre✱ns of groves and elyſiums.

IN all theſe inſtances, this ſecondary pleaſure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind which compares the ideas ariſing from the original objects, with the ideas we receive from the ſtatue, picture, deſcription, or ſound that repreſents them. It is impoſſible for us to give the neceſſary reaſon why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, as I have before obſerved on the ſame occaſion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this ſingle principle: for it is this that not only gives us a reliſh of ſtatuary, painting, and deſcription, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimicry. It is this that makes the ſeveral kinds of wit pleaſant, which conſiſts, as I have formerly ſhewn, in the affinity of ideas: and we may add, it is this alſo that raiſes the little ſatiſfaction we ſometimes find in the different ſorts of falſe wit; whether it conſiſts in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acroſtic; or of ſyllables, as in doggerel rhimes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole ſentence or poem, as wings and altars. The final cauſe, probably, of annexing pleaſure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our ſearches after truth, ſince the diſtinguiſhing one thing from another, and the right diſcerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and obſerving the congruity or diſagreement that appears among the ſeveral works of nature.

BUT I ſhall here confine myſelf to thoſe pleaſures of the imagination which proceed from ideas raiſed by words, becauſe moſt of the obſervations that agree with deſcriptions, are equally applicable to painting and ſtatuary.

WORDS, when well choſen, have ſo great a force in them, that a deſcription often gives us more lively ideas than the ſight of things themſelves. The reader finds

finds a scene drawn in stronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words, than by an actual survey of the scene which they describe. In this case, the poet seems to get the better of Nature; he takes, indeed, the landskip after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and so enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themselves appear weak and faint, in comparison of those that come from the expressions. The reason, probably, may be, because in the survey of any object, we have only so much of it painted on the imagination as comes in at the eye; but in its description, the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several parts that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple ideas; but when the poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raise in us such ideas as are most apt to affect the imagination.

IT may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to pass, that several readers, who are all acquainted with the same language, and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the same descriptions. We find one transported with a passage, which another runs over with coldness and indifference, or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness and conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the perfection of imagination in one more than in another, or from the different ideas that several readers affix to the same words. For, to have a true relish, and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lye in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their pro-

per ideas, and what additional ſtrength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy muſt be warm to retain the print of thoſe images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment diſcerning, to know what expreſſions are moſt proper to clothe and adorn them to the beſt advantage. A man who is deficient in either of theſe reſpects, though he may receive the general notion of a deſcription, can never ſee diſtinctly all its particular beauties: as a perſon with a weak ſight may have the confuſed proſpect of a place that lyes before him, without entering into its ſeveral parts, or diſcerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection. O

## No. 417. *Saturday, June 28.*

*Quem tu, Melpomene, ſemel*
*Naſcentem placido lumine videris,*
*Illum non labor Iſthmius*
*Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger, &c.*
*Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile perfluunt,*
*Ed ſpiſſae nemorum comae,*
*Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.* Hor. Od. 3. l. 4. v. 1.

*At whoſe bleſs'd birth propitious rays*
*The muſes ſhed, on whom they ſmile.*
*No duſty Iſthmian game*
*Shall ſtouteſt of the ring proclaim,*
*Or, to reward his toil,*
*Wreathe ivy crowns, and grace his head with bays.*
*But fruitful Tibur's ſhady groves,*
*Its pleaſant ſprings, and purling ſtreams,*
*Shall raiſe a laſting name,*
*And ſet him high in ſounding fame*
*For Lyric verſe.* Creech.

WE may obſerve, that any ſingle circumſtance of what we have formerly ſeen often raiſes up a whole

whole ſcene of imagery, and awakens numberleſs ideas that before ſlept in the imagination; ſuch a particular ſmell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a ſudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we firſt met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further obſerve, when the fancy thus reflects on the ſcenes that have paſſed in it formerly, thoſe, which were at firſt pleaſant to behold, appear more ſo upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulneſs of the original. A Carteſian would account for both theſe inſtances in the following manner:

THE ſet of ideas which we received from ſuch a proſpect or garden, having entered the mind at the ſame time, have a ſet of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of theſe ideas ariſes in the imagination, and conſequently diſpatches a flow of animal ſpirits to its proper trace, theſe ſpirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace to which they were more particularly directed, but into ſeveral of thoſe that lye about it: by this means they awaken other ideas of the ſame ſet, which immediately determine a new diſpatch of ſpirits, that in the ſame manner open other neighbouring traces, till at laſt the whole ſet of them is blown up, and the whole proſpect or garden flouriſhes in the imagination. But becauſe the pleaſure we received from theſe places far ſurmounted and overcame the little diſagreeableneſs we found in them; for this reaſon there was at firſt a wider paſſage worn in the pleaſure-traces, and on the contrary, ſo narrow a one in thoſe which belonged to the diſagreeable ideas, that they were quickly ſtopped up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal ſpirits, and conſequently of exciting any unpleaſant ideas in the memory.

IT would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things ſtrongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the ſoul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer ſhould be born with this faculty in its full ſtrength and vigour, ſo as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occaſion, in ſuch figures and repreſentations as are moſt likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet ſhould take as much pains in forming his imagination, as a philoſopher in cultivating his underſtanding. He muſt gain a due reliſh of the works of nature, and be thoroughly converſant in the various ſcenery of a country-life.

WHEN he is ſtored with country-images, if he would go beyond paſtoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himſelf with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He ſhould be very well verſed in every thing that is noble and ſtately in the productions of art, whether it appear in painting or ſtatuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their preſent glory, or in the ruins of thoſe which flouriſhed in former ages.

SUCH advantages as theſe help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right uſe of them. And among thoſe of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the moſt perfect in their ſeveral kinds, are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The firſt ſtrikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the ſecond with what is beautiful, and the laſt with what is ſtrange. Reading the Iliad is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thouſand ſavage proſpects of vaſt deſarts, wide uncultivated marſhes, huge foreſts, miſ-ſhapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the Æneid is like a well-ordered garden, where it is impoſſible

poſſible to find out any part unadorned, or to caſt our eyes upon a ſingle ſpot, that does not produce ſome beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the Metamorphoſis, we are walking on inchanted ground, and ſee nothing but ſcenes of magic lying round us.

HOMER is in his province when he is deſcribing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleaſed than when he is in his Elyſium, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's epithets generally mark out what is great, Virgil's what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the firſt Iliad, nor more charming than that of Venus in the firſt Æneid.

'Η, καὶ κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
'Αμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.
Il. l. 1. ver. 528.

He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod,
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the god:
High heav'n with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the centre ſhook. POPE.

*Dixit et avertens roſea cervice refulſit:*
*Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem*
*Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos:*
*Et vera inceſſu patuit dea——* Æn. 1. v. 406.

Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd hair;
Which, flowing from her ſhoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:
In length of train deſcends her ſweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
DRYDEN.

Homer's perſons are moſt of them god-like and terrible; Virgil has ſcarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his hero ſo.

*——————lumenque juventæ*
*Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.*
Æn. 1. v. 594.

And gave his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.
DRYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with ſublime ideas, and, I believe, has raiſed the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I ſhall only inſtance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the firſt hint of any paſſage in the Iliad or Odyſſey, and always riſes above himſelf, when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together into his Æneid all the pleaſing ſcenes his ſubject is capable of admitting, and in his Georgics has given us a collection of the moſt delightful landſkips that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and ſwarms of bees.

OVID, in his Metamorphoſis, has ſhewn us how the imagination may be affected by what is ſtrange. He deſcribes a miracle in every ſtory, and always gives us the ſight of ſome new creature at the end of it. His art conſiſts chiefly in well-timing his deſcription, before the firſt ſhape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finiſhed; ſo that he every where entertains us with ſomething we never ſaw before, and ſhews monſter after monſter to the end of the Metamorphoſis.

IF I were to name a poet that is a perfect maſter in all theſe arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may paſs for one: and if his Paradiſe Loſt falls ſhort of the Æneid or Iliad in this reſpect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in

which

which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in English, is like a stately palace built of brick, where one may see architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarser nature. But, to consider it only as it regards our present subject; What can be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majesty of Messiah, the stature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandæmonium, paradise, heaven, angels, Adam and Eve? What more strange than the creation of the world, the several metamorphoses of the fallen angels, and the surprising adventures their leader meets with in his search after paradise? No other subject could have furnished a poet with scenes so proper to strike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted those scenes in more strong and lively colours.

O

## No. 418. Monday, June 30.

——*Feret et rubus asper amomum.* Virg. Eccl. 3. v. 89.

*The rugged thorn shall bear the fragrant rose.*

THE pleasures of these secondary views of the imagination are of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight; for not only what is great, strange, or beautiful, but any thing that is disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt description. Here, therefore, we must inquire after a new principle of pleasure, which is nothing else but the action of the mind, which compares the ideas that arise from words, with the ideas that arise from the objects themselves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, we have before considered. For this reason therefore, the

the description of a dunghill is pleasing to the imagination, if the image be represented to our minds by suitable expressions; though perhaps this may be more properly called the pleasure of the understanding than of the fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the image that is contained in the description, as with the aptness of the description to excite the image.

BUT if the description of what is little, common, or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the description of what is great, surprising, or beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with comparing the representation with the original, but are highly pleased with the original itself. Most readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's description of paradise, than of hell; they are both perhaps equally perfect in their kind, but in the one, the brimstone and sulphur are not so refreshing to the imagination as the beds of flowers and the wilderness of sweets in the other.

THERE is yet another circumstance which recommends a description more than all the rest, and that is if it represents to us such objects as are apt to raise a secret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work, with violence, upon his passions. For, in this case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the pleasure becomes more universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in painting, it is pleasant to look on the picture of any face, where the resemblance is hit, but the pleasure increases, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful, and is still greater, if the beauty be softened with an air of melancholy or sorrow. The two leading passions which the more serious parts of poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass that such passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper descriptions. It is not strange, that we should

take

take delight in ſuch paſſages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration, love, or the like emotions in us, becauſe they never riſe in the mind without an inward pleaſure which attends them. But how comes it to paſs, that we ſhould take delight in being terrified or dejected by a deſcription, when we find ſo much uneaſineſs in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occaſion?

IF we conſider, therefore, the nature of this pleaſure, we ſhall find that it does not ariſe ſo properly from the deſcription of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on ourſelves at the time of reading it. When we look on ſuch hideous objects, we are not a little pleaſed to think we are in no danger of them. We conſider them, at the ſame time, as dreadful and harmleſs; ſo that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleaſure we receive from the ſenſe of our own ſafety. In ſhort, we look upon the terrors of a deſcription, with the ſame curioſity and ſatisfaction that we ſurvey a dead monſter.

———*Informe cadaver*
*Protrahitur: nequeunt expleri corda tuendo*
*Terribiles oculos, vultum, villoſaque ſetis*
*Pectora ſemiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.*
Virg. Æn. 8. v. 264.

———They drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad ſurpriſe,
Beheld his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd eyes.
DRYDEN.

It is for the ſame reaſon that we are delighted with reflecting upon dangers that are paſt, or in looking on a precipice at a diſtance, which would fill us with

with a different kind of horror, if we saw it hanging over our heads.

IN the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and the like dismal accidents, our pleasure does not flow so properly from the grief which such melancholy descriptions give us, as from the secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the person who suffers. Such representations teach us to set a just value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities, This is, however, such a kind of pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a person actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a description; because in this case, the object presses too close upon our senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect on ourselves. Our thoughts are so intent upon the miseries of the sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the misfortunes we read in history or poetry, either as past, or as fictitious, so that the reflection upon ourselves rises in us insensibly, and over-bears the sorrow we conceive for the sufferings of the afflicted.

BUT because the mind of man requires something more perfect in matter than what it finds there, and can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers its highest ideas of pleasantness; or, in other words, because the imagination can fancy to itself things more great, strange, or beautiful, than the eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in Nature, where he describes a fiction.

HE is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another,

or to observe her conduct in the succeſſive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his deſcription all the beauties of the Spring and Autumn, and make the whole year contribute ſomething to render it the more agreeable. His roſe-trees, woodbines, and jeſſamines, may flower together, and his beds be covered at the ſame time with lilies, violets and amaranths. His ſoil is not reſtrained to any particular ſet of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itſelf to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of ſpices, he can quickly command ſun enough to raiſe it. If all this will not furniſh out an agreeable ſcene, he can make ſeveral new ſpecies of flowers, with richer ſcents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy, as he pleaſes. He is at no more expence in a long viſta, than a ſhort one, and can as eaſily throw his caſcades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the courſe of his rivers in all the variety of meanders, that are moſt delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of Nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleaſes, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into abſurdities, by endeavouring to excel.

O

## No. 419. *Tueſday, July* 1.

*—mentis gratiſſimus error.* Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 140.

*In pleaſing error loſt, and charmingly deceiv'd.*

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loſes ſight of nature, and entertains his

reader's imagination with the characters and actions of ſuch perſons as have many of them no exiſtence, but what he beſtows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed ſpirits. This Mr Dryden calls the *fairy way of writing*, which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, becauſe he has no pattern to follow in it, and muſt work altogether out of his own invention.

THERE is a very odd turn of thought required for this ſort of writing, and it is impoſſible for a poet to ſucceed in it, who has not a particular caſt of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and ſuperſtitious. Beſides this, he ought to be very well verſed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurſes and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour thoſe notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For otherwiſe he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own ſpecies, and not like other ſets of beings, who converſe with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind;

*Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,*
*Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenſes,*
*Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus*—

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 244.

A ſatyr, that comes ſtaring from the woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an orator.

ROSCOMMON.

I do not ſay with Mr Bays in the rehearſal, that ſpirits muſt not be confined to ſpeak ſenſe, but it is certain their ſenſe ought to be a little diſcoloured, that it may ſeem particular, and proper to the perſon and condition of the ſpeaker.

THESE deſcriptions raiſe a pleaſing kind of horror

ror in the mind of the reader, and amuſe his imagination with the ſtrangeneſs and novelty of the perſons who are repreſented in them. They bring up into our memory the ſtories we have heard in our childhood, and favour thoſe ſecret terrors and apprehenſions to which the mind of man is naturally ſubject. We are pleaſed with ſurveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries; how much more muſt we be delighted and ſurpriſed when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and ſee the perſons and manners of another ſpecies? men of cold fancies, and philoſophical diſpoſitions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be anſwered, that we are ſure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world beſides ourſelves, and ſeveral ſpecies of ſpirits, who are ſubject to different laws and œconomies from thoſe of mankind; when we ſee, therefore, any of theſe repreſented naturally, we cannot look upon the repreſentation as altogether impoſſible: nay, many are prepoſſeſſed with ſuch falſe opinions as diſpoſe them to believe theſe particular deluſions; at leaſt, we have all heard ſo many pleaſing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for ſeeing through the falſhood, and willingly give ourſelves up to ſo agreeable an impoſture.

THE ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almoſt the whole ſubſtance of it owes its original to the darkneſs and ſuperſtition of later ages, when pious frauds were made uſe of to amuſe mankind, and frighten them into a ſenſe of their duty. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philoſophy, and loved to aſtoniſh themſelves with the apprehenſions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms and enchantments. There was not a village in England, that had not a ghoſt in it; the church-yards were all

haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was ſcarce a ſhepherd to be met with who had not ſeen a ſpirit.

AMONG all the poets of this kind our Engliſh are much the beſt, by what I have yet ſeen; whether it be that we abound with more ſtories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this ſort of poetry. For the Engliſh are naturally fanciful, and very often diſpoſed by that gloomineſs and melancholy of temper, which is ſo frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and viſions to which others are not ſo liable.

AMONG the Engliſh, Shakeſpear has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in ſo great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak ſuperſtitious part of his readers imagination; and made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him beſides the ſtrength of his own genius. There is ſomething ſo wild and yet ſo ſolemn in the ſpeeches of his ghoſts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary perſons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no rule by which to judge of them, and muſt confeſs, if there are ſuch beings in the world, it looks highly probable they ſhould talk and act as he has repreſented them.

THERE is another ſort of imaginary beings that we ſometimes meet with among the poets, when the author repreſents any paſſion, appetite, virtue or vice, under a viſible ſhape, and makes it a perſon or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the deſcriptions of Hunger and Envy in Ovid, of Fame in Virgil, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of the like ſhadowy perſons in Spenſer, who had an admirable talent in repreſentations of this kind. I have diſcourſed of theſe emblematical perſons in former papers, and ſhall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we ſee how many ways Poetry addreſſes itſelf to the Imagination,

as

as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, ſhews us perſons who are not to be found in being, and repreſents even the faculties of the ſoul, with the ſeveral virtues and vices, in a ſenſible ſhape and character.

I ſhall in my two following papers, conſider in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to pleaſe the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this Eſſay. C

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## No. 420. *Wedneſday, July* 2.

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——*Quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunto.*
Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 100.

*And raiſe mens paſſions to what height they will.* Roſcommon.

AS the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their ſeveral materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleaſure, there are others who are obliged to follow Nature more cloſely, and to take entire ſcenes out of her. Such are hiſtorians, natural philoſophers, travellers, geographers, and in a word, all who deſcribe viſible objects of a real exiſtence.

IT is the moſt agreeable talent of an hiſtorian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expreſſions, to ſet before our eyes the diviſions, cabals, and jealouſies of great men, and to lead us ſtep by ſtep into the ſeveral actions and events of his hiſtory. We love to ſee the ſubject unfolding itſelf by juſt degrees, and breaking upon us inſenſibly, that ſo we may be kept in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and have time given us to raiſe our expectations, and to ſide with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confeſs this ſhews more the art than the veracity of

of the hiſtorian, but I am only to ſpeak of him as he is qualified to pleaſe the imagination. And in this reſpect Livi has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written ſince his time. He deſcribes every thing in ſo lively a manner, that his whole hiſtory is an admirable picture, and touches on ſuch proper circumſtances in every ſtory, that his reader becomes a kind of Spectator, and feels in himſelf all the variety of paſſions which are correſpondent to the ſeveral parts of the relation.

BUT among this ſet of writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the New Philoſophy, whether we conſider their theories of the earth or heavens, the diſcoveries they have made by glaſſes, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleaſed to find every green leaf ſwarm with millions of animals, that at their largeſt growth are not viſible to the naked eye. There is ſomething very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reaſon, in the treatiſes of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we ſurvey the whole earth at once, and the ſeveral planets that lye within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleaſing aſtoniſhment, to ſee ſo many worlds hanging one above another, and ſliding round their axles in ſuch an amazing pomp and ſolemnity. If, after this, we contemplate thoſe wild fields of æther, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed ſtars, and run abroad almoſt to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with ſo immenſe a proſpect, and puts itſelf upon the ſtretch to comprehend it. But if we yet riſe higher, and conſider the fixed ſtars as ſo many vaſt oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different ſet of planets, and ſtill diſcover new firmaments and new lights that are ſunk farther in thoſe unfathomable depths of æther, ſo as not to be ſeen by the ſtrongeſt of our teleſcopes, we are loſt in ſuch a labyrinth

rinth of ſuns and worlds, and confounded with the immenſity and magificence of nature.

NOTHING is more pleaſant to the fancy, than to enlarge itſelf by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its ſeveral objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it deſcribes round the ſun, that circle to the ſphere of the fixed ſtars, the ſphere of the fixed ſtars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itſelf, to the infinite ſpace that is every where diffuſed about it;or when the Imagination works downward,and conſiders the bulk of a human body, in reſpect of an animal, a hundred times leſs than a mite, the particular limbs of ſuch an animal, the different ſprings which actuate the limbs, the ſpirits which ſet theſe ſprings a-going,and the proportionable minuteneſs of theſe ſeveral parts; before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection. But if, after all this, we take the leaſt particle of theſe animal ſpirits, and conſider its capacity of being wrought into a world, that ſhall contain within thoſe narrow dimenſions a heaven and earth, ſtars and planets, and every different ſpecies of living creatures, in the ſame analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own univerſe; ſuch a ſpeculation, by reaſon of its nicety, appears ridiculous to thoſe who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the ſame time it is founded on no leſs than the evidence of a demonſtration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and diſcover, in the ſmalleſt particle of this little world, a new inexhauſted fund of matter, capable of being ſpun out into another univerſe.

I HAVE dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe I think it may ſhew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveneſs, of our imagination; how it is confined to a very ſmall quantity of ſpace, and immediately ſtopt in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little.

Let

Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another, which is a hundred times leſs than a mite, or to compare, in his thoughts, a length of a thouſand diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different meaſures in his mind, adjuſted to ſuch extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteneſs. The Underſtanding, indeed, opens an infinite ſpace on every ſide of us, but the Imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a ſtand, and finds herſelf ſwallowed up in the immenſity of the void that ſurrounds it: our Reaſon can purſue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of diviſions, but the Fancy ſoon loſes ſight of it, and feels in itſelf a kind of chaſm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more ſenſible bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the faculty to the dimenſions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

IT is poſſible this defect of imagination may not be in the ſoul itſelf, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for ſuch a variety of impreſſions, or the animal ſpirits may be incapable of figuring them in ſuch a manner, as is neceſſary to excite ſo very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well ſuppoſe that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this reſpect, as it is probable the ſoul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the reſt; inſomuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the underſtanding, and to form in itſelf diſtinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of ſpace.

O

## No. 421. *Thurſday, July 3.*

*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre*
*Flumina gaudebat; ſtudio minuente laborem.*

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 294.

*He ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:*
*The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.*

Addiſon.

THE pleaſures of the imagination are not wholly confined to ſuch particular authors as are converſant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite maſters of morality, criticiſm, and other ſpeculations abſtracted from matter, who, tho' they do not directly treat of the viſible parts of nature, often draw from them their ſimilitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By theſe alluſions a truth in the underſtanding is as it were reflected by the imagination; we are able to ſee ſomething like colour and ſhape in a notion, and to diſcover a ſcheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of ſatisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the ſame time, while the fancy is buſy in copying after the underſtanding, and tranſcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

THE great art of a writer ſhews itſelf in the choice of pleaſing alluſions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for tho' whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief deſign of an alluſion being to illuſtrate and explain the paſſages of an author, it ſhould be always borrowed from what is more known and common, then the paſſages which are to be explained.

ALLEGORIES, when well choſen, are like ſo many tracks of light in a diſcourſe, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor,

taphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude, and that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect; great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chymist could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds, but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lye in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciences.

IT is this talent of affecting the imagination, that gives an embellishment to good sense, and makes one man's compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all writings in general, but is the very life and highest perfection of poetry: where it shines in an eminent degree, it has preserved several poems for many ages, that have nothing else to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like creation: it bestows a kind of existence, and draws

draws up to the reader's view ſeveral objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the moſt illuſtrious ſcenes in the univerſe, or to fill the mind with more glorious ſhows and apparitions than can be found in any part of it.

WE have now diſcovered the ſeveral originals of thoſe pleaſures that gratify the fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to caſt under their proper heads thoſe contrary objects which are apt to fill it with diſtaſte and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleaſure. When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind diſordered by dreams or ſickneſs, the fancy is over-run with wild diſmal ideas, and terrified with a thouſand hideous monſters of its own framing.

*Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
*Et ſolem geminum, et duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:*
*Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,*
*Armatam facibus matrem et ſerpentibus atris*
*Cum fugit, ultriceſque ſedent in limine Dirae,*

Virg. Æn. 4. v. 469.

Like Pentheus, when, diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes appear;
Or mad Oreſtes, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſt,
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: he ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.

DRYDEN.

THERE is not a ſight in nature ſo mortifying as that of a diſtracted perſon, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole ſoul diſordered and confuſed. Babylon in ruins is not ſo melancholy a ſpectacle. But to quit ſo diſagreeable a ſubject, I ſhall only

only conſider by way of concluſion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an almighty being over the ſoul of man, and how great a meaſure of happi-neſs or miſery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

WE have already ſeen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another; and with what eaſe he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we ſuppoſe lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the imagination, who can infuſe what ideas he pleaſes, and fill thoſe ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make ſcenes riſe up before us and ſeem preſent to the eye without the aſſiſtance of bo-dies or exterior objects. He can tranſport the ima-gination with ſuch beautiful and glorious viſions, as cannot poſſibly enter into our preſent conceptions, or haunt it with ſuch ghaſtly ſpectres and appari-tions, as would make us hope for annihiliation, and think exiſtence no better than a curſe. In ſhort, he can ſo exquiſitely raviſh or torture the ſoul through this ſingle faculty, as might ſuffice to make the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

THIS eſſay on the pleaſures of the imagination having been publiſhed in ſeparate papers, I ſhall con-clude it with a table of the principal contents of each paper.

## The CONTENTS.

### PAPER I.

THE perfection of our ſight above our other ſen-ſes. The pleaſures of the imagination ariſe ori-ginally from ſight. The pleaſures of the imagina-tion divided under two heads. The pleaſures of the imagination in ſome reſpects equal to thoſe of the underſtanding. The extent of the pleaſures of the imagination. The advantages a man receives from a reliſh

a relish of these pleasures. In what respect they are preferable to those of the understanding.

## PAPER II.

THREE sources of all the pleasures of the imagination, in our survey of outward objects. How what is great pleases the imagination. How what is new pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in our own species pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in general pleases the imagination. What other accidental causes may contribute to the heightening of these pleasures.

## PAPER III.

WHY the necessary cause of our being pleased with what is great, new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the final cause more known and more useful. The final cause of our being pleased with what is great. The final cause of our being pleased with what is new. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in our own species. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in general.

## PAPER IV.

THE works of nature more pleasant to the imagination than those of art. The works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art. The works of art more pleasant, the more they resemble those of nature. Our English plantations and gardens considered in the foregoing light.

## PAPER V.

OF architecture, as it affects the imagination. Greatness in architecture relates either to the bulk or to the manner. Greatness of bulk in the ancient Oriental buildings. The ancient accounts of these buildings confirmed, 1. From the advantages for raising such works, in the first ages of the world, and in the Eastern climates: 2. From several of them

which are ſtill extant. Inſtances how greatneſs of manner affects the imagination. A French author's obſervation on this ſubject. Why concave and convex figures give a greatneſs of manner to works of architecture. Every thing that pleaſes the imagination in architecture, is either great, beautiful, or new.

PAPER VI.

THE ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination. The ſeveral ſources of theſe pleaſures (ſtatuary, painting, deſcription, and muſic) compared together. The final cauſe of our receiving pleaſure from theſe ſeveral ſources. Of deſcriptions in particular. The power of words over the imagination. Why one reader more pleaſed with deſcriptions than another.

PAPER VII.

HOW a whole ſet of ideas hang together, *&c.* A natural cauſe aſſigned for it. How to perfect the imagination of a writer. Who among the ancient poets had this faculty in its greateſt perfection. Homer excelled in imagining what is great; Virgil in imagining what is beautiful; Ovid in imagining what is new. Our own countryman Milton very perfect in all three reſpects.

PAPER VIII.

WHY any thing that is unpleaſant to behold, pleaſes the imagination when well deſcribed. Why the imagination receives a more exquiſite pleaſure from the deſcription of what is great, new, or beautiful. The pleaſure ſtill heightened, if what is deſcribed raiſes paſſion in the mind. Diſagreeable paſſions pleaſing when raiſed by apt deſcriptions. Why terror and grief are pleaſing to the mind when excited by deſcriptions. A particular advantage the writers in poetry and fiction have to pleaſe the imagination. What liberties are allowed them.

PAPER

## PAPER IX.

OF that kind of poetry which Mr Dryden calls the fairy way of writing. How a poet ſhould be qualified for it. The pleaſures of the imagination that ariſe from it. In this reſpect why the moderns excel the antients. Why the Engliſh excel the moderns. Who the beſt among the Engliſh. Of emblematical perſons.

## PAPER X.

WHAT authors pleaſe the imagination, who have nothing to do with fiction. How hiſtory pleaſes the imagination. How the authors of the new philoſophy pleaſe the imagination. The bounds and defects of the imagination. Whether theſe defects are eſſential to the imagination.

## PAPER XI.

HOW thoſe pleaſe the imagination who treat of ſubjects abſtracted from matter, by alluſions taken from it. What alluſions moſt pleaſing to the imagination. Great writers how faulty in this reſpect. Of the art of imagining in general. The imagination capable of pain as well as pleaſure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleaſure.

O

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## No. 422. *Friday, July 4.*

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*Haec ſcripſi non otii abundantia, ſed amoris erga te.*

Tull. Epiſt.

*I have written this, not out of abundance of leiſure, but of my affection towards you.*

I DO not know any thing which gives greater diſturbance to converſation, than the falſe notion ſome people have of rallery. It ought certainly to

be the firſt point to be aimed at in ſociety, to gain the good-will of thoſe with whom you converſe. The way to that is to ſhew you are well inclined towards them; what then can be more abſurd, than to ſet up for being extremely ſharp and biting, as the term is, in your expreſſions to your familiars? A man who has no good quality but courage is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, becauſe that which he has ſuperior to other people cannot be exerted, without raiſing himſelf an enemy. Your gentleman of a ſatirical vein is in the like condition. To ſay a thing which perplexes the heart of him you ſpeak to, or brings bluſhes into his face, is a degree of murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to ſhew a man you do not care whether he is pleaſed or diſpleaſed. But will not you then take a jeſt? Yes: but pray let it be a jeſt. It is no jeſt to put me, who am ſo unhappy as to have an utter averſion to ſpeaking to more than one man at a time, under a neceſſity to explain myſelf in much company, and reducing me to ſhame and deriſion, except I perform what my infirmity of ſilence diſables me to do.

CALLISTHENES has great wit accompanied with that quality (without which a man can have no wit at all) a ſound judgment. This gentleman rallies the beſt of any man I know, for he forms his ridicule upon a circumſtance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are guilty of an exceſs in ſomething which is in itſelf laudable. He very well underſtands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as laviſh, and the valiant as raſh, without being provoked to reſentment againſt their monitor. What has been ſaid to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better pleaſed with himſelf, and the agreeable man makes

his

his friends enjoy themſelves rather than him, while he is in their company. Calliſthenes does this with inimitable pleaſantry. He whiſpered a friend the other day, ſo as to be overheard by a young officer, who gave ſymptoms of cocking upon the company, That gentleman has very much the air of a general officer. The youth immediately put on a compoſed behaviour, and behaved himſelf ſuitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be allowed that Calliſthenes will make a man run into impertinent relations to his own advantage, and expreſs the ſatisfaction he has in his own dear ſelf till he is very ridiculous; but in this caſe the man is made a fool by his own conſent, and not expoſed as ſuch whether he will or no. I take it, therefore, that, to make rallery agreeable, a man muſt either not know he is rallied, or think never the worſe of himſelf if he ſees he is.

ACETUS is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than Calliſthenes, but not with juſtice. Acetus has no regard to the modeſty or weakneſs of the perſon he rallies; but if the quality or humility gives him any ſuperiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy in making the onſet. He can be pleaſed to ſee his beſt friend out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applauſe. His rallery always puts the company into little diviſions and ſeparate intereſts, while that of Calliſthenes cements it, and makes every man not only better pleaſed with himſelf, but alſo with all the reſt in the converſation.

TO rally well, it is abſolutely neceſſary that kindneſs muſt run through all you ſay, and you muſt ever preſerve the character of a friend to ſupport your pretenſions to be free with a man. Acetus ought to be baniſhed human ſociety, becauſe he raiſes his mirth upon giving pain to the perſon upon whom he is pleaſant. Nothing but the malevolence, which is too general towards thoſe who excel, could make his com-

pany tolerated; but they with whom he converſes are ſure to ſee ſome man ſacrificed where-ever he is admitted, and all the credit he has for wit is owing to the gratification it gives to other mens ill-nature.

MINUTIUS has a wit that conciliates a man's love at the ſame time that it is exerted againſt his faults. He has an art in keeping the perſon he rallies in countenance, by inſinuating that he himſelf is guilty of the ſame imperfection. This he does with ſo much addreſs, that he ſeems rather to bewail himſelf, than fall upon his friend.

IT is really monſtrous to ſee how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of diſpleaſing each other. One would think ſometimes that the contention is, who ſhall be moſt diſagreeable. Alluſions to paſt follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and deſerves that all the reſt of the world ſhould, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of diſtinction. They do not thruſt with the ſkill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good-manners, to be capable of mirth while there is any one of the company in pain and diſorder. They who have the true taſte of converſation, enjoy themſelves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world; he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleaſure in obſerving perfection in others, that his own faults are over-looked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

AFTER theſe ſeveral characters of men who ſucceed or fail in rallery, it may not be amiſs to reflect a little further what one takes to be the moſt agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the ſatire is directed againſt vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr Congreve's Doris is a maſter-piece in this kind. It is the

character

character of a woman utterly abandoned, but her impudence, by the finest piece of rallery, is made only generosity.

'Peculiar therefore is her way,
'Whether by nature taught,
'I shall not undertake to say,
'Or by experience bought;

'For who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
'She can next day disown,
'And stare upon the strange man's face,
'As one she ne'er had known.

'So well she can the truth disguise,
'Such artful wonder frame,
'The lover or distrusts his eyes,
'Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

'Some censure this as lewd or low,
'Who are to bounty blind:
'But to forget what we bestow,
'Bespeaks a noble mind.'

T

## No. 423. *Saturday, July 5.*

—*Nuper idoneus.* Hor. Od. 26. l. 3. v. 1.

*Once fit myself.*

I LOOK upon myself as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their interest. The present paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine young woman; and the admonitions I give her may not be unuseful to the rest of her sex. Gloriana shall be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does not want admirers. She has had since she came to town about twenty-

twenty-five of thoſe lovers who make their addreſſes by way of jointure and ſettlement. Theſe come and go, with great indifference on both ſides; and as beauteous as ſhe is, a line in a deed has had exception enough againſt it, to outweigh the luſtre of her eyes, the readineſs of her underſtanding, and the merit of her general character. But among the croud of ſuch cool adorers, ſhe has two who are very aſſiduous in their attendance. There is ſomething ſo extraordinary and artful in their manner of application, that I think it but common juſtice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following letter.

*MADAM,*

‘ I HAVE for ſome time taken notice of two gen-
‘ tlemen who attend you in all public places, both
‘ of whom have alſo eaſy acceſs to you at your own
‘ houſe: but the matter is adjuſted between them,
‘ and Damon, who ſo paſſionately addreſſes you, has
‘ no deſign upon you; but Strephon, who ſeems
‘ to be indifferent to you, is the man who is, as
‘ they have ſettled it, to have you. The plot
‘ was laid over a bottle of wine; and Strephon,
‘ when he firſt thought of you, propoſed to Damon
‘ to be his rival. The manner of his breaking of it to
‘ him, I was ſo placed at a tavern, that I could not
‘ avoid hearing. Damon, ſaid he, with a deep ſigh,
‘ I have long languiſhed for that miracle of beauty
‘ Gloriana, and if you will be very ſtedfaſtly my ri-
‘ val, I ſhall certainly obtain her. Do not, conti-
‘ nued he, be offended at this overture; for I go
‘ upon the knowledge of the temper of the woman,
‘ rather than any vanity that I ſhould profit by an
‘ oppoſition of your pretenſions to thoſe of your
‘ humble ſervant. Gloriana has very good ſenſe, a
‘ quick reliſh of the ſatisfactions of life, and will not
‘ give herſelf, as the croud of women do, to the
‘ arms of a man to whom ſhe is indifferent. As ſhe
‘ is a ſenſible woman, expreſſions of rapture and a-

‘ doration

doration will not move her neither; but he that has her muſt be the object of her deſire, not her pity. The way to this end I take to be, that a man's general conduct ſhould be agreeable, without addreſſing in particular to the woman he loves. Now, Sir, if you will be ſo kind as to ſigh and die for Gloriana, I will carry it with great reſpect towards her; but ſeem void of any thoughts as a lover. By this means I ſhall be in the moſt amiable light of which I am capable; I ſhall be received with freedom, you with reſerve. Damon, who has himſelf no deſigns of marriage at all, eaſily fell into the ſcheme; and you may obſerve, that whereever you are Damon appears alſo. You ſee he carries on an unaffecting exactneſs in his dreſs and manner, and ſtrives always to be the very contrary of Strephon. They have already ſucceeded ſo far, that your eyes are ever in ſearch of Strephon, and turn themſelves of courſe from Damon. They meet and compare notes upon your carriage; and the letter which was brought to you the other day, was a contrivance to remark your reſentment. When you ſaw the billet ſubſcribed Damon, and turned away with a ſcornful air, and cried, Impertinence! you gave hopes to him that ſhuns you, without mortifying him that languiſhes for you.

'WHAT I am concerned for, madam, is, that in the diſpoſal of your heart, you ſhould know what you are doing, and examine it before it is loſt. Strephon contradicts you in diſcourſe, with the civility of one who has a value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This ſeeming unconcern gives his behaviour the advantage of ſincerity, and inſenſibly obtains your good opinion, by appearing diſintereſted in the purchaſe of it. If you watch theſe correſpondents hereafter, you will find that Strephon makes his viſit of civility immediately after Damon has tired you with one of love. Though you are very diſ-

creet,

'creet, you will find it no easy matter to escape the 'toils so well laid, as when one studies to be disa- 'greeable in passion, the other to be pleasing with- 'out it All the turns of your temper are carefully 'watched, and their quick and faithful intelli- 'gence gives your lovers irresistible advantage. You 'will please, madam, to be upon your guard, and 'take all the necessary precautions against one who is 'amiable to you before you know he is enamoured.

*I am,*

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient servant.*

STREPHON makes great progress in this lady's good graces; for most women being actuated by some little spirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects of both these motives by this covert-way of courtship. He received a message yesterday from Damon, in the following words, superscribed, *With speed.*

'ALL goes well; she is very angry at me, and I 'dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time 'to visit.

*Your's.*

THE comparison of Strephon's gaiety to Damon's languishment, strikes her imagination with a prospect of very agreeable hours with such a man as the former, and abhorrence of the insipid prospect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of advancing yourself. This method of two persons playing in each other's hand is so dangerous, that I cannot tell how a woman could be able to withstand such a siege. The condition of Gloriana, I am afraid, is irretrievable, for Strephon has had so many opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for

her

her to do is to bring him, now ſhe is adviſed, to an explanation of his paſſion, and beginning again, if ſhe can conquer the kind ſentiments ſhe has already conceived for him. When one ſhews himſelf a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for ſuccour, they have the whole woman between them, and can occaſionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in ſuch a manner as to keep her at a diſtance from all the reſt of the world, and caſt lots for the conqueſt.

*N. B.* I have many other ſecrets which concern the empire of love; but I conſider, that while I alarm my women, I inſtruct my men. T

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## No. 424. *Monday, July 7.*

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*Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus.*
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1 v. 30.

*'Tis not the place diſguſt or pleaſure brings;*
*From our own mind our ſatisfaction ſprings.*

MR SPECTATOR, *London, June 24.*

'A MAN who has it in his power to chuſe his own
' company, would certainly be much to blame
' ſhould he not, to the beſt of his judgment, take
' ſuch as are of a temper moſt ſuitable to his own;
' and where that choice is wanting, or where a man
' is miſtaken in his choice, and yet under a neceſſity
' of continuing in the ſame company, it will certain-
' ly be his intereſt to carry himſelf as eaſily as poſ-
' ſible.

' IN this I am ſenſible I do but repeat what has
' been ſaid a thouſand times, at which, however, I
' think nobody has any title to take exception, but
' they who never failed to put this in paactice—Not
' to

'to use any longer preface, this being the season of 'the year in which great numbers of all sorts of 'people retire from this place of business and plea-'sure to country solitude, I think it not improper to ad-'vise them to take with them as great a stock of good-'humour as they can; for tho' a country-life is de-'scribed as the most pleasant of all others, and 'though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to 'those who know how to enjoy leisure and retire-'ment.

'AS for those who cannot live without the con-'stant helps of business or company, let them con-'sider, that in the country there is no exchange, 'there are no play-houses, no variety of coffee-'houses, nor many of those other amusements which 'serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated oc-'currences in their own families; but that there the 'greatest part of their time must be spent within them-'selves, and consequently it behoves them to consi-'der how agreeable it will be to them before they 'leave this dear town.

'I REMEMBER, Mr SPECTATOR, we were very 'well entertained last year with the advices you gave 'us from Sir ROGER's country-seat; which I the ra-'ther mention, because it is almost impossible not to 'live pleasantly where the master of a family is such 'a one as you there describe your friend, who can-'not therefore (I mean as to his domestic character) 'be too often recommended to the imitation of o-'thers. How amiable is that affability and benevo-'lence with which he treats his neighbours, and e-'very one, even the meanest of his own family? 'And yet how seldom imitated? instead of which 'we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, 'noise, and chidings—And this I hinted, because 'the humour and disposition of the head is what 'chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

'AN agreement and kind correspondence between 'friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of

'life.

'life. This is an undoubted truth, and yet any man 'who judges from the practice of the world, will be 'almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how 'can we suppose people should be so industrious to 'make themselves uneasy? What can engage them 'to entertain and foment jealousies of one another 'upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, there 'are people who (as it should seem) delight in being 'troublesome and vexatious, who (as Tully speaks), '*mira sunt alacritate ad litigandum, have a certain* '*chearfulness in wrangling.* And thus it happens, 'that there are very few families in which there are 'not feuds and animosities, though it is every one's 'interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, 'because there (as I would willingly hope) no one 'gives another uneasiness without feeling some share 'of it—But I am gone beyond what I designed, 'and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; 'which was, barely to tell you how hardly we who 'pass most of our time in town dispense with a long 'vacation in the country, how uneasy we grow to 'ourselves and to one another when our conversa-'tion is confined, insomuch that by Michaelmas it 'is odds but we come to downright squabbling, 'and make as free with one another to our faces, as 'we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. 'After I have told you this, I am to desire that 'you would now and then give us a lesson of good-'humour, a family-piece, which, since we are all 'very fond of you, I hope may have some influence 'upon us.

'AFTER these plain observations, give me leave 'to give you an hint of what a set of company of 'my acquaintance, who are now gone into the coun-'try, and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, 'have settled among themselves, to avoid the in-'conveniencies above mentioned. They are a col-'lection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclina-'tion towards each other, but of very different ta-

'lents and inclinations; from hence they hope, that 'the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humour or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, till by his manner of submission, and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays inattention or dishumour, are also criminal without reprieve: but it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods, it is expected that if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time for the public good, by,

*SIR,*

*Your most humble servant,*

T R. O.

*Tuesday,*

## No. 425. *Tuesday, July 8.*

*Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit aestas*
*Interitura, simul*
*Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; et mox*
*Bruma recurrit iners.* Hor. Od. 7. l. 4. v. 9.

*The cold grows soft with western gales,*
*The summer over spring prevails,*
*But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,*
*As this to winter storms and hails;*
*Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.*

Sir W. Temple.

Mr Spectator,

'THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more 'sensible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool 'still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry 'day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which 'made me rejoice, when the hour was come for the 'sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the 'evening in my garden, which then affords me the 'pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and 'twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and 'went down into it. You descend at first by twelve 'stone steps into a large square divided into four 'grass-plots, in each of which is a statue of white 'marble. This is separated from a large parterre 'by a low wall, and from thence thro' a pair of iron 'gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the 'finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on 'either hand bordered by a canal, which on the 'right divides the walk from a wilderness parted in'to variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left 'from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the recep'tacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles.

'The moon ſhone bright, and ſeemed then moſt a-
'greeably to ſupply the place of the ſun, obliging
'me with as much light as was neceſſary to diſcover
'a thouſand pleaſing objects, and at the ſame time
'diveſted of all power of heat. The reflection of it
'in the water, the fanning of the wind ruſtling on
'the leaves, the ſinging of the thruſh and nightin-
'gale, and the coolneſs of the walks, all conſpired
'to make me lay aſide all diſpleaſing thoughts, and
'brought me into ſuch a tranquillity of mind, as is I
'believe the next happineſs to that of hereafter. In
'this ſweet retirement I naturally fell into the repe-
'tition of ſome lines out of a poem of Milton's, which
'he entitles *Il Penſeroſo*, the ideas of which were ex-
'quiſitely ſuited to my preſent wanderings of thought.

*Sweet bird! that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of folly,*
*Moſt muſical! moſt melancholy!*
*Thee, chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,*
*I woo to hear thy evening ſong:*
*And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen*
*On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,*
*To behold the wandering moon,*
*Riding near her higheſt noon,*
*Like one that has been led aſtray,*
*Thro' the heaven's wide pathleſs way,*
*And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,*
*Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.*

*Then let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream*
*Wave with his wings in airy ſtream,*
*Of lively portraiture diſplaid,*
*Softly on my eye-lids laid:*
*And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe*
*Above, about, or underneath,*
*Sent by ſpirits to mortals good,*
*Or th' unſeen genius of the wood.*

'I REFLECTED then upon the ſweet viciſſi-
'tudes of night and day, on the charming diſpoſi-

'tion

'tion of the seasons, and their return again in a 'perpetual circle; and oh! said I, that I could 'from these my declining years return again to my 'first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! 'is impossible: all that remains within my power, is 'to soften the inconveniences I feel with an easy 'contented mind, and the enjoyment of such de-'lights as this solitude affords me. In this thought 'I sat me down on a bank of flowers, and dropt in-'to a slumber, which whether it were the effect of 'fumes and vapours, or my present thoughts, I 'know not; but methought the genius of the gar-'den stood before me, and introduced into the walk 'where I lay this drama and different scenes of the 'revolution of the year, which whilst I then saw, 'even in my dream, I resolved to write down, and 'send to the SPECTATOR.

'THE first person whom I saw advancing to-'wards me, was a youth of a most beautiful air and 'shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that 'exact proportion and symmetry of parts which a 'little more time would have given him; but how-'ever, there was such a bloom in his countenance, 'such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the 'most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was 'clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwo-'ven with flowers: he had a chaplet of roses on his 'head, and a narcissus in his hand; primroses and 'violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature 'was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one 'hand, and Vertumnus on the other in a robe of 'changeable silk. After this I was surprised to see 'the moon-beams reflected with a sudden glare from 'armour, and to see a man completely armed ad-'vancing with his sword drawn, I was soon in-'formed by the genius it was Mars, who had long 'usurped a place among the attendants of the Spring. 'He made way for a softer appearance; it was Ve-'nus, without any ornament but her own beauties,

'not so much as her own cestus, with which she 'had encompassed a globe, which she held in her 'right hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of 'gold. After her followed the Graces with their 'arms entwined within one another: their girdles 'were loosed, and they moved to the sound of soft 'music, striking the ground alternately with their 'feet. Then came up the three months which be'long to this season. As March advanced towards 'me, there was methought in his look a louring 'roughness, which ill befitted a month which was 'ranked in so soft a season; but as he came for'wards his features became insensibly more mild and 'gentle: he smoothed his brow, and looked with 'so sweet a countenance that I could not but lament 'his departure, though he made way for April. 'He appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and 'had a thousand pleasures to attend him: his look 'was frequently clouded, but immediately returned 'to its first composure, and remained fixed in a 'smile. Then came May attended by Cupid, with 'his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an ar'row: as he passed by, methought I heard a confu'sed noise of soft complaints, gentle ecstasies, and 'tender sighs of lovers; vows of constancy, and as 'many complainings of perfidiousness; all which 'the winds wafted away as soon as they had reach'ed my hearing. After these I saw a man advance 'in the full prime and vigour of his age: his com'plexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, 'and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his 'shoulders; a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung 'loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty step 'after the Spring, and sought out the shade and 'cool fountains which plaid in the garden. He 'was particularly well pleased when a troop of Ze'phyrs fanned him with their wings: he had two 'companions who walked on each side, that made 'him appear the most agreeable; the one was Au-

'rora

'rora with fingers of roſes, and her feet dewy, at-
'tired in grey: the other was Veſper in a robe of
'azure beſet with drops of gold, whoſe breath he
'caught whilſt it paſſed over a bundle of honey-
'ſuckles and tuberoſes which he held in his hand.
'Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers,
'who danced a morice to the ſound of oaten pipes
'and cymbals. Then came the attendant months.
'June retained ſtill ſome ſmall likeneſs of the ſpring;
'but the other two ſeemed to ſtep with a leſs vigo-
'rous tread, eſpecially Auguſt, who ſeemed almoſt
'to faint, whilſt for half the ſteps he took the dog-
'ſtar levelled his rays full at his head: they paſſed on
'and made way for a perſon that ſeemed to bend a
'little under the weight of years; his beard and
'hair, which were full grown, were compoſed of
'an equal number of black and grey; he wore a
'robe which he had girt round him of a yellowiſh
'caſt, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which
'he walked upon. I thought he hardly made a-
'mends for expelling the foregoing ſcene by the
'large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands.
'Plenty walked by his ſide with an healthy freſh
'countenance, pouring out from an horn all the
'various product of the year. Pomona followed
'with a glaſs of cyder in her hand, with Bacchus
'in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a
'whole troop of ſatyrs, fauns, and ſylvans. Sep-
'tember, who came next, ſeemed in his looks to
'promiſe a new Spring, and wore the livery of thoſe
'months. The ſucceeding month was all ſoiled
'with the juice of grapes, as if he had juſt come
'from the wine-preſs. November, though he was
'in this diviſion, yet by the many ſtops he made
'ſeemed rather inclined to the Winter, which fol-
'lowed cloſe at his heels. He advanced in the
'ſhape of an old man in the extremity of age: the
'hair he had was ſo very white it ſeemed a real
'ſnow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his
'beard

'beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he 'was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with 'excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, 'and his body bent to the ground, so that he could 'not have supported himself had it not been for Co-'mus the god of revels, and *Necessity* the mother of '*Fate*, who sustained him on each side. The shape 'and mantle of Comus was one of the things that 'most surprised me; as he advanced towards me, 'his countenance seemed the most desirable I had 'ever seen. On the fore part of his mantle was pic-'tured joy, delight and satisfaction, with a thou-'sand emblems of merriment, and jests, with faces 'looking too ways at once; but as he passed from 'me I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent 'to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of 'his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the 'hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder 'with dishevelled hair, and a dagger all bloody, An-'ger in a robe of scarlet, and Suspicion squinting 'with both eyes; but above all, the most conspicu-'ous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Cen-'taurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned 'my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away be-'hind him, with a scythe in one hand, and an hour-'glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity 'was Vesta the goddess of fire, with a lamp which 'was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame 'was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Ne-'cessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make 'her assume the features and likeness of Choice. De-'cember, January, and February, passed on after 'the rest all in furs; there was little distinction to 'be made amongst them, and they were more or 'less displeasing as they discovered more or less haste 'towards the grateful return of Spring. Z.

*Wednesday,*

## No. 426. *Wednesday, July 9.*

—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
*Auri sacra fames?* Virg. Aen. 3. v. 356.

*O sacred hunger of pernicious gold!*
*What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!* Dryden.

A VERY agreeable friend of mine, the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into discourse concerning the care of parents due to their children, and the piety of children towards their parents. He was reflecting upon the succession of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one generation to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration: but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation.

I WILL not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and son was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilius Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries: but as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart, Basilius did not open to him, because of his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and

and as he lay on a couch, over-againſt which his ſon was ſeated, and prepared by ſending out ſervants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one over-heard them, he revealed the moſt important of his ſecrets with the ſolemnity and language of an adept. My ſon, ſaid he, many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, conſtant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful eſtate to his poſterity, but alſo to take care that he ſhould have no poſterity. Be not amazed, my child; I do not mean that thou ſhalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and conſequently cannot be ſaid to have poſterity. Behold, my deareſt Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months: we are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her; juſt as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, ſo long are theſe medicines of revification in preparing. Obſerve this ſmall phial and this little gallipot, in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In theſe, my child, are collected ſuch powers as ſhall revive the ſprings of life when they are yet but juſt ceaſed, and give new ſtrength, new ſpirits, and, in a word, wholly reſtore all the organs and ſenſes of the human body to as great a duration, as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of theſe my medicines. But, my beloved ſon, care muſt be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of reſuſcitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as ſoon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you ſee me begin to move, pour into my lips this ineſtimable liquor, elſe the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aſide the authority of having beſtowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new

medicines.

medicines againſt ſuch another period of time as will demand another application of the ſame reſtoratives. In a few days after theſe wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Baſilius departed this life. But ſuch was the pious ſorrow of the ſon at the loſs of ſo excellent a father, and the firſt tranſports of grief had ſo wholly diſabled him from all manner of buſineſs, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleaſure, and conſidered his father had lived out his natural time, his life was long and uniform, ſuitable to the regularity of it; but that he himſelf, poor ſinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the examination of his heart, reſolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and ſpend very piouſly the life to which he ſhould be reſtored by application of theſe rarities, when time ſhould come, to his own perſon.

IT has been obſerved, that providence frequently puniſhes the ſelf-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, inſomuch that they only tranſmit their names to be borne by thoſe who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

IT happened thus in the family of Baſilius; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of houſehold expence, furniture, and inſolent equipage; and this he purſued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew ſenſible, to approach. As Baſilius was puniſhed with a ſon very unlike him, Alexandrinus was viſited with one of his own diſpoſition. It is natural that ill men ſhould be ſuſpicious, and Alexandrinus, beſides that jealouſy, had proofs of the vicious diſpoſition of his ſon Renatus, for that was his name.

ALEXANDRINUS, as I obſerved, having very

good

good reaſons for thinking it unſafe to truſt the real ſecret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make ſure work, and hope for his ſucceſs depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

WITH this thought he called Renatus to his bedſide, and beſpoke him in the moſt pathetic geſture and accent. As much, my ſon, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleaſure, as I alſo have been before you, you nor I could eſcape the fame, or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Baſilius. His ſymbol is very well known in the philoſophic world, and I ſhall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound myſteries of *the Emaragdine table of Hermes. It is true,* ſaid he, *and far removed from all colour of deceit, that which is inferior is like that which is ſuperior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the ſun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurſe of it, and mother of all perfection. All this muſt be received with modeſty and wiſdom.* The chymical people carry in all their jargon a whimſical ſort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themſelves, that their regularity and ſtrictneſs of manners for the ends of this world, has ſome affinity to the innocence of heart which muſt recommend them to the next. Renatus wondered to hear his father talk ſo like an adept, and with ſuch a mixture of piety, while Alexandrinus obſerving his attention fixed, proceeded: This phial, child, and this little earthen pot, will add to thy eſtate ſo much, as to make thee the richeſt man in the German empire. I am going to my long home, but ſhall not return to common duſt. Then he reſumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old

Basilius, the corps would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the son was not behind-hand in professing that he would not cut the least bit off him, but upon the utmost extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and sisters.

WELL, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body, as our term is, could not forbear in the wantonnesses of his heart, to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the ensuing value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immense reward of his pains, he began the work: but lo! when he had anointed the corps all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Renatus, in a fright, broke the phial.

T

## No. 427. *Tuesday, July* 10.

*Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum te a verborum libertate sejungas.* Tull.

*We should be as careful of our words, as our actions; and as far from speaking, as from doing ill.*

IT is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should virtue provoke? Why should beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady

the other day, at a viſit, being attacked ſomewhat rudely by one whoſe own character has been very roughly treated, anſwered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly, *Good madam, ſpare me who am none of your match; I ſpeak ill of nobody, and it is a new thing to me to be ſpoken ill of.* Little minds think fame conſiſts in the number of votes they have on their ſide among the multitude, whereas it is really the inſeparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a ſhadow is of a body. It is true, when crouds preſs upon you, this ſhadow cannot be ſeen, but when they ſeparate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the perſons who are moſt pleaſed with the little tales which paſs about the town to the diſadvantage of the reſt of the world. Were it not for the pleaſure of ſpeaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houſes, and too ill-natured to open their lips in converſation. It was not a little diverting the other day to obſerve a lady reading a poſt-letter, and at theſe words, *After all her airs, he has heard ſome ſtory or other, and the match is broke off,* give orders in the midſt of her reading, *Put to the horſes.* That a young woman of merit had miſſed an advantageous ſettlement, was news not to be delayed, leſt ſomebody elſe ſhould have given her malicious acquaintance that ſatisfaction before her. The unwillingneſs to receive good-tidings is a quality as inſeparable from a ſcandal-bearer, as the readineſs to divulge bad. But alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that ſtate of mind, that cannot be pleaſed but by what is the ſubject of lamentation. This temper has ever been in the higheſt degree odious to gallant ſpirits. The Perſian ſoldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admoniſhed by his officer; *Sir, you are paid to fight againſt Alexander, and not to rail at him.*

CICERO, in one of his pleadings, defending his client

client from general ſcandal, ſays very handſomely, and with much reaſon, "There are many who have "particular engagements to the proſecutor; there "are many who are known to have ill-will to him "for whom I appear; there are many who are na"turally addicted to defamation, and envious of "any good to any man, who may have contribu"ted to have ſpread reports of this kind: for no"thing is ſo ſwift as ſcandal, nothing is more eaſi"ly ſent abroad, nothing received with more wel"come, nothing diffuſes itſelf ſo univerſally. I "ſhall not deſire, that if any report to our diſad"vantage has any ground for it, you would over"look or extenuate it; but if there be any thing ad"vanced, without a perſon who can ſay whence he "had it, or which is atteſted by one who forgot "who told him it, or who had it from one of ſo "little conſideration that he did not then think it "worth his notice, all ſuch teſtimonies as theſe, I "know, you will think too ſlight to have any credit "againſt the innocence and honour of your fellow"citizen." When an ill report is traced, it very often vaniſhes among ſuch as the orator has here recited. And how deſpicable a creature muſt that be, who is in pain for what paſſes among ſo frivolous a people? There is a town in Warwickſhire of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animoſity and diſſenſion, the chief families of which have now turned all their whiſpers, backbitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peeviſh old gentlewoman, known by the title of the Lady Bluemantle. This heroine had for many years out-gone the whole ſiſterhood of goſſips, in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a laſting conſtitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepid in her feet. The two circumſtances of being always at home from her lameneſs, and very attentive from her blindneſs, make her lodgings the

receptacle of all that paſſes in town, good or bad; but for the latter ſhe ſeems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that, as it is uſual with old people, ſhe has a livelier memory of things which paſſed when ſhe was very young, than of late years. Add to all this, that ſhe does not only not love any body, but ſhe hates every body. The ſtatue in Rome does not ſerve to vent malice half ſo well, as this old lady does to diſappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itſelf; therefore, though ſhe expoſes all the whole town, ſhe offends no one body in it. She is ſo exquiſitely reſtleſs and peeviſh, that ſhe quarrels with all about her, and ſometimes in a freak will inſtantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, ſhe is led about the grounds belonging to the ſame houſe ſhe is in, and the perſons to whom ſhe is to remove, being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At ſtated times, the gentlewoman at whoſe houſe ſhe ſuppoſes ſhe is at the time, is ſent for to quarrel with, according to her common cuſtom: when they have a mind to drive the jeſt, ſhe is immediately urged to that degree, that ſhe will board in a family with which ſhe has never yet been; and away ſhe will go this inſtant, and tell them all that the reſt have been ſaying of them. By this means ſhe has been an inhabitant of every houſe in the place, without ſtirring from the ſame habitation: and the many ſtories which every body furniſhes her with to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be ſaid by one woman againſt another. Thus groundleſs ſtories die away, and ſometimes truths are ſmothered under the general word, when they have a mind to diſcountenance a thing, Oh! that is in my Lady Bluemantle's memoirs.

WHOEVER receives impreſſions to the diſadvantage

tage of others, without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady Bluemantle, who is ſubjected to have her ears impoſed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other ſcandal-bearers ſuſpend the uſe of theſe faculties which ſhe has loſt, rather than apply them to do juſtice to their neighbours; and, I think, for the ſervice of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every viſit in town. T

## No. 428. *Friday, July* 11.

*Occupet extremum ſcabies*— HOR. Ars Poet. v 417.

*Pox take the hindmoſt!* [Engliſh proverb.]

IT is an impertinent and unreaſonable fault in converſation for one man to take up all the diſcourſe. It may poſſibly be objected to me myſelf, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving ſo many able perſons who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. Beſides, ſaid one whom I overheard the other day, why muſt this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why ſhould it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like, things which are uſeful only to amuſe men of literature and ſuperior education? I would have it conſiſt alſo of all things which may be neceſſary or uſeful to any part of ſociety, and the mechanic arts ſhould have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, huſbandry, and thrift, will ſerve a greater number of people, than diſcourſes upon what was well ſaid or done by ſuch a philoſopher, hero, general, or poet. I no ſooner heard this critic talk of my works, but I minuted what he had ſaid; and from that inſtant

resolved to enlarge the plan of my speculations, by giving notice to all persons of all orders, and each sex, that if they are pleased to send me discourses, with their names and places of abode to them, so that I can be satisfied the writings are authentic, such their labours shall be faithfully inserted in this paper. It will be of much more consequence to a youth in his apprenticeship to know by what rules and arts such a one became sheriff of the city of London, than to see the sign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world indeed is inchanted with romantic and improbable atchievements, when the plain path to respective greatness and success in the way of life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young man at present could pass his time better than in reading the history of stocks, and knowing by what secret springs they have had such sudden ascents and falls in the same day? Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatise dated from Change-Alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears; to be diffident when others exult, and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell. I invite all persons who have any thing to say for the profitable information of the public, to take their turns in my Paper: they are welcome, from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of strops for razors. If to carry ships in safety, to give help to people tossed in a troubled sea, without knowing to what shore they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coast to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deserves a statue; at the same time, he who has found a means to let the instrument which is to make your visage less horrible, and your person more smug, easy in the operation, is worthy of some kind of good reception: If things of high moment meet with renown, those of little

consideration,

consideration, since of any consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no merit may lie hid, and no merit unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers, as well as philosophers, to my assistance in the public service. It would be of great use if we had an exact history of the successes of every great shop within the city-walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty foot; if it could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascended from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage. Such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.

TO diversify these kind of informations, the industry of the female world is not to be unobserved: she to whose household-virtues it is owing that men do honour to her husband, should be recorded with veneration; she who has wasted his labours, with infamy. When we are come into domestic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a touch of tragedy, and describe that most dreadful of all human conditions, the case of bankruptcy; how plenty, credit, chearfulness, full hopes, and easy possessions, are in an instant turned into penury, faint aspects, diffidence, sorrow, and misery; how the man, who, with an open hand, the day before could administer to the extremities of others, is shunned today by the friend of his bosom. It would be useful to shew how just this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the industrious. A paper written by a merchant might give this island a true sense of the worth and importance of his character: it might be visible from what he could say, that no soldier entering a breach adventures more for honour, than the trader does for wealth to his country. In both cases, the adventurers have their own advantage, but I know

no

no cases wherein every body else is a sharer in the success.

IT is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance of historians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battalia, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the discourses from the correspondents whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind; and it is necessary to caution them only against using terms of art, and describing things that are familiar to them in words unknown to the reader. I promise myself a great harvest of new circumstances, persons, and things, from this proposal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This sort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependence of human society, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of those whose views are confined to their own circumstances; and in short, if the knowing in several arts, professions, and trades, will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new field of diversion, an instruction more agreeable than has yet appeared. T

## No. 429. *Saturday, July* 12.

*—Populumque falsis dedocet uti*
*Vocibus*——— Hor. Od. 2. l. 2. v. 19.

*From cheats of words the croud she brings*
*To real estimate of things.* Creech.

MR SPECTATOR,

'SINCE I gave an account of an agreeable set of
'company which were gone down into the coun-
'try,

'try, I have received advices from thence, that the 'institution of an infirmary for those who should be 'out of humour, has had very good effects. My 'letters mention particular circumstances of two or 'three persons who had the good sense to retire of 'their own accord, and notified that they were with-'drawn, with the reasons of it, to the company, in 'their respective memorials.

*The memorial of Mrs Mary Dainty, spinster,*

Humbly sheweth,

'THAT conscious of her own want of merit, ac-'companied with a vanity of being admired, she 'had gone into exile of her own accord.

'SHE is sensible, that a vain person is the most 'insufferable creature living in a well-bred assembly.

'THAT she desired, before she appeared in pu-'blic again, she might have assurances, that though 'she might be thought handsome, there might not 'more address of compliment be paid to her than to 'the rest of the company.

'THAT she conceived it a kind of superiority, 'that one person should take upon him to commend 'another.

'LASTLY, That she went into the infirmary to 'avoid a particular person who took upon him to 'profess an admiration of her.

'SHE therefore prayed, that to applaud out of 'due place might be declared an offence, and pu-'nished in the same manner with detraction, in that 'the latter did but report persons defective, and the 'former made them so.

All which is submitted, &c.

THERE appeared a delicacy and sincerity in this memorial very uncommon; but my friend informs me, that the allegations of it were groundless, insomuch that this declaration of an aversion to being praised,

praised, was underſtood to be no other than a ſecret trap to purchaſe it; for which reaſon it ſtill lies on the table unanſwered.

*The humble memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller.*

Sheweth,

'THAT the Lady Lydia is a woman of quality, 'married to a private gentleman.

'THAT ſhe finds herſelf neither well nor ill.

'THAT her huſband is a clown.

'THAT Lady Lydia cannot ſee company.

'THAT ſhe deſires the infirmary may be her a'partment during her ſtay in the country.

'THAT they would pleaſe to make merry with 'their equals.

'THAT Mr Loller might ſtay with them if he 'thought fit.

IT was immediately reſolved, that Lady Lydia was ſtill at London.

*The humble memorial of Thomas Sudden, Eſq; of the Inner-Temple,*

Sheweth,

THAT Mr Sudden is conſcious that he is too much given to argumentation.

'THAT he talks loud.

'THAT he is apt to think all things matter of 'debate.

'THAT he ſtaid behind in Weſtminſter-Hall 'when the late ſhock of the roof happened, only be'cauſe a council of the other ſide aſſerted it was co'ming down.

'THAT he cannot for his life conſent to any 'thing.

'THAT he ſtays in the infirmary to forget him'ſelf.

'THAT

'THAT as soon as he has forgot himself, he will 'wait on the company.

HIS indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a cessation from company.

*The memorial of Frank Jolly.*

Sheweth,

'THAT he hath put himself into the infirmary, 'in regard he is sensible of a certain rustic 'mirth which renders him unfit for polite conver- 'sation.

'THAT he intends to prepare himself by absti- 'nence and thin diet to be one of the company.

'THAT at present he comes into a room, as if 'he were an express from abroad.

'THAT he has chosen an apartment with a mat- 'ted anti-chamber, to practise motion without being 'heard.

'THAT he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps 'himself before a glass, to learn to act with mode- 'ration.

'THAT by reason of his luxuriant health he is 'oppressive to persons of composed behaviour.

'THAT he is endeavouring to forget the word '*Pshaw, Pshaw.*

'THAT he is also weaning himself from his cane.

'THAT when he has learnt to live without his 'said cane, he will wait on the company, *&c.*

*The memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq;*

Sheweth,

'THAT your petitioner has retired to the infir- 'mary, but that he is in perfect good health, 'except that he has by long use, and for want of 'discourse, contracted an habit of complaint that 'he is sick.

'THAT

'THAT he wants for nothing under the ſun, but 'what to ſay, and therefore has fallen into this un-'happy malady of complaining that he is ſick.

'THAT this cuſtom of his makes him, by his 'own confeſſion, fit only for the infirmary, and 'therefore he has not waited for being ſentenced to it.

'THAT he is conſcious there is nothing more 'improper than ſuch a complaint in good company, 'in that they muſt pity, whether they think the la-'menter ill or not; and that the complainant muſt 'make a ſilly figure, whether he is pitied or not.

'YOUR petitioner humbly prays, that he may have 'time to know how he does, and he will make his 'appearance.'

'THE Valetudinarian was likewiſe eaſily excu-'ſed; and this ſociety being reſolved not only to 'make it their buſineſs to paſs their time agreeably 'for the preſent ſeaſon, but alſo to commence ſuch 'habits in themſelves as may be of uſe in their future 'conduct in general, are very ready to give into a 'fancied or real incapacity to join with their mea-'ſures, in order to have no humouriſt, proud man, 'impertinent or ſufficient fellow, break in upon their 'happineſs. Great evils ſeldom happen to diſturb 'company; but indulgence in particularities of hu-'mour is the ſeed of making half our time hang 'in ſuſpence, or waſte away under real diſcompo-'ſures.

'AMONG other things, it is carefully provided 'that there may not be disagreeable familiarities. 'No one is to appear in the public rooms undreſſed, 'or enter abruptly into each other's apartment with-'out intimation. Every one has hitherto been ſo 'careful in his behaviour, that there has but one of-'fender in ten days time been ſent into the infirmary, 'and that was for the throwing away his cards at 'whiſt.

'HE has offered his ſubmiſſion in the following 'terms.

The

*The humble petition of Jeoffry Hotſpur, Eſq;*

Sheweth,

' THOUGH the petitioner ſwore, ſtamped, and ' threw down his cards, he has all imaginable ' reſpect for the ladies, and the whole company.

' THAT he humbly deſires it may be conſidered, ' in the caſe of gaming, there are many motives ' which provoke to diſorder.

' THAT the deſire of gain, and the deſire of vic- ' tory, are both thwarted in loſing.

' THAT all converſations in the world have in- ' dulged human infirmity in this caſe.

' YOUR petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, ' that he may be reſtored to the company, and he ' hopes to bear ill fortune with a good grace for the ' future, and to demean himſelf ſo as to be no more ' than chearful when he wins, than grave when he ' loſes.

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## No. 430. *Monday, July* 14.

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*Quaere peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat.*

Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 62.

——————*The croud replies,*
*Go ſeek a ſtranger to believe thy lies.* Creech.

SIR,

' AS you are a Spectator-general, you may with ' authority cenſure whatſoever looks ill, and ' is offenſive to the ſight; the worſt nuiſance of ' which kind, methinks, is the ſcandalous appear- ' ance of poor in all parts of this wealthy city. Such ' miſerable objects affect the compaſſionate beholder ' with diſmal ideas, diſcompoſe the chearfulneſs of ' is mind, and deprive him of the pleaſure that he

'might otherwise take in surveying the grandeur of 'our metropolis. Who can without remorse see a 'disabled sailor, the purveyor of our luxury, desti-'tute of necessaries? Who can behold an honest sol-'dier, that bravely withstood the enemy, prostrate 'and in want amongst his friends? It were endless 'to mention all the variety of wretchedness, and the 'numberless poor that not only singly, but in com-'panies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this 'nature every where occur, and it is unaccountable, 'that amongst the many lamentable cries that infest 'this town, your comptroller-general should not take 'notice of the most shocking, *viz.* those of the needy 'and afflicted. I cannot but think he waved it 'merely out of good-breeding, chusing rather to stifle 'his resentment, than upbraid his countrymen with 'inhumanity; however, let not charity be sacrificed 'to popularity, and if his ears were deaf to their 'complaint, let not your eyes overlook their per-'sons. There are, I know, many impostors among 'them. Lameness and blindness are certainly very 'often acted; but can those that have their sight 'and limbs, employ them better than in knowing 'whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not 'which of the two misapplies his senses most, he 'who pretends himself blind to move compassion, 'or he who beholds a miserable object without pity-'ing it. But in order to remove such impediments, 'I wish, Mr SPECTATOR, you would give us a dis-'course upon beggars, that we may not pass by true 'objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked 'out of my window the other morning earlier than 'ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before 'the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle 'and thread, thriftily mending his stockings: my 'astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a 'lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk, within 'an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will not 'mention the shakings, distortions, and convulsions,

'which

'which many of them practise to gain an alms; but 'sure I am, they ought to be taken care of in this 'condition, either by the beadle or the magistrate. 'They, it seems, relieve their posts, according to 'their talents. There is the voice of an old woman 'never begins to beg till nine in the evening, and 'then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for 'want of rent, and has the same ill fortune every 'night in the year. You should employ an officer 'to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant 'at a particular place, who is ever in the same tone, 'and succeeds because his audience is continually 'changing, though he does not alter his lamentation. 'If we have nothing else for our money, let 'us have more invention to be cheated with. All 'which is submitted to your spectatorial vigilance: 'and I am,

*SIR,*

*Your most humble servant.*

*SIR,*

'I WAS last Sunday highly transported at our 'parish-church; the gentleman in the pulpit 'pleaded movingly in behalf of the poor children, and 'they for themselves much more forcibly by singing 'an hymn; and I had the happiness to be a contributor 'to this little religious institution of innocents, 'and am sure I never disposed of money more to 'my satisfaction and advantage. The inward joy 'I find in myself, and the good-will I bear to mankind, 'make me heartily wish those pious works 'may be encouraged, that the present promoters 'may reap the delight, and posterity the benefit of 'them. But whilst we are building this beautiful 'edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to sully 'the prospect: whilst we are cultivating and improving 'this young hopeful offspring, let not the

'ancient and helpless creatures be shamefully ne-
'glected. The crouds of poor, or pretended poor,
'in every place, are a great reproach to us, and ec-
'lipse the glory of all other charity. It is the ut-
'most reproach to society, that there should be a
'poor man unrelieved, or a poor rogue unpunished.
'I hope you will think no part of human life out of
'your consideration, but will, at your leisure, give
'us the history of plenty and want, and the natural
'gradations towards them, calculated for the cities
'of London and Westminster.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most humble servant,*

T. D.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I BEG you would be pleased to take notice of a
'very great indecency, which is extremely com-
'mon, though, I think, never yet under your cen-
'sure. It is, Sir, the strange freedoms some ill-
'bred married people take in company: the unsea-
'sonable fondness of some husbands, and the ill-
'timed tenderness of some wives. They talk and
'act, as if modesty was only fit for maids and bache-
'lors, and that too before both. I was once, Mr
'SPECTATOR, where the fault I speak of was so
'very flagrant, that (being, you must know, a very
'bashful fellow, and several young ladies in the
'room) I protest I was quite out of countenance.
'Lucina, it seems, was breeding, and she did no-
'thing but entertain the company with a discourse
'upon the difficulty of reckoning to a day, and said
'she knew those who were certain to an hour; then
'fell a laughing at a silly unexperienced creature,
'who was a month above her time. Upon her hus-
'band's coming in, she put several questions to him;
'which he not caring to resolve, Well, cries Luci-
'na,

'na, I shall have them all at night—But lest I should 'seem guilty of the very fault I write against, I shall 'intreat Mr SPECTATOR to correct such misde- 'meanors;

*For higher of the genial bed by far,*
*And with mysterious reverence, I deem.*

*I am, SIR,*
*Your humble servant,*

T T. MEANWELL.

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## No. 431. *Tuesday, July 15.*

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*Quid dulcius hominum generi a natura datum est quam sui cuique liberi?* Tull.

*What is there in nature so dear to a man as his own children?*

I HAVE lately been casting in my thoughts the several unhappinesses of life, and comparing the infelicities of old age to those of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and misconduct of parents, those of age to the past life which led to it. I have here the history of a boy and a girl to their wedding-day, and think I cannot give the reader a livelier image of the insipid way which time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentic epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their lives, till the period of their life abovementioned. The sentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, *What is there in nature so dear as a man's own children to him?* is all the reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM now entering into my one and twentieth year, and do not know that I had one day's thorough ſatisfaction ſince I came to years of any reflection, till the time they ſay others loſe their liberty, the day of my marriage. I am ſon to a gentleman of a very great eſtate, who reſolved to keep me out of the vices of the age; and in order to it never let me ſee any thing that he thought could give me the leaſt pleaſure. At ten years old, I was put to a grammar-ſchool, where my maſter received orders every poſt to uſe me very ſeverely, and have no regard to my having a great eſtate. At fifteen I was removed to the univerſity, where I lived, out of my father's great diſcretion, in ſcandalous poverty and want, till I was big enough to be married, and I was ſent for to ſee the lady who ſends you the underwritten. When we were put together, we both conſidered that we could not be worſe than we were in taking one another, and out of a deſire of liberty entered into wedlock. My father ſays I am now a man, and may ſpeak to him like another gentleman.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your moſt humble ſervant,*

RICHARD RENTFREE.

MR SPEC,

'I GREW tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay widow, and did not care for ſhewing me, till about two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian uncle ſent me to a boarding-ſchool, with orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been miſuſed enough already. I had not been there above a month, when being in the kitchen, I ſaw

' ſome

ſome oat-meal on the dreſſer; I put two or three corns in my mouth, liked it, ſtole a handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months after never failed taking toll of every pennyworth of oatmeal that came into the houſe: but one day playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it happened to break in my mouth, and the ſpitting out the pieces left ſuch a delicious roughneſs on my tongue, that I could not be ſatisfied till I had champed up the remaining part of the pipe. I forſook the oatmeal, and ſtuck to the pipes three months, in which time I had diſpenſed with thirty-ſeven foul pipes, all to the boles; they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my governeſs—He locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I was ſoon tired of this; I then nibbled all the red wax of our laſt ball-tickets, and three weeks after, the black wax from the burying-tickets of the old gentleman. Two months after this I lived upon thunder-bolts, a certain long, round bluiſh ſtone, which I found among the gravel in our garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this; but thunder-bolts growing ſcarce, I faſtened tooth and nail upon our garden-wall, which I ſtuck to almoſt a twelvemonth, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a foot toward our neighbour's yard. I now thought myſelf the happieſt creature in the world, and I believe in my conſcience, I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I became lazy, and unwilling to ſtir, and was obliged to ſeek food nearer home. I then took a ſtrange hankering to coals; I fell to ſcranching them, and had already conſumed, I am certain, as much as would have dreſſed my wedding-dinner, when my uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour with my governeſs when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him father; and when I expected the bleſſing I

‘ aſked

‘ aſked, the good gentleman, in a ſurpriſe, turns himſelf to my governeſs, and aſks, Whether this (pointing to me) was his daughter? This (added he) is the very picture of death. My child was a plump-faced, hale, freſh-coloured girl; but this looks as if ſhe was half ſtarved, a mere ſkeleton. My governeſs, who is really a good woman, aſſured my father I had wanted for nothing; and withal told him I was continually eating ſome traſh or other, and that I was almoſt eaten up with the green ſickneſs, her orders being never to croſs me. But this magnified but little with my father, who preſently, in a kind of pet, paying for my board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at church (I ſhall never forget it) I ſaw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleaſed me hugely; I liked him of all men I ever ſaw in my life, and began to wiſh I could be as pleaſing to him. The very next day he came, with his father, a-viſiting to our houſe: we were left alone together, with directions on both ſides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former health and complection, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr Spec, I deſire you would find out ſome name for theſe craving damſels, whether dignified or diſtinguiſhed under ſome or all of the following denominations, (to wit) *Traſh-eaters, oatmeal-chewers, pipe-champers, chalk-lickers, wax-nibblers, coal-ſcranchers, wall-peelers,* or *gravel-diggers:* And, good Sir, do your utmoſt endeavour to prevent (by expoſing) this unaccountable folly, ſo prevailing among the young ones of our ſex, who may not meet with ſuch ſudden good luck as,

*S I R,*

*Your conſtant reader,*

*And very humble ſervant,*

Sabina Green,

Now Sabina Rentfree.

## No. 432. *Wedneſday, July* 16.

*—Inter strepit anſer olores.* Virg. Eccl. 9. v. 36.
*He gabbles like a gooſe, amidſt the ſwain-like quire.*
Dryden.

Mr Spectator, *Oxford, July* 14.

'According to a late invitation in one of your papers to every man who pleaſes to write, I have ſent you the following ſhort diſſertation againſt the vice of being prejudiced.

*Your moſt humble Servant.*

'Man is a ſociable creature, and a lover of glory; whence it is that when ſeveral perſons are united in the ſame ſociety, they are ſtudious to leſſen the reputation of others, in order to raiſe their own. The wiſe are content to guide the ſprings in ſilence, and rejoice in ſecret at their regular progreſs. To prate and triumph is the part allotted to the trifling and ſuperficial: the geeſe were providentially ordained to ſave the Capitol. Hence it is, that the invention of marks and devices to diſtinguiſh parties, is owing to the Beaux and Belles of this iſland. Hats moulded into different cocks and pinches, have long bid mutual defiance; patches have been ſent againſt patches in battle-array; ſtocks have riſen or fallen in proportion to head-dreſſes; and peace or war been expected, as the white or the red hood hath prevailed. Theſe are the ſtandard-bearers in our contending armies, the dwarfs and ſquires who carry the impreſſes of the giants or knights, not born to fight themſelves, but to prepare the way for the enſuing combat.

'It is matter of wonder to reflect how far men of

'of weak underſtanding and ſtrong fancy are hur-'ried by their prejudices, even to the believing that 'the whole body of the adverſe party are a band of 'villains and demons. Foreigners complain, that 'the Engliſh are the proudeſt nation under heaven. 'Perhaps they too have their ſhare; but be that as 'it will, general charges against bodies of men is 'the fault I am writing againſt. It muſt be owned 'to our ſhame, that our common people, and moſt 'who have not travelled, have an irrational con-'tempt for the language, dreſs, cuſtoms, and even 'the ſhape and minds of other nations. Some men, 'otherwiſe of ſenſe, have wondered that a great ge-'nius ſhould ſpring out of Ireland; and think you 'mad in affirming, that fine odes have been written 'in Lapland.

'THIS ſpirit of rivalſhip, which heretofore 'reigned in the two Univerſities, is extinct, and al-'moſt over betwixt college and college: In pariſhes 'and ſchools the thirſt of glory ſtill obtains. At 'the ſeaſons of foot-ball and cock-fighting, theſe 'little republics reaſſume their national hatred to 'each other. My tenant in the country is verily 'perſuaded, that the pariſh of the enemy hath not 'one honeſt man in it.

'I ALWAYS hated ſatires againſt women, and ſa-'tires againſt men; I am apt to ſuſpect a ſtranger 'who laughs at the religion of the faculty: My 'ſpleen riſes at a dull rogue, who is ſevere upon 'mayors and aldermen; and was never better plea-'ſed than with a piece of juſtice executed upon the 'body of a templar, who was very arch upon par-'ſons.

'THE neceſſities of mankind require various 'employments; and whoever excels in his province 'is worthy of praiſe. All men are not educated af-'ter the ſame manner, nor have all the ſame talents 'Thoſe who are deficient deſerve our compaſſion, 'and have a title to our aſſiſtance. All cannot be

'bred

‘bred in the ſame place; but in all places there ariſe, at different times, ſuch perſons as do honour to their ſociety, which may raiſe envy in little ſouls, but are admired and cheriſhed by generous ſpirits.

‘IT is certainly a great happineſs to be educated in ſocieties of great and eminent men. Their inſtructions and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is highly proper to inſtil ſuch a reverence of the governing perſons, and concern for the honour of the place, as may ſpur the growing members to worthy purſuits and honeſt emulation: But to ſwell young minds with vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, by debaſing and vilifying all others, doth them a real injury. By this means I have found that their efforts have become languid, and their prattle irkſome, as thinking it ſufficient praiſe that they are children of ſo illuſtrious and ample a family. I ſhould think it a ſurer as well as more generous method, to ſet before the eyes of youth ſuch perſons as have made a noble progreſs in fraternities leſs talked of; which ſeems tacitly to reproach their ſloth, who loll ſo heavily in the ſeats of mighty improvement: Active ſpirits hereby would enlarge their notions, whereas by a ſervile imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired men in their own body, they can only gain a ſecondary and derivative kind of fame. Theſe copiers of men, like thoſe of authors or painters, run into affectations of ſome oddneſs, which perhaps was not diſagreeable in the original, but ſits ungracefully on the narrow-ſoul'd tranſcriber.

‘BY ſuch early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to cenſure ſuperficially; but imbibe thoſe principles of general kindneſs and humanity which alone can make them eaſy to themſelves, and beloved by others.

‘REFLECTIONS

'REFLECTIONS of this nature have expunged 'all prejudice out of my heart, insomuch that tho' 'I am a firm Protestant, I hope to see the Pope 'and cardinals without violent emotions; and tho' 'I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good com-'pany at Paris.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your obedient Servant.*

MR SPECTATOR,

'I FIND you are a general undertaker, and have, 'by your correspondents or self, an insight into 'most things; which makes me apply myself to 'you at present in the sorest calamity that ever be-'fel man. My wife has taken something ill of me, 'and has not spoke one word, good or bad, to me, 'or any body in the family, since Friday was seven-'night. What must a man do in that case? Your 'advice would be a great obligation to,

*SIR,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

RALPH THIMBLETON.

MR SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you want a trifle to fill up a paper, in 'inserting this you will lay an obligation on

July 15th, 1712. *Your humble Servant,*

OLIVIA.

DEAR OLIVIA,

"IT is but this moment I have had the happiness "of knowing to whom I am obliged for the pre-"sent I received the second of April. I am heart-"ily sorry it did not come to hand the day before: "for I cannot but think it very hard upon people to "lose

"lose their jest, that offer at one but once a year.
"I congratulate myself however upon the earnest
"given me of something further intended in my fa-
"vour; for I am told, that the man who is thought
"worthy by a lady to make a fool of, stands fair
"enough in her opinion to become one day her
"husband. 'Till such time as I have the honour
"of being sworn, I take leave to subscribe myself,

DEAR OLIVIA,

T *Your fool elect.*

NICODEMUNCIO.

## No. 433. *Thursday, July 17.*

*Perlege Maeonio cantatas carmine ranas,*
*Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis.*

Mart. Epig. 183. l. 14.

*To banish anxious thought, and quiet pain,*
*Read Homer's frogs, or my more trifling strain.*

THE moral world, as consisting of males and females, is of a mixt nature, and filled with several customs, fashions and ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but one sex. Had our species no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at present; their endeavours to please the opposite sense, polishes and refines them out of those manners which are most natural to them, and often sets them upon modeling themselves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those plans which they think are most agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

WOMEN, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable creatures with whom they are here blended and confused; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a design upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dress is filled with snares and allurements. There would be no such animals as prudes or coquettes in the world, were there not such an animal as man. In short, it is the male that gives charms to womankind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a softness in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

AS this mutual regard between the two sexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as on the contrary, women, who have an indifference or aversion for their counter-parts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, slutish and censorious.

I AM led into this train of thoughts by a little manuscript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I shall communicate to the reader, as I have done some other curious pieces of the same nature, without troubling him with any inquiries about the author of it. It contains a summary account of two different states which bordered upon one another. The one was a common-wealth of Amazons, or women without men; the other was a Republic of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As these two states bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain season of the year, where those among the men, who had not made their choice in any former meeting, associated themselves with particular women, whom they were afterwards

obliged

obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of these yearly rencounters. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers, if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective subjects.

THESE two states were engaged together in a perpetual league, offensive and defensive, so that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It was remarkable, that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two states, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were husbands and wives; but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

IN the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were several customs very remarkable. The men never shaved their beards, or pared their nails above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great and annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a-spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such an one *the tall*, such an one *the stocky*, such an one *the gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with

kicks, and cuffs, insomuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin, and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These accomplishments it seems had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract out of the history of the male common-wealth, I shall look into the history of the neighbouring state, which consisted of females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public. C

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## No. 434. *Friday, July* 18.

*Quales Threiciæ cum flumina Thermodoontis*
*Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:*
*Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se Martia curru*
*Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu*
*Fœminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.* Virg. Aen. 11. v. 660.

*So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,*
*When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:*
*Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,*
*When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.*
*Such to the field Penthesilea led,*
*From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled.*
*With such return'd triumphant from the war,*
*Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:*
*They clash with manly force their moony shields;*
*With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.* Dryden.

HAVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's Paper, so far as it relates

lates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

THE girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married till she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs, and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen, or a sigh heard, in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible, to which end they would sometimes, after a battle, paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbons, or any ornaments in silver or gold, among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it, but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for by the laws of the country none was to be a counsellor of state that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast their republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by lunar years.

THERE was a great revolution brought about in this female republic, by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes; some say, that the secretary of state having been troubled with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several dispatches about that time. Others pretend, that the first minister being big with child, could not attend the public affairs, as so great an exigency of state required, but this I can give no manner of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most probable reason of this great disaster; for he affirms that the general was brought to-bed, or, as others say, miscarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this signal overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their assistance; but notwithstanding their common efforts to repulse the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy conclusion.

THE campaigns which both sexes passed together, made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in separate camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiscuously.

FROM this time the armies being chequered with both sexes, they polished apace. The men used to invite their fellow-soldiers into their quarters, and would dress their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verse and sonnet. These were as the first rudiments of architecture, painting, and

and poetry, among theſe ſavage people. After any advantage over the enemy, both ſexes uſed to jump together and make a clattering with their ſwords and ſhields for joy, which in a few years produced ſeveral regular tunes and ſet dances.

AS the two armies romped on theſe occaſions, the women complained of the thick buſhy beards and long nails of their confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themſelves into ſuch figures as were moſt pleaſing to their female friends and allies.

WHEN they had taken any ſpoils from the enemy, the men would make a preſent of every thing that was rich and ſhowy to the women whom they moſt admired, and would frequently dreſs the necks, or heads, or arms of their miſtreſſes, with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women obſerving that the men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with ſuch trappings and gewgaws ſet their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to out ſhine one another in all councils of war, or the like ſolemn meetings. On the other hand, the men obſerving how the womens hearts were ſet upon finery, begun to embelliſh themſelves and look as agreeable as they could in the eyes of their aſſociates. In ſhort, after a few years converſing together, the women had learnt to ſmile, and the men to ogle, the women grew ſoft, and the men lively.

WHEN they had thus inſenſibly formed one another, upon the finiſhing of the war, which concluded with an entire conqueſt of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in the other; the captains in the ſame manner took the captains to their wives: the whole body of common ſoldiers were matched, after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the moſt flouriſhing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited. C

*Saturday,*

## No. 435. *Saturday, July 19.*

*Nec duo sunt, at forma duplex, nec foemina dici*
*Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.*
Ovid. Metam. l. 4. v. 378.

*Both bodies in a single body mixt,*
*A single body with a double sex.* Addison.

MOST of the papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses; but there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the present age. For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech that makes its appearance in the world, during the course of these my speculations. The petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its motions. The party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attracted were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when

when I think on the figure my ſeveral volumes of ſpeculations will make about a hundred years hence, I conſider them as ſo many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the faſhion loſt.

AMONG the ſeveral female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which ſtill keeps its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dreſs themſelves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a periwig, or at leaſt tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the ſmart part of the oppoſite ſex. As in my yeſterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two ſexes in one commonwealth, I ſhall here take notice of this mixture of two ſexes in one perſon. I have already ſhewn my diſlike of this immodeſt cuſtom more than once; but in contempt of every thing I have hitherto ſaid, I am informed that the highways about this great city are ſtill very much infeſted with theſe female cavaliers.

I REMEMBER when I was at my friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's about this time twelve-month, an equeſtrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a diſtance from his houſe. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every ſide to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight, Sir ROGER aſked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, It is a gentlewoman, ſaving your worſhip's preſence, in a coat and hat. This produced a great deal of mirth at the Knight's houſe, where we had a ſtory at the ſame time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was aſked by her whether that was Coverley hall: the honeſt man ſeeing only the male part of the querist, replied, Yes, Sir; but upon the ſecond queſtion, Whether Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was a married man, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into No, Madam.

HAD one of theſe hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation ſhould we have

have seen her described by that excellent satyrist? He would have represented her in a riding habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices or purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

FOR my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it, however, absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest incroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope, therefore, that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples who peruse these my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

FOR my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite more effectually their male beholders. Now to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses: or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and

jack-

jack-boots, and at the ſame time dreſſed up in a commode and a night rail.

I MUST obſerve that this faſhion was firſt of all brought to us from France, a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity. I ſpeak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with thoſe general reflections which ſtrike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the groſs: a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wiſhed the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I ſhall therefore only remark, that as livelineſs and aſſurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the ſame habits and cuſtoms will not give the ſame offence to that people, which they produce among thoſe of our country. Modeſty is our diſtinguiſhing character, as vivacity is theirs: and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our Britiſh ladies are celebrated above all others in the univerſe, it makes up the moſt amiable object that the eye of man can poſſibly behold. C

## No. 436. *Monday, July* 21.

*——————Verſo pollice vulgi*
*Quemlibet occidunt populariter.——* Juv. Sat. 3. v. 36.
*With thumbs bent back they popularly kill.* Dryden.

BEING a perſon of inſatiable curioſity, I could not forbear going on Wedneſday laſt to a place of no ſmall renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britains, namely, to the Bear-garden, at Hockly in the Hole; where (as a whitiſh brown paper, put into my hands in the ſtreet informed me) there

there was to be a trial of ſkill to be exhibited between two maſters of the noble ſcience of defence, at two of the clock preciſely. I was not a little charmed with the ſolemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:

*I JAMES MILLER, ſerjeant, (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal) maſter of the noble ſcience of defence, hearing in moſt places where I have been of the great fame of Timothy Buck of London, maſter of the ſaid ſcience, do invite him to meet me, and exerciſe at the ſeveral weapons following,* viz,

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|---|---|
| *Back ſword,* | *Single faulchion,* |
| *Sword and dagger,* | *Caſe of faulchions,* |
| *Sword and buckler,* | *Quarter ſtaff.* |

IF the generous ardour in James Miller to diſpute the reputation of Timothy Buck, had ſomething reſembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned anſwer in the ſame paper with the like ſpirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and ſeeming to condeſcend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himſelf, but in that, as the fame went about, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in theſe words:

*I TIMOTHY BUCK of Clare-market, maſter of the noble ſcience of defence, hearing he did fight Mr Parkes of Coventry, will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, deſiring a clear ſtage and no favour.*

Vivat Regina.

I SHALL not here look back on the ſpectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but muſt believe this cuſtom took its riſe from the ages of knight-errantry; from thoſe who loved one woman ſo well, that they hated all men and women elſe; from thoſe who

who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elisabeth Preston, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water; whom I imagined might have been, for form's sake, the general representative of the lady fought for, and from her beauty the proper amarillis on these occasions. It would have ran better in the challenge, I *James Miller, serjeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elisabeth Preston, do assert, That the said Elisabeth is the fairest of women.* Then the answer; *I Timothy Buck, who have staid in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elisabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page. Let Susanna Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.*

THIS would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor.

YET, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first; preceded by two disabled drummers, to shew, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose

name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and weighing himself as he marched round from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered, till he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue ribbon tied round the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

MILLER is a man of six foot eight inches height, of a kind but bold aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his limbs; and such readiness as spoke his ease in them, was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

THE expectation of the spectators was now almost in its height, and the croud pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit, to the galleries. This dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, *I could methinks be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.* Miller had an audacious look, that took the eye; Buck a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged, as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the

the middle of the ſtage, and ſhaking hands as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with an heart full of reſolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence; Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not eaſy to deſcribe the many eſcapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effuſion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the croud undoubtedly quickened the anguiſh. The aſſembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor Nymph in one of the galleries apparently ſuffered for Miller, and burſt into a flood of tears. As ſoon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which ſtill diſabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onſet, which ended in a deciſive ſtroke on the left leg of Miller. The Lady in the gallery, during the ſecond ſtrife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being moſtly employed on the conſideration of her unhappy circumſtance that moment, hearing the claſh of ſwords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to ſatisfy herſelf on whom they fell. The wound was expoſed to the view of all who could delight in it, and ſewed upon the ſtage. The ſurly ſecond of Miller declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr Buck at the ſame weapons, declaring himſelf the maſter of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous diſciple, and aſſerting that he himſelf had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

THERE is ſomething in nature very unaccountable

able on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

TULLY speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. *Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum vero sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.* '*The shows of gladiators may be thought* '*barbarous and inhumane, and I know not but it is so* '*as it is now practised; but in those times, when only* '*criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might re-* '*ceive many better instructions, but it is impossible that* '*any thing which affects our eyes, should fortify us so* '*well against pain and death.*

T

*Tuesday,*

## No. 437. *Tuesday, July* 22.

*Tune impune hæc facias? Tune hic homines adolescentulos*
*Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem illicis?*
*Sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos lactas?*
*Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?*
Ter. Andr. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

*Shall you escape with impunity; you, who lay snares for young men of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and, by force of importunity and promises, draw them into marry harlots?*

THE other day passed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and wan complexion which we sometimes see in young people who are fallen into sorrow and private anxiety of mind which antedate age and sickness. It is not three years ago, since she was gay, airy, and a little towards libertine in her carriage; but, methought, I easily forgave her that little insolence which she so severely pays for in her present condition. Flavilla, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen fool with wealth: Her beauty and merit are lost upon the dolt, who is insensible of perfection in any thing. Their hours together are either painful or insipid: The minutes she has to herself in his absence are not sufficient to give vent at her eyes to the grief and torment of his last conversation. This poor creature was sacrificed with a temper, (which, under the cultivation of a man of sense, would have made the most agreeable companion) into the arms of this lothsome yoke-fellow by Sempronia. Sempronia is a good lady, who supports herself in an affluent condition, by contracting friendship with rich young widows, and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own disposal, and bestowing her friends up-

on worthlefs indigent fellows; on the other fide, fhe infnares inconfiderate and rafh youths of great eftates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpofe, fhe is accomplifhed in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent vifits; fhe knows all that paffes in every quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite fervants, bufy-bodies, dependents, and poor relations of all perfons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good fum of money, Sempronia, by the inftigation of Flavilla's mother, brought about the match for the daughter, and the reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of fortune, more than Flavilla could expect, has gained her the vifits and frequent attendance of croud of mothers, who had rather fee their children miferable in great wealth, than the happieft of the race of mankind in a lefs confpicuous ftate of life. When Sempronia is fo well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumftance, that fhe believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who fhall get her; her next ftep is to look out for fome one whofe condition has fome fecret wound in it, and wants a fum, yet, in the eye of the world, not unfuitable to her. If fuch is not eafily had, fhe immediately adorns a worthlefs fellow with what eftate fhe thinks convenient, and adds as great a fhare of good-humour and fobriety as is requifite: After this is fettled, no importunities, arts, and devices are omitted to haften the lady to her happinefs. In the general indeed fhe is a perfon of fo ftrict juftice, that fhe marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, and a moneylefs girl to a man of fortune. But when fhe has no manner of confcience in the difparity, when fhe has a mind to impofe a poor rogue for one of an eftate: She has no remorfe in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfafhioned; but makes thefe imperfections arguments of the truth of his wealth, and will, on fuch an occafion,

occaſion, with a very grave face, charge the people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being made the other day againſt an ignorant booby of her own clothing whom ſhe was putting off for a rich heir, Madam, ſaid ſhe, *you know there is no making children, who know they have eſtates, attend their books.*

SEMPRONIA, by theſe arts, is loaded with preſents, importuned for her acquaintance, and admired by thoſe who do not know the firſt taſte of life, as a woman of exemplary good-breeding. But ſure, to murder and to rob are leſs iniquities, than to raiſe profit by abuſes, as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous, as making it laſtingly unhappy. To rob a lady of play of half her fortune, is not ſo ill, as giving the whole and herſelf to an unworthy huſband. But Sempronia can adminiſter conſolation to an unhappy fair at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallant elſewhere. She then can preach the general condition of all the married world, and tell an inexperienced young woman the methods of ſoftning her affliction, and laugh at her ſimplicity and want of knowledge with an *Oh! my dear, you will know better.*

THE wickedneſs of Sempronia, one would think, ſhould be ſuperlative; but I cannot but eſteem that of ſome parents equal to it: I mean ſuch as ſacrifice the greateſt endowments and qualifications to theſe bargains. A parent who forces a child of a liberal and ingenuous ſpirit into the arms of a clown or a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too odious for a name. It is in a degree the unnatural conjunction of rational and brutal beings. Yet what is there ſo common, as the beſtowing an accompliſhed woman with ſuch a diſparity? And I could name crouds who lead miſerable lives, for want of knowledge, in their parents, of this maxim, that good ſenſe and good nature always go together. That which is attributed to fools, and called good-nature,

is

is only an inability of obſerving what is faulty, which turns, in marriage, into a ſuſpicion of every thing as ſuch, from a conſciouſneſs of that inability.

Mr Spectator,

‘ I AM entirely of your opinion with relation to ‘ the equeſtrian females, who affect both the maſ- ‘ culine and feminine air at the ſame time; and can- ‘ not forbear making a preſentment againſt another ‘ order of them who grow very numerous and ‘ powerful; and ſince our language is not very ca- ‘ pable of good compound words, I muſt be con- ‘ tented to call them only the *Naked ſhouldered.* ‘ Theſe beauties are not contented to make lovers ‘ wherever they appear, but they muſt make rivals ‘ at the ſame time. Were you to ſee Gatty walk ‘ the park at High-Mall, you would expect thoſe who ‘ followed her and thoſe who met her would imme- ‘ diately draw their ſwords for her. I hope, Sir, ‘ you will provide for the future, that women may ‘ ſtick to their faces for doing any future miſchief, ‘ and not allow any but direct traders in beauty to ‘ expoſe more than the fore-part of the neck, un- ‘ leſs you pleaſe to allow this after-game to thoſe ‘ who are very defective in the charms of the coun- ‘ tenance. I can ſay, to my ſorrow, the preſent ‘ practice is very unfair, when to look back is ‘ death; and it may be ſaid of our beauties, as a ‘ great poet did of bullets,

*They kill and wound like Parthians as they fly.*

‘ I ſubmit this to your animadverſion: and am, ‘ for the little while I have left,

*Your humble ſervant,*

*The languiſhing* PHILANTHUS.

*P. S. Suppoſe you mended my letter, and made a ſimile about the porcupine, but I ſubmit that alſo.* T

*Wedneſday,*

## No. 438. *Wedneſday, July 23.*

——*Animum rege qui niſi paret*
*Imperat*— Hor. Ep. 3. l. 1. v. 62.

——*Curb thy ſoul,*
*And check thy rage, which muſt be rul'd or rule.* Creech.

IT is a very common expreſſion, That ſuch a one is very good-natured, but very paſſionate. The expreſſion indeed is very good-natured, to allow paſſionate people ſo much quarter; but I think a paſſionate man deſerves the leaſt indulgence imaginable. It is ſaid, it is ſoon over; that is, all the miſchief ſhe does is quickly diſpatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of thoſe good-natured paſſionate men ſay in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, ſuch things as the moſt inveterate enemy of his family would not have ſpoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick ſenſibility is inſeparable from a ready underſtanding; but why ſhould not that good underſtanding call to itſelf all its force on ſuch occaſions, to maſter that ſudden inclination to anger? One of the greateſt ſouls now in the world is the moſt ſubject by nature to anger, and yet ſo famous for a conqueſt of himſelf this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's ſelf. To contain the ſpirit of anger, is the worthieſt diſcipline we can put ourſelves to. When a man has made any progreſs this way, a frivolous fellow in a paſſion, is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the ſtudy of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he ſtands combuſtible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneaſy to himſelf

as

as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the moſt ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he ſent for, *That blockhead,* begins he—*Gentlemen, I aſk your pardon, but ſervants now-a-days*—The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife ſtands by in pain for him, which he ſees in her face, and anſwers, as if he had heard all ſhe was thinking; *Why, what the devil! Why do not you take care to give orders in theſe things?* His friends ſit down to a taſteleſs plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new inſults from his impertinent paſſions. In a word, to eat with, or viſit Syncropius, is no other than going to ſee him exerciſe his family, exerciſe their patience, and his own anger.

IT is monſtrous that the ſhame and confuſion in which this good-natured angry man muſt needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him ſo much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the moſt ſcandalous diſuſe of reaſon imaginable; all the harmleſs part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of theſe good-natured angry men ſhall, in an inſtant, aſſemble together ſo many alluſions to ſecret circumſtances, as are enough to diſſolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the beſt-natured man in the whole world. If you would ſee paſſion in its purity, without mixture of reaſon, behold it repreſented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander ſay thus:

*Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,*
*Or I will blow you up like duſt! avant;*
*Madneſs but meanly repreſents my toil.*
*Eternal diſcord!*
*Fury! revenge! diſdain and indignation!*

*Tear*

*Tear my ſwoln breaſt, make way for fire and tem-*
*peſt.*
*My brain is burſt, debate and reaſon quench'd;*
*The ſtorm is up, and my hot bleeding heart*
*Splits with the rack, while paſſions, like the wind,*
*Riſe up to heav'n, and put out all the ſtars.*

Every paſſionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little conſiſtency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

THE next diſagreeable perſon to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peeviſh fellow. A peeviſh fellow is one who has ſome reaſon in himſelf for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore diſturbs all who are happier than himſelf with piſhes and pſhaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is ſaid or done in his preſence. There ſhould be phyſic mixed in the food of all which theſe fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger paſſes, forſooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that will not admit of being eaſily pleaſed; but none above the character of wearing a peeviſh man's livery, ought to bear with his ill manners. All things among men of ſenſe and condition ſhould paſs the cenſure, and have the protection of the eye of Reaſon.

NO man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularly of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peeviſh fellow is the ſnarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony, and as thoſe ſort of people exert themſelves moſt againſt thoſe below them, you ſee their humour beſt, in their talk to their ſervants. That is ſo like you, You are a fine fellow, Thou art the quickeſt head-piece, and the like. One would think the hectoring, the ſtorming, the ſullen, and all the different ſpecies and ſubordinations of the angry ſhould be cured, by knowing they

they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only ſuffered? But I am interrupted by the pleaſanteſt ſcene of anger and the diſappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I ſat in the back-room at a French bookſeller's. There came into the ſhop a very learned man with an erect ſolemn air, and, though a perſon of great parts otherwiſe, ſlow in underſtanding any thing which makes againſt himſelf. The compoſure of the faulty man, and the whimſical perplexity of him that was juſtly angry, is perfectly new: After turning over many volumes, ſaid the ſeller to the buyer, *Sir, you know I have long aſked you to ſend me back the firſt volume of French ſermons I formerly lent you;* Sir, ſaid the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly loſt, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is ſo many years ago; *then, Sir, here is the other volume, I will ſend you home that, and pleaſe to pay for both.* My friend, replied he, canſt thou be ſo ſenſeleſs as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your ſhop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have loſt the firſt volume, and to be ſhort I will be paid.* Sir, anſwered the chapman, you are a young man, your book is loſt, and learn by this little loſs to bear much greater adverſities, which you muſt expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I will bear when I muſt, but I have not loſt now, for I ſay you have it and ſhall pay me.* Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the book is loſt, and I foreſee even in the courſe of a proſperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. *Sir, there is in this caſe no need of bearing, for you have the book.* I ſay, Sir, I have not the book. But your paſſion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn reſignation of yourſelf to the diſtreſſes of this life: Nay do not fret and fume, it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient ſpirit, and an impatient ſpirit is ne-

ver without woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loſs is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the leaſt pain: Therefore let me adviſe you, be patient, the book is loſt, but do not you for that reaſon loſe yourſelf. T

## No. 439. Thurſday, July 24.

*Hi narrata ferunt alio: menſuraque ficti*
*Creſcit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.*

Ovid. Met. l. 12. v. 57.

*Some tell what they have heard, or tales deviſe;*
*Each fiction ſtill improv'd with added lies.*

OVID deſcribes the palace of Fame as ſituated in the very center of the univerſe, and perforated with ſo many windows and avenues as gave her the ſight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the ſea. The ſtructure of it was contrived in ſo admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was ſpoken in the whole compaſs of nature; ſo that the palace, ſays the poet, was always filled with a confuſed hubbub of low dying ſounds, the voices being almoſt ſpent and worn out before they arrived at this general randezvous of ſpeeches and whiſpers.

I CONSIDER courts with the ſame regard to the governments which they ſuperintend, as Ovid's palace of Fame with regard to the univerſe. The eyes of a watchful miniſter run through the whole people. There is ſcarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers diſtributed into their ſeveral walks and quarters, who bring in their reſpective quotas, and make them acquainted with the diſcourſe and

conversation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected spies, who are planted by kings and rulers over their fellow-citizens, as well as to those voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution: "Curse "not the king, no not in thy thought, and curse "not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of "the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath "wings shall tell the matter."

AS it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conscience, to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreck their particular spite and malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The spy begins with a low voice, Such an one, the advocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your Eminence was a very

great

great poltron; and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary raſcal in a public converſation. The cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The ſpy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the ſame nature, till the cardinal riſes in great wrath, calls him an impudent ſcoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

IT is obſerved of great and heroic minds, that they have not only ſhewn a particular diſregard to thoſe unmerited reproaches which have been caſt upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curioſity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of reſenting them. The hiſtories of Alexander and Cæſar are full of this kind of inſtances. Vulgar ſouls are of a quite contrary character. Dionyſius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are ſtill to be ſeen ſome remains in that iſland. It was called Dionyſius's ear, and built with ſeveral little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The ſtructure of it made it a kind of whiſpering place, but ſuch a one as gathered the voice of him who ſpoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant uſed to lodge all his ſtate-criminals, or thoſe whom he ſuppoſed to be engaged together in any evil deſigns upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the ſame time an apartment over it, where he uſed to apply himſelf to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whiſpered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Cæſar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treaſon, than have uſed ſo diſingenuous means for the detecting it.

A MAN, who, in ordinary life, is very inquiſitive after every thing which is ſpoken ill of him, paſſes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is ſhot at him, and puts it in

the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends, that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I SHALL conclude this essay with part of a character, which is finely drawn by the earl of Clarendon, in the first book of his history, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teizing himself with an absurd curiosity.

'HE had not that application and submission, 'and reverence for the queen as might have been 'expected from his wisdom and breeding; and often 'crossed her pretences and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said 'of him in private, and what resentments she had 'towards him. And when, by some confidents, 'who had their ends upon him from those offices, 'he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen 'from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted 'and tormented with the sense of it, that sometimes 'by passionate complaints and representations to the 'king; sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen in bewailing his misfortunes; he frequently exposed himself, and left 'his condition worse than it was before, and the

eclair-

'eclairciſſement commonly ended in the diſcovery of 'the perſons from whom he had received his moſt 'ſecret intelligence. C

## No. 440. *Friday, July 25.*

*Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, diſcede peritis.*

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 213.

*Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.* Pope.

I HAVE already given my Reader an account of a ſet of merry fellows, who are paſſing their ſummer together in the country, being provided of a great houſe, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular perſon, but a large infirmary for the reception of ſuch of them as are any way indiſpoſed, or out of humour. Having lately received a letter from the ſecretary of this ſociety, by order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their behaviour during the laſt week, I ſhall here make a preſent of it to the public.

MR SPECTATOR,

'WE are glad to find that you approve the eſtabliſhment which we have here made for the 'retrieving of good manners and agreeable conver'ſation, and ſhall uſe our beſt endeavours ſo to im'prove ourſelves in this our ſummer retirement, that 'we may next winter ſerve as patterns to the town. 'But to the end that this our inſtitution may be no 'leſs advantageous to the public than to ourſelves, 'we ſhall communicate to you one week of our pro'ceedings, deſiring you at the ſame time, if you ſee 'any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your 'admonitions. For you muſt know, Sir, that it

‘ has been propoſed amongſt us to choose you for our viſitor, to which I muſt further add, that one of the college having declared laſt week, he did not like the Spectator of the day, and not being able to aſſign any juſt reaſons for ſuch his diſlike, he was ſent to the infirmary *nemine contradicente.*

‘ ON Monday the aſſembly was in very good humour, having received ſome recruits of French claret that morning: when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company ſwore at his ſervant in a very rough manner, for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the preſident of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his paſſion, and the inſult he had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more ſent away that day; this was a gentleman who is reckoned by ſome perſons one of the greateſt wits, and by others one of the greateſt boobies about town. This you will ſay is a ſtrange character, but what makes it ſtranger yet, is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverſe of himſelf, being always merry or dull to exceſs. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having laviſhed away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney coachman as might have ſerved him during his whole ſtay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpiſh for two or three days, but was ſo far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we diſpatched one of the briſkeſt fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary, for having told him at table he was not merry. But our preſident obſerving that he indulged himſelf in this long fit of ſtupidity, and conſtruing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for ſuch companions. He was no ſooner got into it, but his wit and mirth

‘ returned upon him in ſo violent a manner, that he
‘ ſhook the whole infirmary with the noiſe of it, and
‘ had ſo good an effect upon the reſt of the patients,
‘ that he brought them all out to dinner with him
‘ the next day.

‘ ON Tueſday we were no ſooner ſat down, but
‘ one of the company complained that his head ak-
‘ ed; upon which another aſked him in an inſolent
‘ manner, what he did there then; this inſenſibly
‘ grew into ſome warm words; ſo that the preſident,
‘ in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take
‘ them both from the table, and lodge them in the
‘ infirmary.’ Not long after, another of the com-
‘ pany telling us, he knew by a pain in his ſhoulder
‘ that we ſhould have ſome rain, the preſident or-
‘ dered him to be removed, and placed as a wea-
‘ ther-glaſs in the apartment above-mentioned.

‘ ON Wedneſday a gentleman having received a
‘ letter written in a woman's hand, and changing
‘ colour twice or thrice as he read it, deſired leave
‘ to retire into the infirmary. The preſident con-
‘ ſented, but denied him the uſe of pen, ink, and pa-
‘ per, till ſuch time as he had ſlept upon it. One of
‘ the company being ſeated at the lower end of the
‘ table, and diſcovering his ſecret diſcontent by find-
‘ ing fault with every diſh that was ſerved up, and
‘ refuſing to laugh at any thing that was ſaid, the
‘ preſident told him, that he found he was in an
‘ uneaſy ſeat, and deſired him to accommodate him-
‘ ſelf better in the infirmary. After dinner a very
‘ honeſt fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him,
‘ his neighbour cried out, *To the infirmary*; at the
‘ ſame time pretending to be ſick, as having the
‘ ſame natural antipathy to a pun which ſome have
‘ to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon
‘ the whole, the punſter was acquitted, and his
‘ neighbour ſent off.

‘ ON Thurſday there was but one delinquent.
‘ This was a gentleman of ſtrong voice, but weak

‘ underſtanding.

'understanding. He had unluckily engaged him-'self in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but 'of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to 'every answer of his antagonist with a louder voice 'than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he 'should have enforced his argument. Finding him-'self at length driven to an absurdity, he still rea-'soned in a more clamorous and confused manner, 'and to make the greater impression upon his hear-'ers, concluded with a loud thump upon the table. 'The president immediately ordered him to be car-'ried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till such 'time as he should be sufficiently weakened for con-'versation.

'ON Friday there passed very little remarkable, 'saving only, that several petitions were read of 'the persons in custody, desiring to be released from 'their confinement, and vouching for one another's 'good behaviour for the future.

'ON Saturday we received many excuses from 'persons who had found themselves in an unsociable 'temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. 'The infirmary was never indeed so full as on this 'day, which I was at some loss to account for, till 'upon my going abroad I observed that it was an 'easterly wind. The retirement of most of my 'friends has given me opportunity and leisure of 'writing you this letter, which I must not conclude 'without assuring you, that all the members of our 'college, as well those who are under confinement, 'as those who are at liberty, are your very humble 'servants, though none more than, yours, *&c.* C

*Saturday,*

## No. 441. *Saturday, July 26.*

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,*
*Impavidum ferient ruinae,* Hor. Od. 3. l. 3. v. 7.

*Should the whole frame of nature round him break,*
*In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,*
*He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,*
*And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.* Anon.

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs and a very wretched being. He is ſubject every moment to the greateſt calamities and misfortunes. He is beſet with dangers on all ſides, and may become unhappy by numberleſs caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor have prevented had he foreſeen them.

IT is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who aſk it of him.

THE natural homage, which ſuch a creature bears to ſo infinitely wiſe and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the bleſſings and conveniencies of life, and an habitual truſt in him for deliverance out of all ſuch dangers and difficulties as may befal us.

THE man, who always lives in this diſpoſition of mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own weakneſs and imperfection, he comforts himſelf with the contemplation of thoſe divine attributes, which are

employed

employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

TO make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the divine goodness having made such a reliance of duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

AMONG several motives, which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow:

THE first and strongest is, that we are promised, He will not fail those who put their trust in him.

BUT without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great disposer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances, from history, of generals, who, out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner shew how such a trust in the assistance

ſiſtance of an almighty being, naturally produces patience, hope, chearfulneſs, and all other diſpoſitions of mind that alleviate thoſe calamities which we are not able to remove.

THE practice of this virtue adminiſters great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but moſt of all in the hour of death. When the ſoul is hovering in the laſt moments of its ſeparation, when it is juſt entering on another ſtate of exiſtence, to converſe with ſcenes, and objects, and companions, that are altogether new, what can ſupport her under ſuch tremblings of thought, ſuch fear, ſuch anxiety, ſuch apprehenſions, but the caſting of all her cares upon Him who firſt gave her being, who has conducted her through one ſtage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progreſs through eternity?

DAVID has very beautifully repreſented this ſteady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third pſalm, which is a kind of paſtoral hymn, and filled with thoſe alluſions which are uſual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquiſite, I ſhall preſent my reader with the following tranſlation of it:

I.

*The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,*
*And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:*
*His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,*
*And guard me with a watchful eye;*
*My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,*
*And all my mid-night hours defend.*

II.

*When in the ſultry glebe I faint,*
*Or on the thirſty mountain pant;*
*To fertile vales and dewy meads*
*My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;*

*Where*

*Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,*
*Amid the verdant landſkip flow.*

III.

*Though in the paths of death I tread,*
*With gloomy horrors overſpread,*
*My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,*
*For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;*
*Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,*
*And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.*

IV.

*Though in a bare and rugged way,*
*Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,*
*Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:*
*The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,*
*With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,*
*And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.* C

## No. 442. *Monday, July 28.*

*Scribimus indocti doctique——*

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 1.17.

*——Thoſe, who cannot write, and thoſe who can,*
*All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.* POPE.

I DO not know whether I enough explained myſelf to the world, when I invited all men to be aſſiſtant to me in this my work of ſpeculation: for I have not yet acquainted my readers, that beſides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correſpondents, I have by me ſeveral curious and extraordinary papers ſent with a deſign (as no one will doubt when they are publiſhed) that they might be printed entire, and without any alteration,

tion, by way of Spectator. I muſt acknowledge alſo, that I myſelf, being the firſt projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dreſſing them in my own ſtile, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it was almoſt impoſſible theſe could exactly correſpond, it being certain, that hardly two men think alike, and therefore ſo many men ſo many Spectators. Beſides, I muſt own my weakneſs for glory is ſuch, that if I conſulted that only, I might be ſo far ſwayed by it, as almoſt to wiſh that no one could write a Spectator beſides myſelf; nor can I deny, but upon the firſt peruſal of thoſe papers, I felt ſome ſecret inclinations of ill-will towards the perſons who wrote them. This was the impreſſion I had upon the firſt reading them; but upon a late review (more for the ſake of entertainment than uſe) regarding them with another eye than I had done at firſt, (for by converting them as well as I could to my own uſe, I thought I had utterly diſabled them from ever offending me again as Spectators,) I found myſelf moved by a paſſion very different from that of envy; ſenſibly touched with pity, the ſofteſt and moſt generous of all paſſions, when I reflected what a cruel diſappointment the neglect of thoſe papers muſt needs have been to the writers who impatiently longed to ſee them appear in print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themſelves in the hopes of having a ſhare with me in the applauſe of the public; a pleaſure ſo great, that none but thoſe who have experienced it can have a ſenſe of it. In this manner of viewing thoſe papers, I really found I had not done them juſtice, there being ſomething ſo extremely natural and peculiarly good in ſome of them, that I will appeal to the world whether it was poſſible to alter a word in them, without doing them a manifeſt hurt and violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and

as they ought, but in their own native drefs and colours: And therefore I think I fhould not only wrong them, but deprive the world of a confiderable fatisfaction, fhould I any longer delay the making them public.

AFTER I have publifhed a few of thefe Spectators, I doubt not but I fhall find the fuccefs of them to equal, if not furpafs, that of the beft of my own. An author fhould take all methods to humble himfelf in the opinion he has of his own performances. When thefe papers appear to the world, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I fhall not repine, though I myfelf fhall have left me but very few days to appear in public: But preferring the general weal and advantage to any confiderations of myfelf, I am refolved for the future to publifh any Spectator that deferves it, entire, and without any alteration; affuring the world, if there can be need of it, that it is none of mine; and if the authors think fit to fubfcribe their names, I will add them.

I THINK the beft way of promoting this generous and ufeful defign, will be by giving out fubjects or themes of all kinds whatfoever, on which (with a preamble of the extraordinary benefit and advantage that may accrue thereby to the public) I will invite all manner of perfons, whether fcholars, citizens, courtiers, gentlemen, of the town or country, and all beaux, rakes, fmarts, prudes, coquettes, houfewives, and all forts of wits, whether male or female, and however diftinguifhed, whether they be true wits, whole, or half wits, or whether arch, dry, natural, acquired, genuine or depraved wits; and perfons of all forts of tempers and complexions, whether the fevere, the delightful, the impertinent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, the bufy, or carelefs, the ferene or cloudy, jovial or melancholy, untowardly or eafy, the cold, temperate, or fanguine; and of what manners or difpofitions foever, whether the ambi-

tious

tious or humble-minded, the proud or pitiful, ingenious or base-minded, good or ill-natured, public-spirited or selfish; and under what fortune or circumstance soever, whether the contented or miserable, happy or unfortunate, high or low, rich or poor, (whether so through want of money, or desire of more,) healthy or sickly, married or single; nay, whether tall or short, fat or lean; and of what trade, occupation, profession, station, country, faction, party, persuasion, quality, age or condition soever, who have ever made thinking a part of their business or diversion, and have any thing worthy to impart on these subjects to the world, according to their several and respective talents or geniuses, and as the subject given out hits their tempers, humours, or circumstances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a time, to the end they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible pleasure of seeing their essay allowed of, and relished by the rest of mankind.

I WILL not prepossess the reader with too great expectation of the extraordinary advantages which must redound to the public by these essays, when the different thoughts and observations of all sorts of persons, according to their quality, age, sex, education, professions, humours, manners and conditions, *&c.* shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the world.

*THE Thesis proposed for the present exercise of the adventurers to write Spectators, is* MONEY, *on which subject all persons are desired to send in their thoughts within ten days after the date hereof.* T

*Tuesday,*

## No. 443. *Tuesday, July 29.*

*Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

Hor. Od. 24. l. 3. v. 33.

*Snatch'd from our sight, we eagerly pursue,*
*And fondly would recal her to our view.*

### *Camilla to the* SPECTATOR.

MR SPECTATOR, *Venice, July* 10. N. S.

'I TAKE it extremely ill, that you do not reckon 'conspicuous persons of your nation are within 'your cognizance, though out of the dominions of 'Great Britain. I little thought in the green years 'of my life, that I could ever call it an happiness 'to be out of dear England; but as I grew to wo-'man, I found myself less acceptable in proportion 'to the increase of my merit. Their ears in Italy 'are so differently formed from the make of yours 'in England, that I never come upon the stage, 'but a general satisfaction appears in every counte-'nance of the whole people. When I dwell upon 'a note, I behold all the men accompanying me 'with heads inclining and falling of their persons on 'one side, as dying away with me. The women too 'do justice to my merit, and no ill-natured worthless 'creature cries, *The vain thing,* when I am rapt up in 'the performance of my part, and sensibly touched 'with the effect my voice has upon all who hear me. 'I live here distinguished as one whom nature has 'been liberal to in a graceful person, an exalted 'mien, and heavenly voice. These particularities 'in this strange country, are arguments for respect 'and generosity to her who is possessed of them. 'The Italians see a thousand beauties I am sensible

'I have

'I have no pretence to, and abundantly make up to 'me the injustice I received in my own country, of 'disallowing me what I really had. The humour of 'hissing, which you have among you, I do not know 'any thing of; and their applauses are uttered in 'sighs, and bearing a part at the cadences of voice 'with the persons who are performing. I am often 'put in mind of those complaisant lines of my own 'countryman, when he is calling all his faculties 'together to hear Arabella:

*Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,*
*Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace;*
*And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath*
*Be calm, as in the arms of Death:*
*And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,*
*Thou restless wanderer, my Heart,*
*Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,*
*Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.*
*Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,*
*That turbulent, unruly flood,*
*Be softly staid;*
*Let me be all but my attention dead.*

'The whole city of Venice is as still when I am 'singing as this polite hearer was to Mrs Hunt. 'But when they break that silence, did you know 'the pleasure I am in, when every man utters his 'applause, by calling me aloud the *dear creature*, the '*angel*, the *Venus*; *What attitudes she moves with!— 'Hush, she sings again!* We have no boisterous wits 'who dare disturb an audience, and break the pu- 'blic peace merely to shew they dare. MR SPECTA- 'TOR, I write this to you thus in haste, to tell you I 'am so very much at ease here, that I know nothing 'but joy; and I will not return, but leave you in England to hiss all merit of your own growth off the

'the ſtage. I know, Sir, you were always my ad-
'mirer, and therefore,

*I am Yours,*

CAMILLA.

'P. S. I AM ten times better dreſſed than ever I
'was in England.

'MR SPECTATOR,

'THE project in yours of the 11th inſtant, of fur-'thering the correſpondence and knowledge of 'that conſiderable part of mankind, the trading 'world cannot but be highly commendable. Good 'lectures to young traders may have very good ef-'fects on their conduct: But beware you propagate 'no falſe notions of trade; let none of your corre-'ſpondents impoſe on the world, by putting forth 'baſe methods in a good light, and glazing them 'over with improper terms. I would have no means 'of profit ſet for copies to others, but ſuch as are 'laudable in themſelves. Let not noiſe be called 'induſtry, nor impudence courage. Let not good 'fortune be impoſed on the world for good manage-'ment, nor poverty be called folly; impute not al-'ways bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an eſtate to 'foreſight: niggardlineſs is not good huſbandry, 'nor generoſity profuſion.

'HONESTUS is a well-meaning and judicious 'trader, hath ſubſtantial goods, and trades with his 'own ſtock, huſbands his money to the beſt advan-'tage, without taking all advantages of the neceſſi-'ties of his workmen, or grinding the face of the 'poor. Fortunatus is ſtocked with ignorance, and 'conſequently with ſelf-opinion; the quality of his 'goods cannot but be ſuitable to that of his judg-'ment. Honeſtus pleaſes diſcerning people, and 'keeps their cuſtom by good uſage; makes modeſt 'profit by modeſt means, to the decent ſupport of his

'his family; whilſt Fortunatus bluſtering always, 'puſhes on, promiſing much, and performing little; 'with obſequiouſneſs offenſive to people of ſenſe, 'ſtrikes at all, catches much the greater part; raiſes 'a conſiderable fortune by impoſition on others, to 'the diſcouragement and ruin of thoſe who trade in 'the ſame way.

'I GIVE here but looſe hints, and beg you to be 'very circumſpect in the province you have now un'dertaken: If you perform it ſucceſsfully, it will be 'a very great good; for nothing is more wanting, 'than that mechanic induſtry were ſet forth with the 'freedom and greatneſs of mind which ought al'ways to accompany a man of a liberal education.

*From my ſhop under the* Royal-Exchange, July 14.

*Your humble Servant,*

K. C.

MR SPECTATOR, July 24. 1712.

'NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated cenſures that 'your Spectatorial wiſdom has paſſed upon peo'ple more remarkable for impudence than wit, 'there are yet ſome remaining, who paſs with the 'giddy part of mankind for ſufficient ſharers of the 'latter, who have nothing but the former qualifica'tion to recommend them. Another timely animad'verſion is abſolutely neceſſary; be pleaſed therefore 'once for all to let theſe gentlemen know, that 'there is neither mirth nor good-humour in hooting 'a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it 'will ever conſtitute a wit, to conclude a tart piece 'of buffoonry with a *what makes you bluſh?* Pray 'pleaſe to inform them again, That to ſpeak what 'they know is ſhocking, proceeds from ill-nature, 'and a ſterility of brain; eſpecially when the ſub'ject will not admit of rallery, and their diſcourſe 'has no pretenſion to ſatire, but what is in their de'ſign to diſoblige. I ſhould be very glad too if you

'would

'would take notice, that a daily repetition of the 'same over-bearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary 'dulness. The sudden publication of this may have 'an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind, 'whose reformation would redound very much to 'the satisfaction and quiet of

T *Your most humble servant.*

F. B.

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## No. 444. *Wednesday, July 30.*

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*Parturiunt montes*—— Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 139.

*The mountain labours, and is brought to-bed.*

IT gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose tells us as follows what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the

French

French diseafe, by a gentleman juft come from his travels.

*IN Ruffel-Court, over-againft the Cannon-Ball, at the Surgeon's Arms in Drury-Lane, is lately come from his travels, A furgeon who hath practifed furgery and phyfic both by fea and land thefe twenty-four years. He (by the bleffing) cures the* Yellow-jaundice, Green-ficknefs, Scurvy, Dropfy, Surfeits, long Sea-Voyages, Campaigns, and womens mifcarriages, Lying-inn, *&c. as fome people that has been lame thefe thirty years can teftify; in fhort, he cureth all difeafes incident to men, women, or children.*

IF a man could be fo indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human fpecies which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplifhed traveller. There is fomething unaccountably taking among the vulgar in thofe who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of fuch, dote exceffively this way; many inftances of which every man will fuggeft to himfelf without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profufe of their money to thofe recommended by coming from a diftance, are no lefs complaifant than the others, for they venture their lives for the fame admiration.

*THE doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practifed both by fea and land, and therefore cures the green-ficknefs, long fea-voyages, campaigns, and lying-in.* Both by fea and land!—I will not anfwer for the diftempers called *Sea-voyages and Campaigns*; but I dare fay, thofe of Green-ficknefs and Lying-inn might be as well taken care of if the doctor ftaid afhore. But the art of managing mankind, is only to make them ftare a little, to keep up their aftonifhment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever

to have ſomething in your ſleeve, in which they muſt think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, beſides his broken fiddle and a dried ſea-monſter, has a twine-cord, ſtrained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words *Rainy*, *Dry*, *Wet*, and ſo forth, written to denote the weather according to the riſing or falling of the cord. We very great ſcholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I obſerved a very honeſt fellow, a chance cuſtomer, who ſat in the chair before me to be ſhaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When thoſe and his head alſo were cleared of all incumbrances and excreſcences, he looked at the fiſh, then at the fiddle, ſtill grubbling in his pockets, and caſting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each ſide; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a ſilver ſixpence. The buſineſs, as I ſaid, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had had only the ſkeleton and kit, he muſt have been contented with a leſs payment. But the doctor we were talking of, adds to his long voyages the teſtimony of ſome people *that has been thirty years lame*. When I received my paper, a ſagacious fellow took one of them, and read till he came to the thirty years confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's ſufficiency. You have many of theſe prodigious perſons, who have had ſome extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great diſaſter in ſome part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the buſineſs the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profeſs. There is a doctor in Mouſe-Alley near Wapping, who ſets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill ſets forth, loſt an eye in the emperor's ſervice. His patients come firſt in upon this, and he ſhews the muſter-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majeſty's troops; and he

puts

puts out their eyes with great succefs. Who would believe that a man fhould be a doctor for the cure of burften children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born burften? But Charles Ingoltfon, next door to the Harp in Barbicon, has made a pretty penny by that affeveration. The generality go upon their firft conception, and think no further, all the reft is granted. They take it, that there is fomething uncommon in you, and give you credit for the reft. You may be fure it is on that I go, when fometimes, let it be to the purpofe or not, I keep a Latin fentence in my front; and I was not a little pleafed when I obferved one of my readers fay, cafting his eye on my twentieth paper, *More Latin ftill, what a prodigious fcholar is this man!* But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I muft make up all I have faid, by repeating what he feems to be in earneft in, and honeftly promife to thofe who will not receive him as a great man; to wit, *That from eight to twelve, and from two till fix, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for three pence.* T

## No. 445. *Thurfday, July 31.*

*Tanti non es, ais. Sapis, Luperce.*
Mart. Epig. 118. l. 1. v. ult.

*You fay, Lupercus, what I write*
*I'n't worth fo much; you're in the right.*

THIS is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publifh their laft words. I am afraid that few of our weekly hiftorians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to fubfift under the weight of a ftamp, and an approaching peace. A fheet of blank paper that muft

muſt have this new imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way into the world but very heavily. In ſhort, the neceſſity of carrying a ſtamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the ſinking of thoſe thin folios which have every other day retailed to us the hiſtory of Europe for ſeveral years laſt paſt. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this preſent mortality among authors, *The fall of the leaf*.

I REMEMBER, upon Mr Baxter's death, there was publiſhed a ſheet of very good ſayings, inſcribed, *The laſt words of Mr Baxter*. The title ſold ſo great a number of theſe papers, that about a week after there came out a ſecond ſheet, inſcribed, *More laſt words of Mr Baxter*. In the ſame manner, I have reaſon to think, that ſeveral ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public, in farewell papers, will not give over ſo, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my buſineſs, in this place, to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act, in this great criſis of the republic of letters.

I HAVE been long debating in my own heart, whether I ſhould throw up my pen, as an author that is caſhiered by the act of parliament, which is to operate within theſe four-and-twenty hours, or whether I ſhould ſtill perſiſt in laying my ſpeculations, from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me moſt on the firſt ſide of the queſtion is, that I am informed by my bookſeller he muſt raiſe the price of every ſingle paper to two-pence, or that he ſhall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now as I am very deſirous my readers ſhould have their learning as cheap as poſſible, it is with

with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

HOWEVER, upon laying my reafons together in the balance, I find that thofe which plead for the continuance of this work, have much the greater weight. For, in the firft place, in recompence for the expence to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper fo much inftruction, as will be a very good equivalent. And in order to this, I would not advife any one to take it in, who, after the perufal of it, does not find himfelf two-pence the wifer, or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny-worth of mirth or inftruction for his money.

BUT I muft confefs there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I confider that the tax on paper was given for the fupport of the government; and as I have enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or fay, I fear they would afcribe the laying down my paper, on fuch an occafion, to a fpirit of malecontentednefs, which I am refolved none fhall ever juftly upbraid me with. No, I fhall glory in contributing my utmoft to the weal-public; and if my country receives five or fix pounds a-day by my labours, I fhall be very well pleafed to find myfelf fo ufeful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honeft man fhould enrich himfelf by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives; and by the fame rule I think we may pronounce the perfon to deferve very well of his countrymen, whofe labours bring more into the public coffers than into his own pocket.

SINCE I have mentioned the word enemies, I muft explain myfelf fo far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the infignificant party-zealots on both fides: men of fuch poor narrow fouls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the

courſe of this paper, I have been accuſed by theſe deſpicable wretches of trimming, time-ſerving, perſonal reflection, ſecret ſatire, and the like. Now, though in theſe my compoſitions, it is viſible to any reader of common ſenſe, that I conſider nothing but my ſubject, which is always of an indifferent nature, how is it poſſible for me to write ſo clear of party, as not to lye open to the cenſures of thoſe who will be applying every ſentence, and finding out perſons and things in it, which it has no regard to?

SEVERAL paultry ſcribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithſtanding my name has been ſometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadverſions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear conſiderable by taking notice of them, for they are like thoſe imperceptible inſects which are diſcovered by the microſcope, and cannot be made the ſubject of obſervation without being magnified.

HAVING mentioned thoſe few who have ſhewn themſelves the enemies of this paper, I ſhould be very ungrateful to the public, did not I at the ſame time teſtify my gratitude to thoſe who are its friends, in which number I may reckon many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of all conditions, parties, and profeſſions in the iſle of Great Britain. I am not ſo vain as to think this approbation is ſo much due to the performance as to the deſign. There is, and ever will be, juſtice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for thoſe who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the paſſions and prejudices of any particular cauſe or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted againſt perſons who have appeared ſerious rather than abſurd; or at beſt, have aimed rather at what is unfaſhionable

than

than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in ſome meaſure criminal. I have ſet up the immoral man as the object of deriſion: In ſhort, if I have not formed a new weapon againſt vice and irreligion I have at leaſt ſhewn how that weapon may be put to a right uſe, which has ſo often fought the battles of impiety and profaneneſs. C

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## No. 446. *Friday, Auguſt* 1.

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*Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.*
Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 308.

*What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.* Roſcommon.

SINCE two or three writers of comedy who are now living have taken their farewell of the ſtage, thoſe who ſucceed them finding themſelves incapable of riſing up to their wit, humour, and good ſenſe, have only imitated them in ſome of thoſe looſe unguarded ſtrokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taſte of the more vicious part of their audience. When perſons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to ſome of theſe degenerate compoſitions that I have written the following diſcourſe:

WERE our Engliſh ſtage but half ſo virtuous as that of the Greeks or Romans, we ſhould quickly ſee the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be faſhionable to ridicule religion, or its profeſſors; the man of pleaſure would not be the complete gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance, and every quality which is ornamental to human nature, would meet with that eſteem which is due to it.

IF the English ſtage were under the ſame regulations the Athenian was formerly, it would have the ſame effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worſhip of its country. Were our plays ſubject to proper inſpections and limitations, we might not only paſs away ſeveral of our vacant hours in the higheſt entertainment; but ſhould always riſe from them wiſer and better than we ſat down to them.

IT is one of the moſt unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdneſs of our theatre ſhould be ſo much complained of, ſo well expoſed, and ſo little redreſſed. It is to be hoped, that ſome time or other we may be at leiſure to reſtrain the licentiouſneſs of the theatre, and make it contribute its aſſiſtance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters ſtand at preſent, multitudes are ſhut out from this noble diverſion, by reaſon of thoſe abuſes and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter ſhould be ruined by thoſe entertainments which were invented for the accompliſhment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with ſuch a regard to morality, that Socrates uſed to frequent the one, and Cicero the other.

IT happened once indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre, when the Floralia were to be repreſented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were ſeveral indecent parts to be acted, the people refuſed to ſee them whilſt Cato was preſent. Martial on this hint made the following epigram, which we muſt ſuppoſe was applied to ſome grave friend of his that had been accidentally preſent at ſome ſuch entertainment.

*Noſſes jocoſæ dulce cum ſacrum floræ,*
*Feſtoſque luſus, et licentiam vulgi,*

*Cur*

*Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?*
*An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

Epig. 1. l. 1.

Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage!
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What, in the name of goodness, dost thou here?
See the mixt croud! how giddy, lewd, and vain?
Didst thou come in but to go out again?

AN accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the Greeks or Romans: But they were too wise and good to let the constant nightly entertainment be of such a nature, that people of the most sense and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are represented upon the stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the person who is tainted with them. But, if we look into the English comedies above-mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen stage, was not to be regarded in Christian theatres. There is another rule likewise, which was observed by authors of antiquity, and which these modern geniuses have no regard to, and that was never to choose an improper subject for ridicule. Now, a subject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to stir up horror and commiseration rather than laughter. For this reason, we do not find any comedy, in so polite an author as Terence, raised upon the violations of the marriage-bed. The falshood of the wife or husband has given occasion to noble tragedies; but a Scipio or a Lelius would have looked upon incest or murder to have been as proper subjects for comedy. On the contrary, cuckoldom is the basis of most of our modern plays. If an alderman appears upon the stage, you may be sure it is in order

to be cuckolded. An husband, that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the same fate. Knights and baronets, country squires, and justices of the quorum, come up to town for no other purpose. I have seen poor Dogget cuckolded in all these capacities. In short, our English writers are as frequently severe upon this innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of a cuckold, as the ancient comic writers were upon an eating parasite, or a vain-glorious soldier.

AT the same time the poet so contrives matters, that the two criminals are the favourites of the audience. We sit still, and wish well to them through the whole play, are pleased when they meet with proper opportunities, and out of humour when they are disappointed. The truth of it is, the accomplished gentleman upon the English stage, is the person that is familiar with other mens wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine woman is generally a composition of sprightliness and falsehood. I do not know whether it proceeds from barrenness of invention, depravation of manners, or ignorance of mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary poets cannot frame to themselves the idea of a fine man who is not a whoremaster, or of a fine woman that is not a jilt.

I HAVE sometimes thought of compiling a system of ethics out of the writings of those corrupt poets, under the title of *Stage Morality*. But I have been diverted from this thought by a project which has been executed by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance. He has composed, it seems, the history of a young fellow, who has taken all his notions of the world from the stage, and who has directed himself, in every circumstance of his life and conversation, by the maxims and examples of the fine gentleman in English comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a copy of this new fashioned novel, I will bestow on it a place in my works,

and

and queſtion not but it may have as good an effect upon the drama, as Don Quixote had upon romance.

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## No. 447. *Saturday, Auguſt 2.*

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Φημὶ πολυχρονίην μελέτην ἔμεναι φίλε' και δὴ
Ταύτην ἀνθρώποισι τελευτῶσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

*Long exercife, my friends, enures the mind;*
*And what we once diſlik'd, we pleaſing find.*

THERE is not a common ſaying which has a better turn of ſenſe in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that cuſtom is a ſecond nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. Dr Plot, in his hiſtory of Staffordſhire, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the ſound of a clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock ſtruck, the clock being ſpoiled by ſome accident, the idiot continued to ſtrike and count the hour without the help of it, in the ſame manner as he had done when it was entire. Tho' I dare not vouch for the truth of this ſtory, it is very certain that cuſtom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the ſame time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I SHALL in this paper conſider one very remarkable effect which cuſtom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly obſerved, may lead us into very uſeful rules of life. What I ſhall here take notice of in cuſtom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleaſant to us. A perſon who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees contracts ſo ſtrong an

an inclination towards it, and gives himſelf up ſo entirely to it, that it ſeems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or buſy life will grow upon a man inſenſibly, as he is converſant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for reliſhing that to which he has been for ſome time diſuſed. Nay, a man may ſmoke, or drink, or take ſnuff, till he is unable to paſs away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular ſtudy, art, or ſcience, riſes and improves in proportion to the application which we beſtow upon it. Thus what was at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diverſions. The Mind grows fond of thoſe actions ſhe is accuſtomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from thoſe paths in which ſhe has uſed to walk.

NOT only ſuch actions as were at firſt indifferent to us, but even ſuch as were painful, will by cuſtom and practice become pleaſant. Sir Francis Bacon obſerves in his natural philoſophy, that our taſte is never pleaſed better than with thoſe things which at firſt created a diſguſt in it. He gives particular inſtances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate ſeldom approves upon the firſt taſte; but when it has once got a reliſh of them, generally retains it for life. The Mind is conſtituted after the ſame manner, and after having habituated herſelf to any particular exerciſe or employment, not only loſes her firſt averſion towards it, but conceives a certain fondneſs and affection for it. I have heard one of the greateſt geniuſes this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite ſtudies of antiquity, aſſure me, upon his being obliged to ſearch into ſeveral rolls and records, that notwithſtanding ſuch an employment was at firſt very dry and irkſome to him, he at laſt took an incredible pleaſure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will obſerve, that I have not here conſidered cuſtom as it makes things eaſy, but

as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the ſame reflections, it is poſſible they may not have drawn thoſe uſes from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

IF we conſider attentively this property of human nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine moralities. In the firſt place, I would have no man diſcouraged with that kind of life or ſeries of action, in which the choice of others, or his own neceſſities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him at firſt; but uſe and application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

IN the ſecond place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is ſaid to have given to his diſciples, and which that philoſopher muſt have drawn from the obſervation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam conſuetudo faciet jucundiſſimum*, Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent, and cuſtom will render it the moſt delightful. Men, whoſe circumſtances will permit them to chuſe their own way of life, are inexcuſable if they do not purſue that which their judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The voice of reaſon is more to be regarded than the bent of any preſent inclination, ſince by the rule abovementioned, inclination will at length come over to reaſon, though we can never force reaſon to comply with inclination.

IN the third place, this obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious man, to overlook thoſe hardſhips and difficulties which are apt to diſcourage him from the proſecution of a virtuous life. *The Gods*, ſaid Heſiod, *have placed Labour before Virtue; the way to her is at firſt rough and difficult; but grows more ſmooth and eaſy the further you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it, with ſteadineſs and reſolution,

ſolution, will in a little time find, that *her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs; and that all her paths are peace.*

TO enforce this conſideration, we may further obſerve, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleaſure, which naturally accompanies thoſe actions to which we are habituated, but with thoſe ſupernumerary joys of heart that riſe from the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a pleaſure, from the ſatisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reaſon, and from the proſpect of an happy immortality.

IN the fourth place, we may learn from this obſervation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once ſettled in a regular courſe of life, how we too frequently indulge ourſelves in any of the moſt innocent diverſions and entertainments, ſince the mind may inſenſibly fall off from the reliſh of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleaſure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

THE laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with thoſe actions to which it is accuſtomed, is to ſhew how abſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we ſhould enjoy the pleaſures of the next. The ſtate of bliſs we call heaven will not be capable of affecting thoſe minds which are not thus qualified for it; we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her, during this her preſent ſtate of probation. In ſhort, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

ON the other hand, thoſe evil ſpirits, who, by long cuſtom, have contracted in the body habits of

luſt

luſt and ſenſuality, malice and revenge, an averſion to every thing that is good, juſt, or laudable, are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared for pain and miſery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when diveſted of the body, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, that Providence will in a manner create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of malignant pleaſure in thoſe actions to which they are accuſtomed, whilſt in this life; but when they are removed from all thoſe objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful habits of mind which are called, in ſcripture-phraſe, the worm which never dies. This notion of heaven and hell is ſo very conformable to the light of nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the laſt age, as in particular by Archbiſhop Tillotſon and Dr Sherlock: But there is none who has raiſed ſuch noble Speculations upon it as Dr Scott, in the firſt book of his Chriſtian life, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational ſchemes of divinity, that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has ſhewn how every particular cuſtom, and habit of virtue, will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a ſtate of happineſs, in him who ſhall hereafter practice it: As on the contrary, how every cuſtom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it ſubſiſts. C

## No 448. *Monday, August 4.*

*Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.* Juv. Sat. 2. v. 82.
*In time to greater baseness you'll proceed.*

THE first steps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided, for men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the least unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous falshood that people indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater detestation than it commonly meets with: what I mean is a neglect of promises made on small and indifferent occasions, such as parties of pleasure, entertainments, and sometimes meetings out of curiosity, in men of like faculties, to be in each other's company. There are many causes to which one may assign this light infidelity. Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an insignificant fellow who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little disturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his place after having discomposed every body, and desires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest fellow, in disappointing so many places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houses of better chear, and to acquaint you that he chose your's out of ten dinners which he was obliged to be at that day. The last time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of such a wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his circumstances constrain them

them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same deteſtable habit. It is a mercileſs thing that any one can be at eaſe, and ſuppoſe a ſet of people who have a kindneſs for him, at that moment waiting out of reſpect to him, and refuſing to taſte their food or converſation with the utmoſt impatience. One of theſe promiſers ſometimes ſhall make his excuſes for not coming at all, ſo late, that half the company have only to lament, that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trifler. They immediately repent of the value they had for him; and ſuch treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promiſes any more; ſo that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is ſecretly ſlighted by the perſons with whom he eats, and curſed by the ſervants, whoſe dinner is delayed by his prolonging their maſter's entertainment. It is wonderful, that men guilty this way, could never have obſerved, that the whiling time, the gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the moſt aukwardly paſſed away of any part in the four-and-twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening ſuch a ſuſpenſion of agreeable life. The conſtant offending this way, has, in a degree, an effect upon the honeſty of his mind who is guilty of it, as common ſwearing is a kind of habitual perjury: it makes the ſoul inattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters it at the lips. Phocion beholding a wordy orator, while he was making a magnificent ſpeech to the people, full of vain promiſes: *Methinks,* ſaid he, *I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypreſs-tree; it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in its branches, leaves, and height, but alas it bears no fruit.*

THO' the expectation which is raiſed by impertinent promiſers is thus barren, their confidence, even after failures, is ſo great, that they ſubſiſt by ſtill promiſing on. I have heretofore diſcourſed of the

insignificant liar, the boaster, and the castle-builder, and treated them as no ill-designing men, (though they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones) but persons who fall into that way purely to recommend themselves by their vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedless promisers, though in the most minute circumstances, pass with so slight a censure. If a man should take a resolution to pay only sums above an hundred pounds, and yet contract with different people debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his credit? This man will as long support his good name in business, as he will in conversation, who, without difficulty, makes assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I AM the more severe upon this vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great criminal myself. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, and all my other friends, who are scrupulous to promises of the meanest consideration imaginable from an habit of virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take shame upon myself for this crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the sort, that when as agreeable a company of gentlemen and ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth Mr SPECTATOR, to be of the party with women of merit, like a booby as I was, mistook the time of meeting, and came the night following. I wish every fool who is negligent in this kind, may have as great a loss as I had in this; for the same company will never meet more; but are dispersed into various parts of the world, and I am left under the compunction that I deserve, in so many different places to be called a trifler.

THIS fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable people are fearful of appearing precise and reserved by denials; but they will find the apprehension of that imputation will betray them into a childish impotence of mind, and make them promise

promiſe all who are ſo kind to aſk it of them. This leads ſuch ſoft creatures into the misfortune of ſeeming to return overtures of good-will with ingratitude. The firſt ſteps in the breach of a man's integrity are much more important than men are aware of. The man who ſcruples breaking his word in little things, would not ſuffer in his own conſcience ſo great pain for failures of conſequence, as he who thinks every little offence againſt truth and juſtice a diſparagement. We ſhould not make any thing we ourſelves diſapprove habitual to us, if we would be ſure of our integrity.

I REMEMBER a falſehood of the trivial ſort, though not in relation to aſſignations, that expoſed a man to a very uneaſy adventure. Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner-Temple about 25 years ago. They one night ſat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both obſerved and liked the ſame young woman in the boxes. Their kindneſs for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty in writing letters of love, and made his addreſs privately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary courſe, by money and her waiting-maid. The lady gave them both encouragement, receiving Trap into the utmoſt favour, and anſwering at the ſame time Stint's letters, and giving him appointments at third places. Trap began to ſuſpect the epiſtolary correſpondence of his friend, and diſcovered alſo that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own aſſignations. After much anxiety and reſtleſneſs, Trap came to a reſolution, which he thought would break off their commerce with one another without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr Trap at his chambers in the Temple. Stint, according to cuſtom, ſeized and opened it, and was not a little ſurprized to find the

inside directed to himself, when, with great perturbation of spirit, he read as follows:

Mr Stint,

'YOU have gained a slight satisfaction at the expence of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a faithful friend you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and tell you, you are a base fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the affront, except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardiness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety to myself. I call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come in armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he wounded me.

'WHAT need more to be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this manner, while you yourself cannot in your own conscience but allow the justice of the upbraidings of

*Your injured friend,*

T W. Trap.

*Tuesday,*

## No. 449. *Tuesday, August 5.*

——*Tibi ſcriptus, matrona, libellus.* Mart.

*A book the chaſteſt matron may peruſe.*

WHEN I reflect upon my labours for the public, I cannot but obſerve, that part of the ſpecies, of which I profeſs myſelf a friend and guardian, is ſometimes treated with ſeverity; that is, there are in my writings many deſcriptions given of ill perſons, and not any direct encomium made of thoſe who are good. When I was convinced of this error, I could not but immediately call to mind ſeveral of the fair ſex of my acquaintance, whoſe characters deſerve to be tranſmitted to poſterity in writings which will long out-live mine. But I do not think that a reaſon why I ſhould not give them their place in my diurnal as long as it will laſt. For the ſervice therefore of my female readers, I ſhall ſingle out ſome characters of maids, wives, and widows, which deſerve the imitation of the ſex. She who ſhall lead this ſmall illuſtrious number of heroines ſhall be the amiable Fidelia.

BEFORE I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is neceſſary to preface, that ſhe is the only child of a decrepid father, whoſe life is bound up in her's. This gentleman has uſed Fidelia from her cradle with all the tenderneſs imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that ſoon thought her accompliſhed above the children of all other men, but never thought ſhe was come to the utmoſt improvement of which ſhe herſelf was capable. This fondneſs has had very happy effects upon his own happineſs; for ſhe reads, ſhe dances, ſhe ſings, uſes her ſpinet

ſpinet and lute to the utmoſt perfection: and the lady's uſe of all theſe excellencies, is to divert the old man in his eaſy chair, when he is out of the pangs of a chronical diſtemper. Fidelia is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick ſenſe of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the ſide of her good old father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of affection ſo pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with, and without regard to her ſex. In love to our wives there is deſire, to our ſons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters, there is ſomething which there are no words to expreſs. Her life is deſigned wholly domeſtic, and ſhe is ſo ready a friend and companion, that every thing that paſſes about a man, is accompanied with the idea of her preſence. Her ſex alſo is naturally ſo much expoſed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new cauſe of fondneſs ariſing from that conſideration alſo. None but fathers can have a true ſenſe of theſe ſort of pleaſures and ſenſations; but my familiarity with the father of Fidelia, makes me let drop the words which I have heard him ſpeak, and obſerve upon his tenderneſs towards her.

FIDELIA, on her part, as I was going to ſay, as accompliſhed as ſhe is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to ſee one of the moſt beautiful women the age has produced, on her knees helping on an old man's ſlipper! Her filial regard to him is what ſhe makes her diverſion, her buſineſs, and her glory. When ſhe was aſked by a friend of her deceaſed mother to admit of the courtſhip of her ſon, ſhe anſwered, That ſhe had a great reſpect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one ſo dear to her, but that

that during her father's life ſhe would admit into her heart no value for any thing that ſhould interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as happy and eaſy as could be expected in his circumſtances. The lady admoniſhed her of the prime of life with a ſmile; which Fidelia anſwered with a frankneſs that always attends unfeigned virtue; 'It 'is true, Madam, there is, to be ſure, very great 'ſatisfactions to be expected in the commerce of a 'man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I 'find ſo much ſatisfaction in the reflection, how much 'I mitigate a good man's pains, whoſe welfare de'pends upon my aſſiduity about him, that I willing'ly exclude the looſe gratifications of paſſion for 'the ſolid reflections of duty. I know not whether 'any man's wife would be allowed, and, what I 'ſtill more fear, I know not whether I, a wife, 'ſhould be willing to be as officious as I am at pre'ſent about my parent.' The happy father has her declaration that ſhe will not marry during his life, and the pleaſure of ſeeing that reſolution not uneaſy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmoſt beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding Fidelia ſerving her father at his hours of riſing, meals, and reſt.

WHEN the general croud of female youth are conſulting their glaſſes, preparing for balls, aſſemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremoſt in thoſe places, either for her perſon, wit, fortune, or converſation, and yet contemn all theſe entertainments, to ſweeten the heavy hours of a decrepid parent, is a reſignation truly heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurſe with all the beauty of a bride; nor does ſhe neglect her perſon, becauſe of her attendance upon him, when he is too ill to receive company, to whom ſhe may make an appearance.

FIDELIA, who gives him up her youth, does not think it any great ſacrifice to add to it the ſpoil-

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ing of her dreſs. Her care and exactneſs in her habit convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; and ſhe has of all women the beſt foundation for affecting the praiſe of a ſeeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that Fidelia, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epiſtolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conqueſts, plays on her ſpinet the gayeſt airs, (and while ſhe is doing ſo, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleaſures ſhe deſpiſes for his ſake.

THOSE who think themſelves the pattern of good-breeding and gallantry, would be aſtoniſhed to hear that in thoſe intervals when the old gentleman is at eaſe, and can bear company, there at his houſe in the moſt regular order, aſſemblies of people of the higheſt merit; where there is converſation without mention of the faults of the abſent, benevolence between men and women without paſſion, and the higheſt ſubjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental diſcourſe: All which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world eaſy, and herſelf capable of being an honour to his name in this.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I WAS the other day at the Bear-Garden in 'hopes to have ſeen your ſhort face; but not being ſo fortunate, I muſt tell you by way of letter, 'That there is a myſtery among the gladiators 'which has eſcaped your ſpectatorial penetration. 'For being in a box at an ale-houſe near that renowned ſeat of honour abovementioned, I overheard two maſters of the ſcience agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen 'in the company of a ſet of the fraternity of baſket-hilts, who were to meet that evening. When 'this was ſettled, one aſked the other, Will you

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'give cuts to receive? the other anſwered, Receive. 'It was replied, are you a paſſionate man? No, 'provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we 'agree. I thought it my duty to acquaint you with 'this, that the people may not pay their money for 'fighting, and be cheated.

T *Your humble ſervant,*

SCABBARD RUSTY.

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## No. 450. *Wedneſday, Auguſt 6.*

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*——Quaerenda pecunia primum,*
*Virtus poſt nummos.* Hor. Ep. l. 1. v. 53.

*————Get money, money ſtill;*
*And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will.* Pope.

MR SPECTATOR,

'ALL men, through different paths, make at 'the ſame common thing, Money; and it is 'to her we owe the politician, the merchant, and 'the lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I believe to 'that alſo we are beholden for our Spectator. I am 'apt to think, that could we look into our own 'hearts, we ſhould ſee money engraved in them in 'more lively and moving characters than ſelf-pre- 'ſervation; for who can reflect upon the merchant 'hoiſting ſail in a doubtful purſuit of her, and all 'mankind ſacrificing their quiet to her, but muſt 'perceive that the characters of ſelf-preſervation '(which were doubtleſs originally the brighteſt) are 'ſullied, if not wholly defaced; and that thoſe of 'money (which at firſt was only valuable as a mean 'to ſecurity) are of late ſo brightened, that the cha- 'racters of ſelf-preſervation, like a leſs light ſet by a 'greater, are become almoſt imperceptible? Thus

'has

'has money got the upper hand of what all man'kind formerly thought most dear, *viz.* Security; 'and I wish I could say she had here put a stop to 'her victories; but, alas! common honesty fell a 'sacrifice to her. This is the way scholastick men 'talk of the greatest good in the world; but I, a 'tradesman, shall give you another account of this 'matter in the plain narrative of my own life. I 'think it proper, in the first place, to acquaint my 'readers, that since my setting out in the world, 'which was in the year 1660, I never wanted mo'ney; having begun with an indifferent good stock 'in the tobacco trade, to which I was bred; and 'by the continual successes, it has pleased Providence 'to bless my endeavours with, am at last arrived 'at what they call a Plumb. To uphold my 'discourse in the manner of your wits or philo'sophers, by speaking fine things, or drawing in'ferences, as they pretend, from the nature of the 'subject, I account it vain; having never found any 'thing in the writings of such men, that did not sa'vour more of the invention of the brain, or what 'is stiled speculation, than of sound judgment or 'profitable observation. I will readily grant in'deed, that there is what the wits call natural in 'their talk; which is the utmost those curious au'thors can assume to themselves, and is indeed all 'they endeavour at, for they are but lamentable 'teachers. And, what, I pray, is natural? That 'which is pleasant and easy: and what are pleasing 'and easy? Forsooth, a new thought or conceit 'dressed up in smooth quaint language, to make 'you smile and wag your head, as being what you 'never imagined before, and yet wonder why you 'had not; mere frothy amusements! fit only for 'boys or silly women to be caught with.

'IT is not my present intention to instruct my 'readers in the methods of acquiring riches; that 'may be the work of another essay; but to exhibit

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'the real and solid advantages I have found by them 'in my long and manifold experience; nor yet all 'the advantages of so worthy and valuable a blessing, (for who does not know or imagine the comforts of being warm or living at ease? And that 'power and pre-eminence are their inseparable attendants?) but only to instance the great supports 'they afford us under the severest calamities and 'misfortunes; to shew that the love of them is a 'special antidote against immorality and vice, and 'that the same does likewise naturally dispose men to 'actions of piety and devotion: all which I can 'make out by my own experience, who think myself no ways particular from the rest of mankind, 'nor better nor worse by nature than generally other men are.

'IN the year 1665, whan the sickness was, I lost 'by it my wife and two children, which were all 'my stock. Probably I might have had more, considering I was married between four and five years; 'but finding her to be a teeming woman, I was 'careful, as having then little above a brace of 'thousand pounds to carry on my trade and maintain a family with. I loved them as usually men 'do their wives and children, and therefore could 'not resist the first impulses of nature on so wounding a loss; but I quickly roused myself, and found 'means to alleviate, and at last conquer my affliction, by reflecting how that she and her children 'having been no great expence to me, the best part 'of her fortune was still left; that my charge being 'reduced to myself, a journeyman, and a maid, I 'might live far cheaper than before; and that being 'now a childless widower, I might perhaps marry 'a no less deserving woman, and with a much better fortune than she brought, which was but 800l. 'And to convince my readers that such considerations as these were proper and apt to produce such 'an effect, I remember it was the constant observa-

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'tion at that deplorable time when so many hundreds were swept away daily, that the rich ever bore the loss of their families and relations far better than the poor; the latter having little or nothing before hand, and living from hand to mouth, placed the whole comfort and satisfaction of their lives in their wives and children, and were therefore inconsolable.

'THE following year happened the fire; at which time, by good providence, it was my fortune to have converted the greatest part of my effects into ready money on the prospect of an extraordinary advantage which I was preparing to lay hold on. This calamity was very terrible and astonishing, the fury of the flames being such, that whole streets, at several distant places, were destroyed at one and the same time, so that (as it is well known) almost all our citizens were burnt out of what they had. But what did I then do, I did not stand gazing on the ruins of our noble metropolis: I did not shake my head, wring my hands, sigh and shed tears; I considered with myself what could this avail; I fell a-plodding what advantages might be made of the ready cash I had, and immediately bethought myself that wonderful pennyworths might be bought of the goods that were saved out of the fire. In short, with about 2000 l. and a little credit, I bought as much tobacco as raised my estate to the value of 10,000 l. I then *looked on the ashes of our city, and the misery of its late inhabitants, as an effect of the just wrath and indignation of heaven towards a sinful and perverse people.*

'AFTER this I married again, and that wife dying, I took another, but both proved to be idle baggages: the first gave me a great deal of plague and vexation by her extravagancies, and I became one of the by-words of the city. I knew it would be to no manner of purpose to go about to curb the

'fancies

'fancies and inclinations of women, which fly out 'the more for being restrained: but what I could I 'did. I watched her narrowly, and by good luck 'found her in the embraces (for which I had two 'witnesses with me) of a wealthy spark of the court-'end of the town; of whom I recovered 15,000 'pounds, which made me amends for what she had 'idly squandered, and put a silence to all my neigh-'bours, taking off my reproach by the gain they 'saw I had by it. The last died about two years af-'ter I married her, in labour of three children. I 'conjecture they were begot by a country kinsman 'of her's, whom, at her recommendation, I took 'into my family, and gave wages to as a journey-'man What this creature expended in delicacies 'and high diet with her kinsman (as well as I could 'compute by the poulterers, fishmongers, and gro-'cers bills) amounted in the said two years to one 'hundred eighty-six pounds, four shillings, and five 'pence half-penny. The fine apparel, bracelets, 'lockets, and treats, *&c.* of the other, according 'to the best calculation, came in three years and a-'bout three quarters to seven hundred forty-four 'pounds, seven shillings and nine pence. After 'this I resolved never to marry more, and found I 'had been a gainer by my marriages, and the da-'mages granted me for the abuses of my bed, (all 'charges deducted) eight thousand three hundred 'pounds within a trifle.

'I COME now to shew the good effects of the 'love of money on the lives of men towards render-'ing them honest, sober, and religious. When I 'was a young man, I had a mind to make the best 'of my wits, and over reached a country chap in a 'parcel of unsound goods; to whom, upon his up-'braiding, and threatening to expose me for it, I 'returned the equivalent of his loss; and upon his 'good advice, wherein he clearly demonstrated the 'folly of such artifices, which can never end but in

'ſhame, and the ruin of all correſpondence, I never 'after tranſgreſſed. Can your courtiers, who take 'bribes, or your lawyers or phyſicians in their prac-'tice, or even the divines who intermeddle in world-'ly affairs, boaſt of making but one ſlip in their 'lives, and of ſuch a thorough and laſting reforma-'tion? ſince my coming into the world I do not re-'member I was ever overtaken in drink, ſave nine 'times; once at the chriſtening of my firſt child, 'thrice at our city-feaſts, and five times at driving 'of bargains. My reformation I can attribute to 'nothing ſo much as the love and eſteem of money, 'for I found myſelf to be extravagant in my drink 'and apt to turn projector, and make raſh bargains. 'As for women, I never knew any except my wives: 'for my reader muſt know, and it is what we may 'confide in as an excellent recipe, that the love of 'buſineſs and money is the greateſt mortifier of in-'ordinate deſires imaginable, as employing the mind 'continually in the careful overſight of what one 'has, in the eager queſt after more, in looking af-'ter the negligences and deceits of ſervants, in the 'due entering and ſtating of accounts, in hunting 'after chaps, and in the exact knowlege of the ſtate 'of markets; which things whoever thoroughly at-'tends, will find enough and enough to employ his 'thoughts on every moment of the day; ſo that I 'cannot call to mind, that in all the time I was a 'huſband, which off and on, was about twelve 'years, I ever once thought of my wives but in 'bed. And, laſtly, for religion, I ever have been 'a conſtant church-man, both forenoons and after-'noons on Sundays, never forgetting to be thankful 'for any gain or advantage I had had that day; 'and on Saturday nights, upon caſting up my ac-'counts, I always was grateful for the ſum of my 'week's profits, and at Chriſtmas for that of the 'whole year. It is true, perhaps, that my devo-'tion has not been the moſt fervent, which, I think,

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'ought to be imputed to the evenneſs and ſedate-'neſs of my temper, which never would admit of 'any impetuoſities of any ſort: and I can remember 'that in my youth and prime of manhood, when my 'blood ran briſker, I took greater pleaſure in reli-'gious exerciſes than at preſent, or many years paſt, 'and that my devotion ſenſibly declined as age, 'which is dull and unwieldy, came upon me.

'I HAVE, I hope, here proved, that the love 'of money prevents all immorality and vice; which 'if you will not allow, you muſt, that the purſuit 'of it obliges men to the ſame kind of life as they 'would follow if they were really virtuous: which is 'all I have to ſay at preſent, only recommending to 'you, that you would think of it, and turn ready 'wit into ready money as faſt as you can. I con-'clude,

*Your ſervant,*

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EPHRAIM WEED.

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## No. 451. *Thurſday, Auguſt 7.*

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*——Jam ſae vus apertam*
*In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honeſtas*
*Ire minax impune domos——* Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 148.

*——Times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,*
*Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;*
*Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,*
*Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.* Pope.

THERE is nothing ſo ſcandalous to a government, and deteſtable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the ſame time there is nothing ſo difficult to tame, as a ſatirical author. An angry writer who cannot ap-

pear in print, naturally vents his ſpleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, ſays the fable, ſeeing all her wrinkles repreſented in a large looking-glaſs, threw it upon the ground in a paſſion, and broke it into a thouſand pieces; but as ſhe was afterwards ſurveying the fragments with a ſpiteful kind of pleaſure, ſhe could not forbear uttering herſelf in the following ſoliloquy: What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and ſee an hundred ugly faces, where before I ſaw but one.

IT has been propoſed, *to oblige every perſon that writes a book, or a paper, to ſwear himſelf the author of it, and enter down in a public regiſter his name and place of abode.*

THIS, indeed, would have effectually ſuppreſſed all printed ſcandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that ſuch an expedient would not only deſtroy ſcandal, but learning. It would operate promiſcuouſly, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention ſome of the moſt celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymus authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us ſo great a charity in ſecret: there are few works of genius that come out at firſt with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of writing, would ſet pen to paper, if they knew before-hand, that they muſt not publiſh their productions but on ſuch conditions. For my own part, I muſt declare, the papers I preſent the public are like fairy favours, which ſhall laſt no longer than while the author is concealed.

THAT which makes it particularly difficult to reſtrain theſe ſons of Calumny and Defamation is, that all ſides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty ſcribbler is countenanced by great names, whoſe intereſt he propagates by ſuch vile and infamous methods.

thods. I have never yet heard of a miniſtry, who have inflicted an exemplary puniſhment on an author that has ſupported their cauſe with falſhood and ſcandal, and treated, in a moſt cruel manner, the names of thoſe who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagoniſts. Would a government ſet an everlaſting mark of their diſpleaſure upon one of thoſe infamous writers who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we ſhould quickly ſee an end put to this race of vermin, that are a ſcandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a miniſter of ſtate ſhine in hiſtory, and would fill all mankind with a juſt abhorrence of perſons who ſhould treat him unworthily, and employ againſt him thoſe arms which he ſcorned to make uſe of againſt his enemies.

I CANNOT think that any one will be ſo unjuſt as to imagine, what I have here ſaid is ſpoken with reſpect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the ſentiments either of a Chriſtian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice which is ſo much in uſe among us at preſent, that it is become a kind of national crime, and diſtinguiſhes us from all the governments that lye about us. I cannot but look upon the fineſt ſtrokes of ſatire which are aimed at particular perſons, and which are ſupported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themſelves. Infamy, like other puniſhments, is under the direction and diſtribution of the magiſtrate, and not of any private perſon. Accordingly we learn from a fragment of Cicero, that tho' there were very few capital puniſhments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon, which took away the good name of another, was to be puniſhed by death. But this is far from being our caſe. Our ſatire is nothing but ribaldry, and Billingſgate. Scurrility paſſes for wit; and he who

can call names in the greateſt variety of phraſes is looked upon to have the ſhrewdeſt pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined, the higheſt poſts and greateſt titles are rendered cheap and vile in the ſight of the people; the nobleſt virtues, and moſt exalted parts expoſed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our preſent heats and animoſities are forgot, ſhould, I ſay, ſuch an one form to himſelf a notion of the greateſt men of all ſides in the Britiſh nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in ſome or other of thoſe abominable writings which are daily publiſhed among us, what a nation of monſters muſt we appear!

AS this cruel practice tends to the utter ſubverſion of all truth and humanity amongſt us, it deſerves the utmoſt deteſtation and diſcouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion at heart. I would therefore earneſtly recommend it to the conſideration of thoſe who deal in theſe pernicious arts of writing; and of thoſe who take pleaſure in the reading of them. As for the firſt, I have ſpoken of them in former papers, and have not ſtuck to rank them with the murderer and aſſaſſin. Every honeſt man ſets as high a value upon a good name, as upon life itſelf; and I cannot but think that thoſe who privily aſſault the one, would deſtroy the other, might they do it with the ſame ſecrecy and impunity.

AS for perſons who take pleaſure in the reading and diſperſing of ſuch deteſtible libels, I am afraid they fall very little ſhort of the guilt of the firſt compoſers. By a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens, it was made death for any perſon not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But becauſe I would not be thought ſingular in my opinion of this matter, I

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ſhall conclude my paper with the words of Monſieur Bayle, who was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquiſite learning and judgment.

'I CANNOT imagine, that a man who diſperſes 'a libel, is leſs deſirous of doing miſchief than the 'author himſelf. But what ſhall we ſay of the plea- 'ſure which a man takes in the reading of a defa- 'matory libel? Is it not an heinous ſin in the ſight 'of God? We muſt diſtinguiſh in this point. This 'pleaſure is either an agreeable ſenſation we are af- 'fected with, when we meet with a witty thought 'which is well expreſſed, or it is a joy which we 'conceive from the diſhonour of the perſon who is 'defamed. I will ſay nothing to the firſt of theſe 'caſes; for perhaps ſome would think that my mo- 'rality is not ſevere enough, if I ſhould affirm that 'a man is not maſter of thoſe agreeable ſenſations, 'any more than of thoſe occaſioned by ſugar or ho- 'ney, when they touch his tongue; but as to the 'ſecond, every one will own that pleaſure to be a 'heinous ſin. The pleaſure in the firſt caſe is of no 'continuance; it prevents our reaſon and reflection, 'and may be immediately followed by a ſecret grief, 'to ſee our neighbour's honour blaſted. If it does 'not ceaſe immediately, it is a ſign that we are not diſ- 'pleaſed with the ill-nature of the ſatiriſt, but are 'glad to ſee him defame his enemy by all kinds of 'ſtories; and then we deſerve the puniſhment to 'which the writer of the libel is ſubject. I ſhall 'here add the words of a modern author: *St Gre- 'gory, upon excommunicating thoſe writers who had 'diſhonoured Caſtorius, does not except thoſe who read 'their works*; *becauſe*, ſays he, *if calumnies have al- 'ways been the delight of their hearers, and the grati- 'fication of thoſe perſons who have no other advantage 'over honeſt men, is not he who takes pleaſure in read- 'ing them, as guilty as he who compoſed them?* It is an 'unconteſted maxim, that they who approve an ac- 'tion would certainly do it if they could; that is,

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'if some reason of self-love did not hinder them. 'There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime, and approving it when committed. 'The Roman law confirmed this maxim, having 'subjected the approvers and authors of this evil to 'the same penalty. We may therefore conclude, 'that those who are pleased with reading defamatory 'libels, so far as to approve the authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them; for if they do not write such libels 'themselves, it is because they have not the talent 'of writing, or because they will run no hazard.

THE author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular. C

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## No. 452. *Friday, August* 8.

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*Est natura hominum novitatis avida.* Plin. Apud. Lillium.

*Human nature is fond of novelty.*

THERE is no humour in my countrymen which I am more inclined to wonder at than their general thirst after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men, who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow-subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating politicians, who oblige the public with their reflec-

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tions and obſervations upon every piece of intelligence that is ſent us from abroad. The text is given us by one ſet of writers, and the comment by another.

BUT notwithſtanding we have the ſame tale told us in ſo many different papers, and if occaſion requires in ſo many articles of the ſame paper; notwithſtanding, in a ſcarcity of foreign poſts we hear the ſame ſtory repeated, by different advices from Paris, Bruſſels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithſtanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it paſſes through, our time lyes heavy on our hands till the arrival of a freſh mail: we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next ſtep, or what will be the conſequences of that which has been already taken. A weſterly wind keeps the whole town in ſuſpence, and puts a ſtop to converſation.

THIS general curioſity has been raiſed and inflamed by our late wars, and if rightly directed might be of good uſe to a perſon who has ſuch a thirſt awakened in him. Why ſhould not a man, who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himſelf to hiſtory, travels, and other writings of the ſame kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curioſity, and meet with much more pleaſure and improvement than in theſe papers of the week? An honeſt tradeſman, who languiſhes a whole ſummer in expectation of a battle, and, perhaps, is baulked at laſt, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign, in leſs time than he now beſtows upon the productions of a ſingle poſt. Fights, conqueſts, and revolutions, lye thick together. The reader's curioſity is raiſed and ſatisfied every moment, and his paſſions diſappointed or gratified, without being detained in a ſtate of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of ſea and wind. In ſhort, the mind is not here

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kept in a perpetual gape after knowlege, nor punished with that eternal thirst, which is the portion of all our modern news-mongers and coffee-house politicians.

ALL matters of fact, which a man did not know before, are news to him; and I do not see how any haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrel of the cantons than he was in that of the league. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance for an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Boristhenes. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter, from a projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

MR SPECTATOR,

'YOU must have observed, that men who frequent coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory, or a defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is removed to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a pye-bald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, Sir, since the great fountain of news, I

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'mean the war, is very near being dried up; and 'since these gentlemen have contracted such an extinguishable thirst after it; I have taken their case 'and my own into consideration, and have thought 'of a project which may turn to the advantage of 'us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily 'paper which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, 'and hamlet that lye within ten miles of London, 'or in other words, within the verge of the penny-'post. I have pitched upon this scene of intelligence for two reasons; first, because the carriage 'of letters will be very cheap; and secondly, be-'cause I may receive them every day. By this 'means my readers will have their news fresh, 'and many worthy citizens who cannot sleep 'with any satisfaction at present, for want of being 'informed how the world goes, may go to bed 'contentedly, it being my design to put out my 'paper every night at nine o'clock precisely. I 'have already established correspondences in these 'several places, and received very good intelli-'gence.

'BY my last advices from Knightsbridge I hear 'that a horse was clapped into the pond on the 'third instant, and that he was not released when 'the letters came away.

'WE are informed from Pankridge, that a dozen 'weddings were lately celebrated in the mother 'church of that place, but are referred to their next 'letters for the names of the parties concerned.

'LETTERS from Brumpton advise, that the 'widow Blight had received several visits from 'John Mildew, which affords great matter of spe-'culation in those parts.

'BY a fisherman which lately touched at Ham-'mersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a cer-'tain person, well-known in that place, is like to

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'lose his election for church-warden; but this being 'boat-news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

'LETTERS from Padington bring little more, 'than that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed 'through that place the fifth instant.

'THEY advise from Fulham, that things re-'mained there in the same state they were. They 'had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of 'a tube of excellent ale just set abroach at Parsons 'Green; but this wanted confirmation.

'I HAVE here, Sir, given you a specimen of 'the news with which I intend to entertain the town, 'and which, when drawn up regularly in the form 'of a news-paper, will, I doubt not, be very ac-'ceptable to many of those public-spirited readers, 'who take more delight in acquainting themselves 'with other peoples business than their own. I hope 'a paper of this kind, which lets us know what is 'done near home, may be more useful to us than 'those which are filled with advices from Zug and 'Bender, and make some amends for that dearth of 'intelligence which we may justly apprehend from 'times of peace. If I find that you receive this 'project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with 'one or two more; and in the mean time am, most 'worthy Sir, with all due respect,

C *Your most obedient,*

*and most humble Servant.*

*Saturday,*

## No. 453. *Saturday, August 9.*

*Non usitata nec tenui ferar*
*Penna*—— Hor. Od. 20. l. 2. v. 1.

*No weak, no common wing shall bear*
*My rising body through the air.* Creech.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

IF gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

IF gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

MOST of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns to their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes

and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will, upon reflection, find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of an heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

PLUTARCH tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

THE Jews, who before the times of Christianity were the only people that had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry, as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This I think might be easily shewn if there were occasion for it.

I HAVE already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry, and as they have met with

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a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O, my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For Oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

C

## No. 454. *Monday, August* 11.

*Sine me, vacivom tempus ne quod dem mihi*
*Laboris.* Ter. Heaut. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

*Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.*

IT is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for Speculation: Nay, they who enjoy it most, value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took a boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg peoples pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is, saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

THE hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different

different from each other as thoſe who are born in different centuries. Men of ſix o'clock give way to thoſe of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve diſappear, and make room for the faſhionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

WHEN we firſt put off from ſhore, we ſoon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the ſeveral market-ports of London; and it was the moſt pleaſing ſcene imaginable to ſee the chearfulneſs with which thoſe induſtrious people plyed their way to a certain ſale of their goods. The banks on each ſide are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations as any ſpot on the earth; but the Thames itſelf, loaded with the product of each ſhore, added very much to the landſkip. It was very eaſy to obſerve by their ſailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were ſuper-cargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converſe with morning-rakes, very unlike the ſeemly ſobriety of thoſe bound for Stocks-Market.

NOTHING remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten ſail of apricoc boats at Strand-Bridge, after having put in at Nine-Elms, and taken in melons, conſigned by Mr Cuffe of that place, to Sarah Sewell and company, at their ſtall in Covent-Garden. We arrived at Strand-Bridge at ſix of the clock, and were unloading; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark Houſe, to go to bed before the day was too far ſpent. Chimney-ſweepers paſſed by us as we made up to the market, and ſome rallery happened between one of the fruit-wenches, and thoſe black men, about the devil and Eve, with alluſion to their ſeveral profeſſions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-Garden; where I ſtrolled from one fruit-

tho-

ſhop to another, with crouds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchaſing fruit for their reſpective families. It was almoſt eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach, and followed a young lady, who tripped into another juſt before me, attended by her maid. I ſaw immediately ſhe was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a ſet of theſe who of all things affect the play of Blindman's-Buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This ſort of woman is uſually a janty ſlattern; ſhe hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her poſture, and changes place inceſſantly, and all with an appearance of ſtriving at the ſame time to hide herſelf, and yet gives you to underſtand ſhe is in humour to laugh at you. You muſt have often ſeen the coachmen make ſigns with their fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an inſtant my coachman took the wink to purſue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-Acre toward St James's: While ſhe whipped up James-Street, we drove for King-Street, to ſave the paſs at St-Martin's-Lane. The coachman took care to meet, joſtle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-Street and Long-Acre. The fright, you muſt believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her maſk off, to inquire into the buſtle, when ſhe ſees the man ſhe would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is ſo bad ſhe cannot draw it up again, and ſhe drives on ſometimes wholly diſcovered, and ſometimes half eſcaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of theſe ladies keeps her ſeat in a hackney-coach as well as the beſt rider does on a managed horſe. The laced ſhoe on her left foot, with a careleſs geſture, juſt appearing on the oppoſite cuſhion, held her

her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As ſhe was an excellent coachwoman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and an half, in all the parts of the town, by the ſkill of our drivers; till at laſt my lady was conveniently loſt with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he ſhould hear where ſhe went. This chace was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and diſcovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that ſhe was a ſilk-worm. I was ſurprized with this phraſe, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their beſt cuſtomers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from ſhop to ſhop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The ſilk-worms are, it ſeems, indulged by the tradeſmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking of new ſilks, laces, and ribbons, and ſerve the owners in getting them cuſtomers as their common dunners do in making them pay.

THE day of people of faſhion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of ſhow and vanity; when I reſolved to walk it out of cheapneſs; but my unhappy curioſity is ſuch, that I find it always my intereſt to take coach, for ſome odd adventure among beggars, ballad-ſingers, or the like, detains and throws me into expence. It happened ſo immediately; for at the corner of Warwick-ſtreet, as I was liſtening to a new ballad, a ragged raſcal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and ſhould die in the ſtreet for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him ſix-pence to go into the next ale-houſe and ſave his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirſt. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take

the jeſt; by which Mr Sturdy carried his point, and let me ſneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleaſing reflection to ſee the world ſo prettily chequered ſince I left Richmond, and the ſcene ſtill filling with children of a new hour. This ſatisfaction increaſed as I moved towards the city; and gay ſigns, well-diſpoſed ſtreets, magnificent public ſtructures, and wealthy ſhops, adorned with contented faces, made the joy ſtill riſing till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crouds about me were pleaſed with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in obſerving them, in attention to their ſeveral intereſts. I, indeed, looked upon myſelf as the richeſt man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me ſhare the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the leaſt of the ſatisfactions in my ſurvey, to go up ſtairs, and paſs the ſhops of agreeable females; to obſerve ſo many pretty hands buſy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmoſt eagerneſs of agreeable faces in the ſale of patches, pins, and wires, on each ſide the counters, was an amuſement in which I could longer have indulged myſelf, had not the dear creatures called to me to aſk what I wanted, when I could not anſwer, only *to look at you.* I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the ſeveral voices loſt their diſtinction, and roſe up in a confuſed humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too ſtudious; for I ſaid to myſelf, with a kind of pun in thought, *What nonſenſe is all the hurry of this world to thoſe who are above it?* In theſe, or not much wiſer thoughts, I had like to have loſt my place at the chop-houſe, where every man according to the natural baſhfulneſs or ſullenneſs of our nation, eats in a public room a meſs of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb ſilence, as if they had no pretence to ſpeak to each other on the

foot

foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I WENT afterwards to Robin's, and ſaw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary juſt before give bills for the value of large eſtates; and could not but behold with great pleaſure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment, from ſuch as would never be maſters of half as much as is ſeemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common ſcene of Covent-Garden, and paſſed the evening at Will's in attending the diſcourſes of ſeveral ſets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the ſubjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The laſt ſubject kept me till I heard the ſtreets in the poſſeſſion of the bell-man, who had now the world to himſelf, and cried, *Paſt two of clock.* This rouſed me from my ſeat, and I went to my lodging, led by a light, whom I put into the diſcourſe of his private oeconomy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loſs of a family that depended upon a link, with a deſign to end my trivial day with the generoſity of ſix-pence, inſtead of a third part of that ſum. When I came to my chambers I wrote down theſe minutes; but was at a loſs what inſtruction I ſhould propoſe to my readers from the enumeration of ſo many inſignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great uſe, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumſtance will make every face you ſee give you the ſatisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleaſing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increaſe of happineſs to yourſelf. T

*Tueſday,*

## No. 455. *Tuesday, August* 12.

*——Ergo apis Matinae*
*More modoque,*
*Grata carpentis thyma per laborem*
*Plurimum——* Hor. Od. 2. l. 4. v. 27.

*——My timorous muse*
*Unambitious tracts pursues;*
*Does with weak unballast wings,*
*About the mossy brooks and springs,*
*Like the laborious bee,*
*For little drops of honey fly,*
*And there with humble sweets contents her industry.* Cowley.

THE following letters have in them reflections which will seem of importance both to the learned world and to domestic life. There is in the first an allegory so well carried on, that it cannot but be very pleasing to those who have a taste for good writing; and the other billets may have their use in common life.

Mr Spectator,

'AS I walked the other day in a fine garden, and 'observed the great variety of improvements 'in plants and flowers beyond what they otherwise 'would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education or modern culture; how many good qualities in the 'mind are lost, for want of the like due care in 'nursing and skilfully managing them; how many 'virtues are chocked, by the multitudes of weeds, 'which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong soil; and how very seldom 'do these moral seeds produce the noble fruits which 'might

'might be expected from them, by a neglect of pro-'per manuring, neceſſary pruning, and an artful 'management of our tender inclinations and firſt 'ſpring of life: theſe obvious ſpeculations made me 'at length conclude, that there is a ſort of vegetable 'principle in the mind of every man when he comes 'into the world. In infants the ſeeds lye buried and 'undiſcovered, 'till after a while they ſprout forth 'in a kind of rational leaves, which are words; 'and in due ſeaſon the flowers begin to appear in 'variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay pic-'tures of youthful fancy and imagination; at laſt 'the fruit knits and is formed, which is green per-'haps, firſt, and ſour, unpleaſing to the taſte, and 'not fit to be gathered; till ripened by due care 'and application it diſcovers itſelf in all the noble 'productions of philoſoſphy, mathematics, cloſe 'reaſoning, and handſome argumentation: and 'theſe fruits, when they arrive at juſt maturity, and 'are of a good kind, afford the moſt vigorous nou-'riſhment to the minds of the men. I reflected 'further on the intellectual leaves before-mentioned, 'and found almoſt as great a variety among them 'as in the vegetable world. I could eaſily obſerve 'the ſmouth ſhining Italian leaves; the nimble 'French aſpen always in motion; the Greek and 'Latin ever-greens, the Spaniſh myrtle, the En-'gliſh oak, the Scots thiſtle, the Iriſh ſhambrogue, 'the prickly German, and Dutch holly, the Poliſh 'and Ruſſian nettle, beſides a vaſt number of exo-'tics, imported from Aſia, Afric, and America. 'I ſaw ſeveral barren plants, which bore only 'leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit; the 'leaves of ſome were fragrant and well-ſhaped, of 'others ill ſcented and irregular. I wondered at a 'ſet of old whimſical botaniſts, who ſpent their 'whole lives in the contemplation of ſome withered 'Ægyptian, Coptic, Armenian, or Chineſe leaves; 'while others made it their buſineſs to collect in vo-

'luminous

'luminous herbals all the ſeveral leaves of ſome one 'tree. The flowers afford a moſt diverting enter-'tainment, in a wonderful variety of figures, co-'lours and ſcents; however, moſt of them wither-'ed ſoon, or at beſt are but annuals. Some profeſ-'ſed floriſts make them their conſtant ſtudy and em-'ployment, and deſpiſe all fruit; and now and then 'a few fanciful people ſpend all their time in the cul-'tivation of a ſingle tulip, or a carnation; but the 'moſt agreeable amuſement ſeems to be the well-'chooſing, mixing, and binding together theſe 'flowers in pleaſing noſegays to preſent to ladies. 'The ſcent of Italian flowers is obſerved, like their 'other perfumes, to be too ſtrong, and to hurt the 'brain; that of the French with glaring, gaudy 'colours, yet faint and languid; German and Nor-'thern flowers have little or no ſmell, or ſometimes 'an unpleaſant one. The ancients had a ſecret to 'give a laſting beauty, colour, and ſweetneſs to 'ſome of their choice flowers, which flouriſh to this 'day, and which few of the moderns can effect. 'Theſe are becoming enough and agreeable in their 'ſeaſon, and do often handſomely adorn an enter-'tainment, but an over-fondneſs of them ſeems to 'be a diſeaſe. It rarely happens to find a plant vi-'gorous enough, to have (like an orange-tree) at 'once beautiful ſhining leaves, fragrant flowers, and 'delicious nouriſhing fruit.

*SIR, Yours, &c.*

DEAR SPEC, *Auguſt* 6, 1712.

'YOU have given us, in your Spectator of Sa-'turday laſt, a very excellent diſcourſe upon 'the force of cuſtom, and its wonderful efficacy in 'making every thing pleaſant to us. I cannot de-'ny but that I received above two pennyworth of 'inſtruction from your paper, and in the general 'was very well pleaſed with it: but I am, without

'a compliment, sincerely troubled that I cannot exactly be of your opinion, That it makes every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who is, in plain English, for her standing, a very eminent scold. She began to break her mind very freely both to me and to her servants about two months after our nuptials; and though I have been accustomed to this humour of her's these three years, yet, I do not know what is the matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advised with her relations about her, and they all tell me that her mother and her grandmother before her were both taken much after the same manner; so that since it runs in the blood, I have but small hopes of her recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your advice in this matter: I would not willingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a pleasure to me; if you will but put me in a way that I may bear it with indifference, I shall rest satisfied.

DEAR SPEC,

*Your very humble servant,*

P. S. 'I must do the poor girl the justice to let you know, that this match was none of her own choosing, (or indeed of mine either;) in consideration of which I avoid giving her the least provocation; and indeed we live better together than usually folks do who hated one another when they were first joined: to evade the sin against parents, or at least to extenuate it, my dear rails at my father and mother, and I curse her's for making the match.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I LIKE the theme you lately gave out extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any

'man living: But I find myſelf no better qualified 'to write about money, than about my wife; for, 'to tell you a ſecret, which I deſire may go no fur-'ther, I am maſter of neither of theſe ſubjects.

*Your's,*

*Auguſt* 8, 1712. PILL GARLICK.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I DESIRE you would print this in Italic, ſo as 'it may be generally taken notice of. It is de-'ſigned only to admoniſh all perſons, who ſpeak ei-'ther at the bar, pulpit, or any public aſſembly 'whatſoever, how they diſcover their ignorance in 'the uſe of ſimiles. There are in the pulpit, itſelf, 'as well as in other places, ſuch groſs abuſes in this 'kind, that I give this warning to all I know. I 'ſhall bring them for the future before your ſpecta-'torial authority. On Sunday laſt, one, who ſhall 'be nameleſs, reproving ſeveral of his congrega-'tion for ſtanding at prayers, was pleaſed to ſay, '*One would think*, like the elephant, *you had no* '*knees*. Now I myſelf ſaw an elephant in Bartho-'lomew-Fair kneel down to take on his back the 'ingenious Mr William Pinkethman.

T *Your humble ſervant.*

## No. 456. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 13.

*De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacite conceditur.* Tull.

*The man, whoſe conduct is publicly arraigned, is not ſuffered even to be ruined quietly.*

OTWAY, in his tragedy of Venice Preſerved, has deſcribed the miſery of a man, whoſe effects are in the hands of the law, with great ſpirit. The bitterneſs of being the ſcorn and laughter of baſe minds, the anguiſh of being inſulted by men hardened beyond the ſenſe of ſhame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being waſted, under pretence of juſtice, are excellently aggravated in the following ſpeech of Pierre to Jaffier:

*I paſs'd this very moment by thy doors,*
*And found them guarded by a troop of villains:*
*The ſons of public rapine were deſtroying.*
*They told me, by the ſentence of the law,*
*They had commiſſion to ſeize all thy fortune:*
*Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had ſign'd it.*
*Here ſtood a ruffian with a horrid face,*
*Lording it o'er a pile of maſſy plate,*
*Tumbled into a heap for public ſale.*
*There was another making villanous jeſts*
*At thy undoing; He had ta'en poſſeſſion*
*Of all thy ancient moſt domeſtic ornaments:*
*Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold;*
*The very bed, which on thy wedding-night*
*Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,*
*The ſcene of all thy joys, was violated*
*By the coarſe hands of filthy dungeon villains,*
*And thrown amongſt the common lumber.*

NOTHING indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour or error, is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessaries of life, his pretence to food itself at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, discharge themselves of their obligations to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor, and there are who would rather recover their own by the downfal of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others: and the wisdom, oeconomy, good sense and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough after the discharge of his creditors to bear also the expence of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labour was transferred from him. This man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and con-

ditions his goods are to be purchaſed, and all this uſually done, not with an air of truſtees to diſpoſe of his effects, but deſtroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

THERE is ſomething ſacred in miſery to great and good minds; for this reaſon all wiſe lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let looſe even the man who has right on his ſide, to act with any mixture of reſentment againſt the defendant. Virtuous and modeſt men, though they be uſed with ſome artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themſelves, are ſlow in the application of that power, and are ever conſtrained to go into rigorous meaſures. They are careful to demonſtrate themſelves not only perſons injured, but alſo that to bear it longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and conſider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to ſay to their own ſouls, if poſſible, That they were merciful when they could have deſtroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have ſpared a man, they deſtroyed. This is a due to the common calamity of human life, due in ſome meaſure to our very enemies. They who ſcruple doing the leaſt injury, are cautious of exacting the utmoſt juſtice.

LET any one who is converſant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taſte of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural diſreliſh of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himſelf in all his actions, and has no ſenſe of iniquity but from the puniſhment which ſhall attend it. The law of the land is his goſpel, and all his caſes of conſcience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miſerable man, that riches are the inſtruments of

ferving the purpofes of heaven or hell, according to the difpofition of the poffeffor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and choofe to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for fuch who are infenfible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themfelves, thefe men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, aud able by his countenance to retrieve his loft condition.

*SIR,*

'IT is in vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the beft advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or fay, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but I hope not with you: you have been a great inftrument in helping me to get what I have loft, and I know (for that reafon, as well as kindnefs to me) you cannot but be in pain to fee me undone. To fhew you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, tho' a poor man, lay afide the diftinction between us, and talk with the franknefs we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I defire of you, is, that you, who are courted by all, would fmile upon me, who am fhunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldnefs and indifference that is ufed towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindnefs for me for my own fake, and the reft of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in

'riches,

'riches, as well as a deſtructive one in poverty; 'The rich can make rich without parting with any 'of their ſtore, and the converſation of the poor 'makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of 'them. How this is to be accounted for I know 'not; but mens eſtimation follows us according to 'the company we keep. If you are what you were 'to me, you can go a great way towards my reco- 'very; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it 'returns, will return by ſlower approaches.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your affectionate friend,*

*and humble ſervant.*

THIS was anſwered with a condeſcenſion that not, by long impertinent profeſſions of kindneſs, inſult his diſtreſs, but was as follows:

DEAR TOM,

"I AM very glad to hear that you have heart e- "nough to begin the world a ſecond time. I "aſſure you, I do not think your numerous family "at all diminiſhed (in the gifts of nature for which I "have ever ſo much admired them) by what has "ſo lately happened to you. I ſhall not only coun- "tenance your affairs with my appearance for you, "but ſhall accommodate you with a conſiderable "ſum at common intereſt for three years. You "know I could make more of it; but I have ſo "great a love for you, that I can wave opportuni- "ties of gain to help you; for I do not care whe- "ther they ſay of me after I am dead, that I had "an hundred or fifty thouſand pounds more than "I wanted when I was living.

T

*Your obliged humble ſervant.*

Thurſday,

## No. 457. *Thursday, August* 14.

———*Multa et praeclara minantis.*

Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 9.

*Seeming to promise something wond'rous great.*

I SHALL this day lay before my reader a letter, written by the same hand with that of last Friday, which contained proposals for a printed news-paper, that should take in the whole circle of the penny-post.

*SIR,*

THE kind reception you gave my last Friday's letter, in which I broached my project of a news-paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you must know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the Lowndes of the learned world, and cannot think any scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raise by it is on our own funds, and for our private use.

I HAVE often thought that a *News-letter of Whispers*, written every post, and sent about the kingdom, after the same manner as that of Mr Dyer, Mr Dawkes, or any other epistolary historian, might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By whispers I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private history, and in the next place, as they have always in them a dash of scandal. These are the two chief qualifications in an article of news, which recommend it, in a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. Sickness of persons

in high poſts, twilight viſits paid and received by miniſters of ſtate, clandeſtine courtſhips and marriages, ſecret amours, loſſes at play, applications for places, with their reſpective ſucceſſes or repulſes, are the materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two perſons, that are each of them the representative of a ſpecies, who are to furniſh me with thoſe whiſpers which I intend to convey to my correſpondents. The firſt of theſe is Peter Huſh, deſcended from the ancient family of the Huſhes. The other is the old Lady Blaſt, who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities of London and Weſtminſter. Peter Huſh has a whiſpering hole in moſt of the great coffee-houſes about town. If you are alone with him in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, and ſpeaks in your ear. I have ſeen Peter ſeat himſelf in a company of ſeven or eight perſons, whom he never ſaw before in his life; and after having looked about to ſee there was no one that over-heard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the ſeal of ſecrecy, the death of a great man in the country, who was perhaps a fox-hunting the very moment this account was given of him. If upon your entering into a coffee-houſe you ſee a circle of heads bending over the table, and lying cloſe by one another, it is ten to one but my friend Peter is among them. I have known Peter publiſhing the whiſper of the day by eight of the clock in the morning at Garraway's, by twelve at Will's, and before two at the Smyrna. When Peter has thus effectually lanched a ſecret, I have been very well pleaſed to hear people whiſpering it to one another at ſecond hand, and ſpreading it about as their own; for you muſt know, Sir, the great incentive to whiſpering is the ambition which every one has of being thought in the ſecret, and being looked upon as a man who has acceſs to greater people than one would imagine. After having given you this account of Peter Huſh,

I pro-

I proceed to that virtuous lady, the old lady Blaſt, who is to communicate to me the private tranſactions of the crimp table, with all the arcana of the fair ſex. The lady Blaſt, you muſt underſtand, has ſuch a particular malignity in her whiſper, that it blights like an eaſterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular knack at making private weddings, and laſt winter married above five women of quality to their footmen. Her whiſper can make an innocent young woman big with child, or fill on healthful young fellow with diſtempers that are not to be named. She can turn a viſit into an intrigue, and a diſtant ſalute into an aſſignation. She can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In ſhort, ſhe can whiſper men baſe or fooliſh, jealous or ill-natured, or if occaſion requires, can tell you the ſlips of their great grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honeſt coachmen that have been in their graves above theſe hundred years. By theſe and the like helps, I queſtion not but I ſhall furniſh out a very handſom news-letter. If you approve my project, I ſhall begin to whiſper by the very next poſt, and queſtion not but every one of my cuſtomers will be very well pleaſed with me, when he conſiders that every piece of news I ſend him is a word in his ear, and lets him into a ſecret.

HAVING given you a ſketch of this project, I ſhall in the next place, ſuggeſt to you another for a monthly pamphlet, which I ſhall likewiſe ſubmit to your ſpectatorial wiſdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are ſeveral authors in France, Germany, and Holland, as well as in our own country, who publiſh every month, what they call *An account of the works of the learned*, in which they give us an abſtract of all ſuch books as are printed in any part of Europe. Now, Sir, it is my deſign to publiſh every month, *An account of the works of the unlearned*. Several late productions of my own countrymen, who many

many of them make a very eminent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I may, in this work, possibly make a review of several pieces which have appeared in the foreign accounts above-mentioned, though they ought not to have been taken notice of in works which bear such a title. I may, likewise, take into consideration such pieces as appear, from time to time, under the names of those gentlemen who compliment one another in public assemblies, by the title of the *Learned gentlemen.* Our party-authors will also afford me a great variety of subjects, not to mention editors, commentators, and others, who are often men of no learning, or what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the pains and application that so useful a work deserves.

*I am ever,*

C *Most worthy Sir,* &c.

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## No. 458. *Friday, August* 15.

"Αἰδὼς οὐκ ἀγαθὴ—— Hes.

——*Pudor malus*—— Hor.

*False modesty.*

I COULD not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated

ed him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that *the person has had but an ill education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.* This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

NOTHING is more admirable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

WE may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example?

NOR does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such

as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, becaufe he would not venture his money in a game at dice: *I confefs*, faid he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.* On the contrary, a man of vicious modefty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look fingular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himfelf go to every action or difcourfe, however unjuftifiable in itfelf, fo it be in vogue among the prefent party. This, though one of the moft common, is one of the moft ridiculous difpofitions in human nature, that men fhould not be afhamed of fpeaking or acting in a diffolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company fhould be afhamed of governing himfelf by the principles of reafon and virtue.

IN the fecond place, we are to confider falfe modefty, as it reftrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will fuggeft to him many inftances and examples under this head. I fhall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a fecret concern. We have in England a particular bafhfulnefs in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any ferious fentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himfelf in countenance among the men of mode. Our excefs of modefty makes us fhamefaced in all the exercifes of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; infomuch, that at many well-bred tables, the mafter of the houfe is fo very modeft a man, that he has not the confidence to fay grace at his own table: a cuftom which is not only practifed by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themfelves. Englifh gentlemen who travel into Roman catholic countries, are not a little furprifed to meet with people of the beft quality kneeling in their churches,

and

and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worſhip. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleaſure in thoſe countries, would be afraid of paſſing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, ſhould he be ſeen to go to bed, or ſit down at table, without offering up his devotions on ſuch occaſions. The ſame ſhow of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters ſo much in to their ordinary converſation, that an Engliſhman is apt to term them hypocritical and preciſe.

THIS little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in ſome meaſure from that modeſty which is natural to us; but the great occaſion of it is certainly this. Thoſe ſwarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocriſy ſo high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthuſiaſm; inſomuch that upon the Reſtoration men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of thoſe perſons who had made religion a cloke to ſo many villanies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical; and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flouriſhed in that reign, and attacked every thing that was ſerious, it has ever ſince been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modeſty which has in ſome meaſure worn out from among us the appearance of Chriſtianity in ordinary life and converſation, and which diſtinguiſhes us from all our neighbours.

HYPOCRISY cannot indeed be too much deteſted, but at the ſame time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally deſtructive to the perſon who is poſſeſſed with them; but in regard to others, hypocriſy is not ſo pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be obſerved is to be ſincerely virtuous, and at the ſame time to let the

world ſee we are ſo. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced againſt thoſe who have this perverted modeſty, to be aſhamed before men in a particular of ſuch unſpeakable importance. C

## No. 459. *Saturday, Auguſt* 16.

——*Quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt.*

Hor. Ep. 4. l. 1. v. 5.

——*What befits the wiſe and good.* Creech.

RELIGION may be conſidered under two general heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practiſe, I mean all thoſe duties to which we are directed by reaſon or natural religion. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of faith, the ſecond by that of morality.

IF we look into the more ſerious part of mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build ſo much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the ſubject of this day's paper.

NOTWITHSTANDING this general diviſion of Chriſtian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the firſt has the pre-eminence in ſeveral reſpects.

*Firſt,*

*First*, BECAUSE the greateſt part of morality, as I have ſtated the notion of it, is of a fixt eternal nature, and will endure when faith ſhall fail, and be loſt in conviction.

*Secondly*, BECAUSE a perſon may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

*Thirdly*, BECAUSE morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the paſſions, and advancing the happineſs of every man in his private capacity.

*Fourthly*, BECAUSE the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in thoſe of faith.

*Fifthly*, BECAUSE infidelity is not of ſo malignant a nature as immorality; or to put the ſame reaſon in another light, becauſe it is generally owned, there may be ſalvation for a virtuous infidel, (particularly in the caſe of invincible ignorance) but none for a vicious believer.

*Sixthly*, BECAUSE faith ſeems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we ſhall ſee more at large, if we conſider wherein conſiſts the excellency of faith, and the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

*First*, in explaining, and carrying to greater heights, ſeveral points of morality.

*Secondly*, IN furniſhing new and ſtronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

*Thirdly*, IN giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer ſtate of ourſelves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileneſs of our nature.

*Fourthly*, BY ſhewing us the blackneſs and deformity of vice, which in the Chriſtian ſyſtem is ſo very great, that he who is poſſeſſed of all perfection and

the sovereign judge of it, is represented by several of our divines as hating sin to the same degree that he loves the Sacred Person who has made the propitiation of it.

*Fifthly*, IN being the ordinary and prescribed method of making morality effectual to salvation.

I HAVE only touched on these several heads, which every one who is conversant in discourses of this nature will easily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian faith.

BESIDES this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

*First*, THAT we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

*Secondly*, THAT no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

*Thirdly*, THAT the greatest friend of morality, or natural religion, cannot possibly apprehend any danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

THERE is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this, that we should in all dubious points, consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them.

FOR example, in that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience sake, besides the imbittering

their

their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and insnaring them to profess what they do not believe; we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure when I see such dreadful consequences rising from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

IN this case the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident; the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for shewing itself by such cruel instances. But, to conclude with the words of an excellent author. *We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.* C

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## No. 460. *Monday, August* 18.

*Decipimur specie recti—* Hor. Ars Poet. v. 25.

*Deluded by a seeming excellence.* ROSCOMMON.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in: and indeed there is something so amusing

amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its inchantments, and called it, *The paradise of fools*.

PERHAPS the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

METHOUGHT I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed Error, and popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in sorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming air, went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to popular Opinion, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

WHEN we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing; she breathed odours as she spoke: she seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: and it was observable, that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves for their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

AT last we approached a bower, at the entrance

of which Error was feated. The trees were thick-woven, and the place where he fat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was difguifed in a whitifh robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer refemblance to Truth; and as fhe has a light whereby fhe manifefts the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, fo he had provided himfelf with a magical wand, that he might do fomething in imitation of it, and pleafe with delufions. This he lifted folemnly, and muttering to himfelf, bid the glories which he kept under inchantment to appear before us. Immediately we caft our eyes on that part of the fky to which he pointed, and obferved a thin blue profpect, which cleared as mountains in a fummer morning when the mifts go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to fight.

THE foundation hardly feemed a foundation, but a fet of curling clouds, which it ftood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we afcended was painted like a rain-bow; and as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the fenfes. The walls were gilded all for fhow; the loweft fet of pillars were of the flight fine Corinthian order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore fo far the refemblance of a bubble.

AT the gate, the traveller neither met with a porter, nor waited till one fhould appear; every one thought his merit a fufficient paffport, and preffed forward. In the hall we met with feveral phantoms, that roved amongft us, and ranged the company according to their fentiments. There was decreafing Honour, that had nothing to fhew in but an old coat of his anceftors atchievements: there was Oftentation, that made himfelf his own conftant fubject, and Gallantry ftrutting upon his tiptoes. At the upper end of the hall ftood a throne, whofe canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavifh on it; and between the gilded arms fat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknow-

acknowleged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who ſtood beſide her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a caſt inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made uſe of for Conqueſt, were borrowed from thoſe againſt whom he had a deſign. The arrow which he ſhot at the ſoldier, was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed againſt the man of wit, was winged from the quills he wrote with; and that which he ſent againſt thoſe who preſumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treaſuries: he made nets for ſtateſmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightening from the tongues of the eloquent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne ſat three falſe graces; Flattery with a ſhell of paint, Affectation with a mirrour to practiſe at, and Faſhion ever changing the poſture of her clothes. Theſe applied themſelves to ſecure the conqueſts which Self-Conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular politics. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things, Affectation new airs and appearances, which, as ſhe ſaid, were not vulgar, and Faſhion both concealed ſome home defects, and added ſome foreign external beauties.

AS I was reflecting upon what I ſaw, I heard a voice in the croud, bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-Conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courſes of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. Theſe expreſſions were no ſooner handed about, but I immediately ſaw a general diſorder, till at laſt there was a parting in one place; and a grave old man, decent and reſolute, was led forward to be puniſhed for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to

have

have ſpoken in his own defence; but I could not obſerve that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity caſt a ſcornful ſmile at him; Self-Conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-Dealing, put on a vizard, and turned away; Affectation toſſed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Faſhion would have it, that at leaſt he muſt be Ill-Manners. Thus ſlighted and deſpiſed by all, he was driven out for abuſing people of merit and figure; and I heard it firmly reſolved, that he ſhould be uſed no better where-ever they met with him hereafter.

I HAD already ſeen the meaning of moſt part of that warning which he had given, and was conſidering how the latter words ſhould be fulfilled, when a mighty noiſe was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crouding in upon us. Folly and Broken Credit were ſeen in the houſe before they entered. Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn, and Poverty brought up the rear. Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, diſappeared; her ſubjects ran into holes and corners; but many of them were found and carried off, as I was told by one who ſtood near me, either to priſons or cellars, ſolitude, or little company, the mean arts or the viler crafts of life. But theſe, added he with a diſdainful air, are ſuch who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the luſtre of the place nor their riches its expences. We have ſeen ſuch ſcenes as theſe before now; the glory you ſaw will all return when the hurry is over. I thanked him for his information, and believing him ſo incorrigible as that he would ſtay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook ſome few, who though they would not hearken to plain-dealing, were now terrified to good purpoſe by the example of others: But when they had touched the threſhold, it was a ſtrange ſhock to them to find that the deluſion of Error was gone, and they plainly

diſcerned

diſcerned the building to hang a little up in the air without any real foundation. At firſt we ſaw nothing but a deſperate leap remained for us, and I a thouſand times blamed my unmeaning curioſity that had brought me into ſo much danger. But as they began to ſink lower in their own minds, methought the palace ſunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of eſteem which they ought to have for themſelves; then the part of the building in in which they ſtood touched the earth, and we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who ſtayed in the palace were ſenſible of this deſcent, I cannot tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it, and has given me occaſion all my life to reflect upon the fatal conſequences of following the ſuggeſtions of Vanity.

Mr Spectator,

'I WRITE to you to deſire, that you would again touch upon a certain enormity, which is 'chiefly in uſe among the politer and better-bred 'part of mankind; I mean the ceremonies, bows, 'curtſies, whiſperings, ſmiles, winks, nods, with 'other familiar arts of ſalutation, which take up in 'our churches ſo much time, that might be better 'employed, and which ſeem ſo utterly inconſiſtent 'with the duty and true intent of our entering into 'thoſe religious aſſemblies. The reſemblance which 'this bears to our indeed proper behaviour in theatres, may be ſome inſtance of its incongruity in 'the above-mentioned places. In Roman-catholic 'churches and chapels abroad, I myſelf have obſerved, more than once, perſons of the firſt quality, of the neareſt relation, and intimateſt acquaintance, paſſing by one another unknowing as it were, 'and unknown, and with ſo little notices of each other, that it looked like having their minds more

suitably

'ſuitably and more ſolemnly engaged; at leaſt it was an acknowledgment that they ought to have been ſo. I have been told the ſame even of the Mahometans, with relation to the propriety of their demeanour and the conventions of their erroneous worſhip: And I cannot but think either of them ſufficient and laudable patterns for our imitation in this particular.

'I CANNOT help upon this occaſion remarking on the excellent memories of thoſe devotioniſts, who, upon returning from church, ſhall give a particular account how two or three hundred people were dreſſed; a thing, by reaſon of its variety, ſo difficult to be digeſted and fixed in the head, that it is a miracle to me how two poor hours of divine ſervice can be time ſufficient for ſo elaborate an undertaking, the duty of the place too being jointly, and, no doubt, oft pathetically performed along with it. Where it is ſaid in ſacred writ, that *the woman ought to have a covering on her head becauſe of the angels*, that laſt word is by ſome thought to be metaphorically uſed, and to ſignify young men. Allowing this interpretation to be right, the text may not appear to be wholly foreign to our preſent purpoſe.

'WHEN you are in a diſpoſition proper for writing on ſuch a ſubject, I earneſtly recommend this to you, and am,

*SIR,*

T *Your very humble ſervant,*

## No. 461. *Tuesday, August* 19.

*—Sed non ego credulus illis.* Virg. Ecl. 9. v. 34.

*But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise.* Dryden.

FOR want of time to substitute something else in the room of them, I am at present obliged to publish compliments above my desert in the following letters. It is no small satisfaction, to have given occasion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts upon sacred subjects from the approbation of such pieces of poetry as they have seen in my Saturday's papers. I shall never publish verse on that day but what is written by the same hand; yet I shall not accompany those writings with eulogiums, but leave them to speak for themselves.

### FOR THE SPECTATOR.

MR SPECTATOR,

'YOU very much promote the interests of virtue while you reform the taste of a profane age, and persuade us to be entertained with divine poems, while we are distinguished by so many thousand humours, and split into so many different sects and parties; yet persons of every party, sect, and humour, are fond of conforming their taste to yours. You can transfuse your own relish of a poem into all your readers, according to their capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious passion that reigns in the verse, we seem to feel the devotion, and grow proud and pleased inwardly, that we have souls capable of relishing what the SPECTATOR approves.

'UPON reading the hymns that you have pub-
'lifhed in fome late papers, I had a mind to try yef-
'terday whether I could write one. The 114th
'Pfalm appears to me an admirable ode, and I be-
'gan to turn it into our language. As I was de-
'fcribing the journey of Ifrael from Egypt, and ad-
'ded the divine prefence amongft them, I perceived a
'beauty in this Pfalm which was entirely new to
'me, and which I was going to lofe; and that is,
'that the poet utterly conceals the prefence of God
'in the beginning of it, and rather lets a poffeffive
'pronoun go without a fubftantive, than he will fo
'much as mention any thing of divinity there. *Ju-
'dah was his fanctuary, and Ifrael his dominion or
'kingdom.* The reafon now feems evident, and this
'conduct neceffary; for if God had appeared be-
'fore, there could be no wonder why the mountains
'fhould leap and the fea retire; therefore that this
'convulfion of nature may be brought in with due
'furprife, his name is not mentioned till afterward,
'and then with a very agreeable turn of thought,
'God is introduced at once in all his majefty. This
'is what I have attempted to imitate in a tranflation
'without paraphrafe, and to preferve what I could
'of the fpirit of the facred author.

'IF the following effay be not too incorrigible,
'beftow upon it a few brightnings from your genius,
'that I may learn how to write better, or to write
'no more.

*Your daily admirer and humble fervant,* &c.

## PSALM CXIV.

I.

When Ifrael, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with chearful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne,

II.

Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled
With backward current to their head.

III.

The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

IV.

What Pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright, that Sinai feels.

V.

Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

IV.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess their Lord.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THERE are those who take the advantage of 'your putting an halfpenny value upon your- 'self above the rest of our daily writers, do defame 'you in public conversation, and strive to make you 'unpopular upon the account of this said halfpenny. 'But if I were you, I would insist upon that [illegible] ac- 'knowledgment for the superior merit of your[illegible] as 'being a work of invention. Give me leave there- 'fore to do you justice, and say in your behalf, what

'you

'you cannot yourſelf, which is, That your writings 'have made learning a more neceſſary part of good-'breeding than it was before you appeared: that 'modeſty is become faſhionable, and impudence 'ſtands in need of ſome wit; ſince you have put 'them both in their proper lights. Profaneneſs, 'lewdneſs, and debauchery, are not new qualifica-'tions, and a man may be a very fine gentleman, 'though he is neither a keeper nor an infidel.

'I WOULD have you tell the town the ſtory of 'the Sibyls, if they deny giving you two-pence. 'Let them know, that thoſe ſacred papers were va-'lued at the ſame rate after two thirds of them were 'deſtroyed, as when there was the whole ſet. There 'are ſo many of us who will give you your own 'price, that you may acquaint your non-conformiſt 'readers, That they ſhall not have it, except they 'come in within ſuch a day, under three-pence. I 'do not know but you might bring in the *Date obo-'lum Belliſario* with a good grace. The witlings 'come in cluſters to two or three coffee-houſes which 'have left you off, and I hope you will make us, 'who fine to your wit, merry with their characters 'who ſtand out againſt it.

*I am your moſt humble ſervant.*

P. S. 'I have lately got the ingenious authors of 'blacking for ſhoes, powder for colouring the hair, 'pomatum for the hands, coſmetic for the face, to 'be your conſtant cuſtomers; ſo that your adver-'tiſements will as much adorn the outward man, as 'your paper does the inward. T

## No 462. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 26.

*Nil ego contulerim jocundo ſanus amico.*

Hor. Sat 5. l. 1. v. 44.

*Nothing ſo grateful as a pleaſant friend.*

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great force which pleaſantry in company has upon all thoſe with whom a man of that talent converſes. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintance, and a certain careleſſneſs that conſtantly attends all his actions, carries him on with greater ſucceſs, than diligence and aſſiduity does others who have no ſhare of this endowment. Dacinthus breaks his word upon all occaſions both trivial and important; and when he is ſufficiently railed at for that abominable quality, they who talk of him end with, *After all, he is a very pleaſant fellow.* Dacinthus is an ill-natured huſband, and yet the very women end their freedom of diſcourſe upon this ſubject, *But after all, he is very pleaſant company.* Dacinthus is neither in point of honour, civility, good-breeding, or good-nature, unexceptionable, and yet all is anſwered, *For he is a very pleaſant fellow.* When this quality is conſpicuous in a man who has, to accompany it, manly and virtuous ſentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give ſo pleaſing gratification as the gaiety of ſuch a perſon; but when it is alone, and ſerves only to gild a croud of ill qualities, there is no man ſo much to be avoided as your pleaſant fellow. A very pleaſant fellow ſhall turn your good name to a jeſt, make your character contemptible, debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the reſt of the world with welcome where-ever he appears. It is very ordinary with thoſe of this character to be attentive only to their

own ſatisfactions, and have very little bowels for the concerns or ſorrows of other men; nay, they are capable of purchaſing their own pleaſures at the expence of giving pain to others. But they who do not conſider this ſort of men thus carefully, are irreſiſtibly expoſed to their inſinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter ſo high, as to intimate that the liberties of England have been at the mercy of a prince merely as he was of this pleaſant character:

MR SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no one paſſion which all mankind ſo 'naturally give into as pride, nor any other 'paſſion which appears in ſuch different diſguiſes: it 'is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it 'not a queſtion, whether it does more harm or good 'in the world? And if there be not ſuch a thing as 'what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

'IT is this paſſion alone, when miſapplied, that 'lays us ſo open to flatterers; and he who can a'greeably condeſcend to ſoothe our humour or tem'per, finds always an open avenue to our ſoul; e'ſpecially if the flatterer happen to be our ſuperior.

'ONE might give many inſtances of this in a late 'Engliſh monarch, under the title of, *The gaieties 'of king Charles II.* This prince was by nature ex'tremely familiar, of very eaſy acceſs, and much 'delighted to ſee and be ſeen; and this happy tem'per, which in the higheſt degree gratified his peo'ples vanity, did him more ſervice with his loving 'ſubjects than all his other virtues, though it muſt 'be confeſſed he had many. He delighted, though 'a mighty king, to give and make a jeſt, as they 'ſay; and a prince of this fortunate diſpoſition, who 'were inclined to make an ill uſe of his power, may 'have any thing of his people, be it never ſo much 'to their prejudice. But this good king made ge-

'nerally

'nerally a very innocent use, as to the public, of 'this insnaring temper; for, it is well known, he 'pursued pleasure more than ambition: he seemed 'to glory in being the first man at cock-matches, 'horse-races, balls, and plays; he appeared highly 'delighted on those occasions, and never failed to 'warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. 'He more than once dined with his good citizens of 'London on their lord-mayor's day, and did so the 'year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Ro-'bert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow 'the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but 'what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour 'done him by his prince, and through the warmth 'he was in with continual toasting healths to the 'royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his 'majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altoge-'ther so graceful in so public a place. The king 'understood very well how to extricate himself on 'all kinds of difficulties, and with an hint to the 'company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made 'towards his coach, which stood ready for him in 'Guild-Hall yard: but the mayor liked his com-'pany so well, and was grown so intimate, that he 'pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the 'hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, '*Sir, you shall stay and take the other bottle.* The airy 'monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, 'and with a smile and graceful air, (for I saw him 'at the time and do now) repeated this line of the 'old song;

*He that is drunk is as great as a king.*

'and immediately turned back an[illegible]lied with 'his landlord.

'I GIVE you this story Mr SPECTAT[illegible], be-'cause, as I said, I saw the passage; and I assure 'you it is very true, and yet no common one; and

'when I tell you the ſequel, you will ſay I have yet 'a better reaſon for it. This very mayor afterwards 'erected a ſtatue of his merry monarch in Stocks-'Market, and did the crown many and great ſer-'vices; and it was owing to this humour of the 'king, that his family had ſo great a fortune ſhut 'up in the exchequer of their pleaſant ſovereign. 'The many good-natured condeſcentions of this 'prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently 'ſaid of him by a great hand which wrote his cha-'racter, *That he was not a king a quarter of an hour 'together in his whole reign.* He would receive viſits 'even from fools and half mad-men, and at times I 'have met with people who have boxed, fought at 'back-ſword, and taken poiſon before king Charles II. 'In a word, he was ſo pleaſant a man, that no one 'could be ſorrowful under his government. This 'made him capable of baffling, with the greateſt 'eaſe imaginable, all ſuggeſtions of jealouſy, and 'the people could not entertain notions of any thing 'terrible in him, whom they ſaw every way agree-'able. This ſcrap of the familiar part of that prin-'ce's hiſtory I thought fit to ſend you, in compli-'ance to the requeſt you lately made to your corre-'ſpondents.

*I am, SIR,*

T *Your moſt humble Servant.*

*Thurſday,*

## No. 463. *Thurſday, Auguſt 21.*

*Omnia quae ſenſu volvuntur vota diurno,*
*Pectore ſopito reddit amica quies.*
*Venator defeſſa toro cum membra reponit,*
*Mens tamen ad ſylvas et ſua luſtra redit:*
*Judicibus lites, aurigis ſomnia currus,*
*Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.*
*Me quoque muſarum ſtudium ſub nocte ſilenti*
*Artibus aſſuetis ſollicitare ſolet.* Claud.

*In ſleep, when Fancy is let looſe to play,*
*Our dreams repeat the wiſhes of the day.*
*Tho' farther toil his tired limbs refuſe,*
*The dreaming hunter ſtill the chace purſues.*
*The judge a-bed diſpenſes ſtill the laws,*
*And ſleeps again o'er the unfiniſh'd cauſe.*
*The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,*
*Smacks the vain whip, and ſhuns the fancy'd goal.*
*Me too the Muſes, in the ſilent night,*
*With wonted chimes of gingling verſe delight.*

I WAS lately entertaining myſelf with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is repreſented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a paſſage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then conſidered how the ſame way of thinking prevailed in the eaſtern parts of the world, as in thoſe noble paſſages of ſcripture, wherein we are told, that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been weighed in the balance, and been found wanting. In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is deſcribed as weighing the mountains in ſcales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds; and in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton,

as I have obſerved in a former paper, had an eye to ſeveral of theſe foregoing inſtances in that beautiful deſcription wherein he repreſents the arch angel and the evil ſpirit as addreſſing themſelves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens and weighed the conſequences of ſuch a battle.

*Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,*
*Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen*
*Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,*
*Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,*
*The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air*
*In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,*
*Battles and realms; in theſe he put two weights,*
*The ſequel each of parting and of fight;*
*The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:*
*Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the fiend:*

*SATAN, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine,*
*Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then*
*To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more*
*Than heav'n permits; nor mine, though doubled now*
*To trample thee as mire; for proof look up,*
*And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,*
*Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhewn how light, how weak,*
*If thou reſiſt. The fiend look'd up, and knew*
*His mounted ſcale aloft; nor more; but fled*
*Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.*

THESE ſeveral amuſing thoughts having taken poſſeſſion of my mind ſome time before I went to ſleep, and mingling themſelves with my ordinary ideas, raiſed in my imagination a very odd kind of viſion. I was, methought, replaced in my ſtudy, and ſeated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing ſpeculations, with my lamp burning by me, as uſual. Whilſt I was here meditating

ting on ſeveral ſubjects of morality, and conſidering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for thoſe diſcourſes with which I daily entertain the public; I ſaw, methought, a pair of golden ſcales hanging by a chain of the ſame metal over the table that ſtood before me; when on a ſudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each ſide of them. I found upon examining theſe weights, they ſhewed the value of every thing that is in eſteem among men. I made an eſſay of them, by putting the weight of wiſdom in one ſcale, and that of riches in another, upon which the latter, to ſhew its comparative lightneſs, immediately *flew up and kicked the beam.*

BUT, before I proceed, I muſt inform my reader, that theſe weights did not exert their natural gravity, 'till they were laid in the golden balance, inſomuch that I could not gueſs which was light or heavy, whilſt I held them in my hand. This I found by ſeveral inſtances; for upon my laying a weight in one of the ſcales, which was inſcribed by the word Eternity; though I threw in that of time, proſperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, intereſt, ſucceſs, with many other weights, which in my hand ſeemed very ponderous, they were not able to ſtir the oppoſite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though aſſiſted with the weight of the ſun, the ſtars and the earth.

UPON emptying the ſcales, I laid ſeveral titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and ſeeing a little glittering weight lye by me, I threw it accidentally into the other ſcale, when, to my great ſurpriſe, it proved ſo exact a counterpoiſe, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This light glittering weight was inſcribed upon the edges of it with the word Vanity. I found there were ſeveral other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoiſes to one another; a few of them I tried,

ed as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

THERE were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales: as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I OBSERVED one particular weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, *In the dialect of men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES*; on the other side was written, *In the language of the gods*, and underneath, *BLESSINGS*. I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined; for it overpowered health, wealth, good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

THERE is a saying among the Scots, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy; I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of natural parts, and that of learning. The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; for notwithstanding the latter out-weighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former, than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon shewed itself in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of stile, with innumerable other particulars too long to be mentioned in this paper.

AS a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. Afterwards I threw both the sexes into the balance; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word TEKEL engraven on it in capital letters.

I MADE many other experiments, and though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished, but resolved, for the future, to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passion towards them according to their real and intrinsic value. C

Friday,

## No. 464. *Friday, August 22.*

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem*
*Diligit, tutus caret absoleti*
*Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda*
*Sobrius aula.* Hor. Od. 10. l. 2. v. 5.

*The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell*
*Among the ruins of a filthy cell,*
*So is her modesty withal as great,*
*To baulk the envy of a princely seat.* NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis; *Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty;* or to give it in the verbal translation, *Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others who have their virtues concealed by poverty.* Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise-man: *There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now, there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.*

THE middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying

plying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our superfluities; and as Cowley has said in another case, *It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a triumph.*

IF we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty, quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity, and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which for the wisdom of it is recorded in holy writ: *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty, nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or least I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.*

I SHALL fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, tho', in some parts of it, it is like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of

Apollo

Apollo upon the ſubject. The oracle bids him follow the firſt man he ſhould ſee upon his going out of the temple. The perſon he chanced to ſee was to appearance an old ſordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at laſt found by his own confeſſion, that he was Plutus, the God of riches, and that he was juſt come out of the houſe of a miſer. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he uſed to declare, that as ſoon as he came to age he would diſtribute wealth to none but virtuous and juſt men; upon which Jupiter conſidering the pernicious conſequences of ſuch a reſolution, took his ſight away from him, and left him to ſtrole about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his houſe, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his gueſt for many years, and whoſe name was Poverty. The old woman refuſing to turn out ſo eaſily as he would have her, he threatened to baniſh her not only from his own houſe, but out of all Greece, if ſhe made any more words upon the matter. Poverty, on this occaſion, pleads her cauſe very notably, and repreſents to her old landlord, that ſhould ſhe be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and ſciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be ſupplied with thoſe pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life which made riches deſirable. She likewiſe repreſented to him the ſeveral advantages which ſhe beſtowed upon her votaries, in regard to their ſhape, their health, and their activity, by preſerving them from gouts, dropſies, unwieldineſs, and intemperance. But whatever ſhe had to ſay for herſelf, ſhe was at laſt forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately conſidered how he might reſtore Plutus to his ſight; and in order to it conveyed him to the temple of Æſculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity re-

covered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed by piety towards the gods, and juſtice towards men; and at the ſame time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeſerving. This produces ſeveral merry incidents, till in the laſt act Mercury deſcends with great complaints from the gods, that ſince the good men were grown rich they had received no ſacrifices, which is confirmed by a prieſt of Jupiter, who enters with a remonſtrance, that ſince the late innovation he was reduced to a ſtarving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a propoſal which was reliſhed by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himſelf, that they ſhould carry Plutus in a ſolemn proceſſion to the temple, and inſtal him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory inſtructed the Athenians in two points, firſt, as it vindicated the conduct of providence in its ordinary diſtributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it ſhewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of thoſe who poſſeſſed them. C

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## No. 465. *Saturday, Auguſt 23.*

*Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:*
*Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;*
*Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes.*

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 97.

*How thou may'ſt live, how ſpend thine age in peace;*
*Leſt avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine eaſe:*
*Or fears ſhould ſhake, or cares thy mind abuſe,*
*Or ardent hope for things of little uſe.*

CREECH.

HAVING endeavoured in my laſt Saturday's paper to ſhew the great excellency of faith, I ſhall here

have consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question in points of faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shews itself in new difficulties, and that generally for this reason, because the mind, which is perpetually tost in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an inquiry after truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives, without determining ourselves one way or other in those points which are of the last importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our assent; but in cases by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule therefore which I lay down is this, that when, by reading or discourse, we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it into question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or science, nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus, that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation in England, behaved

himself

himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the Protestants and Papists in the reign of queen Mary. This venerable old man knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed; and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the demonstration may have slipt out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in a readiness, those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

BUT, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation that *we are easy to believe what we wish.* It is very certain, that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the same time it is as certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

THERE

THERE is ſtill another method which is more perſuaſive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in conſtant acts of mental worſhip, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe but feels that there is a Deity. He has actual ſenſations of him; his experience concurs with his reaſon; he ſees him more and more in all his intercourſes with him, and even in this life almoſt loſes his faith in conviction.

THE laſt method which I ſhall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkneſs of the night, whatever deep impreſſions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vaniſh as ſoon as the day breaks about him. The light and noiſe of the day, which are perpetually ſolicitating his ſenſes, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themſelves in it, with ſo much ſtrength, during the ſilence and darkneſs of the night. A man finds the ſame difference as to himſelf in a croud and in a ſolitude: the mind is ſtunned and dazzled amidſt that variety of objects which preſs upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herſelf to the conſideration of thoſe things which are of the utmoſt concern to her. The cares or pleaſures of the world ſtrike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of juſtification to our folly. In our retirements every thing diſpoſes us to be ſerious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with thoſe of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reaſonable man, who ſees the impreſſions of divine power and wiſdom in every object on which he caſts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the beſt arguments for his own exiſtence, in the formation of the heavens and the

the earth, and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose, in that exalted strain: "The heavens declare the "glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his "handywork. One day telleth another: and one "night certifieth another. There is neither speech "nor language: but their voices are heard among "them. Their sound is gone out into all lands; "and their words into the ends of the world." As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, and shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found?
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine." C

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## No. 466. *Monday, Auguſt* 25.

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——*Vera inceſſu patuit dea.* Virg. Aen 1. v. 409.

*And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.*

Dryden.

WHEN Æneas, the hero of Virgil, is loſt in the wood, and a perfect ſtranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accoſted by a lady in an habit for the chace. She inquires of him, Whether he has ſeen paſs by that way any young woman dreſſed as ſhe was? whether ſhe were following the ſport in the wood, or any other way employed, according to the cuſtom of huntreſſes? The hero anſwers with the reſpect due to the beautiful appearance ſhe made; tells her, he ſaw no ſuch perſon as ſhe inquired for; but intimates that he knows her to be of the deities, and deſires ſhe would conduct a ſtranger. Her form, from her firſt appearance, manifeſted ſhe was more than mortal; but though ſhe was certainly a goddeſs, the poet does not make her known to be the goddeſs

of

of beauty till ſhe moved: all the charms of an agreeable perſon are then in their higheſt exertion, every limb and feature appears with its reſpective grace. It is from this obſervation, that I cannot help being ſo paſſionate an admirer as I am of good dancing. As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its higheſt excellence, and at a time when ſhe is moſt agreeable. The buſineſs of dancing is to diſplay beauty, and for that reaſon all diſtortions and mimicries, as ſuch, are what raiſe averſion inſtead of pleaſure: but things that are in themſelves excellent, are ever attended with impoſture and falſe imitation. Thus, as in poetry there are laborious fools who write anagrams and acroſtics, there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures ſhould be rewarded like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn thro' the eye of a needle, with a buſhel to keep his hand in uſe. The dancers on our ſtages are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themſelves into ſuch poſtures, as it would be a pain for any of the ſpectators to ſtand in, and yet hope to pleaſe thoſe ſpectators, as unintelligible. Mr Prince has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the dances he invents, you ſee he keeps cloſe to the characters he repreſents. He does not hope to pleaſe by making his performers move in a manner in which no one elſe ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he repreſents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumſy graces, that is, he makes them practiſe what they would think graces: and I have ſeen dances of his, which might give hints that would be uſeful to a comic writer. Theſe performances have pleaſed the taſte of ſuch as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, becauſe they are in nature; and the diſtorted motions of others have offended thoſe, who could not

form

form reasons to themselves for their displeasure, from their being a contradiction to nature.

WHEN one considers the inexpressible advantage there is in arriving at some excellence in this art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following letter has in it something very natural on this subject:

Mr Spectator,

'I AM a widower with but one daughter; she was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I catched her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-farthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school, and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before; and I could not have suffered more, had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the

'the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave 'her all the ſpirit ſhe aſſumed upon it, but ſhe roſe 'properly to that dignity of aſpect. My romp, now 'the moſt graceful perſon of her ſex, aſſumed a ma- 'jeſty which commanded the higheſt reſpect; and 'when ſhe turned to me, and ſaw my face in rap- 'ture, ſhe fell into the prettieſt ſmile, and I ſaw in 'all her motion that ſhe exulted in her father's ſa- 'tisfaction. You, Mr SPECTATOR, will, better than 'I can tell you, imagine to yourſelf all the different 'beauties and changes of aſpect in an accompliſhed 'young woman, ſetting forth all her beauties with 'a deſign to pleaſe no one ſo much as her father. 'My girl's lover can never know half the ſatisfaction 'that I did in her that day. I could not poſſibly 'have imagined, that ſo great improvement could 'have been wrought by an art that I always held 'in itſelf ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I 'am convinced, no method like this, to give young 'women a ſenſe of their own value and dignity; 'and I am ſure there can be none ſo expeditious to 'communicate that value to others. As for the 'flippant inſipidly gay and wantonly forward, whom 'you behold among dancers, that carriage is more 'to be attributed to the perverſe genius of the per- 'formers, than imputed to the art itſelf. For my 'part, my child has danced herſelf into my eſteem, 'and I have as great an honour for her as ever I 'had for her mother, from whom ſhe derived thoſe 'latent good qualities which appeared in her coun- 'tenance when ſhe was dancing; for my girl, tho' 'I ſay it myſelf, ſhewed in one quarter of an hour 'the innate principles of a modeſt virgin, a tender 'wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an 'indulgent miſtreſs. I will ſtrain hard but I will 'purchaſe for her an huſband ſuitable to her merit. 'I am your convert in the admiration of what I 'thought you jeſted when you recommended; and 'if you pleaſe to be at my houſe on Thurſday next,

'I make

'I make a ball for my daughter, and you ſhall ſee 'her dance, or, if you will do her that honour, 'dance with her.

*I am, SIR, Your moſt humble ſervant,*

PHILIPATER.

I HAVE ſome time ago ſpoken of a treatiſe written by Mr Weaver on this ſubject, which is now, I underſtand, ready to be publiſhed. This work ſets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of implanting inſenſibly in minds, not capable of receiving it ſo well by any other rules, a ſenſe of good-breeding and virtue.

WERE any one to ſee Mariamne dance, let him be never ſo ſenſual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the higheſt reſpect and eſteem towards her. I was ſhewed laſt week a picture in a lady's cloſet, for which ſhe had an hundred different dreſſes, that ſhe could clap on round the face, on purpoſe to demonſtrate the force of habits in the diverſity of the ſame countenance. Motion, and change of poſture and aſpect, has an effect no leſs ſurpriſing on the perſon of Mariamne when ſhe dances.

CHLOE is extremely pretty, and as ſilly as ſhe is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a moſt agreeable ſhape; but the folly of the thing is ſuch, that it ſmiles ſo impertinently, and affects to pleaſe ſo ſillily, that while ſhe dances you ſee the ſimpleton from head to foot. For you muſt know, as trivial as this art is thought to be, no one ever was a good dancer, that had not a good underſtanding. If this be a truth, I ſhall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what eſteem they ought to have for ſuch impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads, and in a word, play a thouſand pranks which many animals can do

better than a man, inſtead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

IT may perhaps appear odd, that I, who ſet up for a mighty lover, at leaſt, of virtue, ſhould take ſo much pains to recommend what the ſoberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but under favour of the ſoberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough conſidered this matter, and for that reaſon only diſeſteem it. I muſt alſo, in my own juſtification, ſay that I attempt to bring into the ſervice of honour and virtue every thing in nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may poſſibly be proved, that vice is in itſelf deſtructive of pleaſure, and virtue in itſelf conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to ſupport it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a ſtrict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the higheſt ſentiment of the ſoul, to the moſt indifferent geſture of the body. T

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## No. 467. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 26.

*——Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere Camœnæ,*
*Seu tibi par poterunt; ſeu, quod ſpes abnuit, ultra;*
*Sive minus; certeque canent minus: Omne vovemus*
*Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.*

Tibull. ad Meſſalam, Eleg. 1. l. 4. v. 24.

*Whate'er my Muſe advent'rous dares indite,*
*Whether the niceneſs of thy piercing ſight*
*Applaud my lays, or cenſure what I write;*
*To thee I ſing, and hope to borrow fame,*
*By adding to my page Meſſala's name.*

THE love of praiſe is a paſſion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary perſon, and thoſe who

who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that particle of the divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being itself is most pleased with praise and thanksgiving; the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilst this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. It was an excellent observation, That we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it: and we have still extant two orations of Tully and Pliny, spoken to the greatest and best princes of all the Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greatest satisfaction, what even the most disinterested persons, and at so large a distance of time, cannot read without admiration. Cæsar thought his life consisted in the breadth of praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself when he had for his glory. Others have sacrificed themselves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: but by merit and superior excellencies not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal reputation, is the last degree of happiness which we can hope for here. Bad characters are dispersed abroad with profusion, I hope for example sake, and (as punishments are designed by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent, than the chastising the guilty. The good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that, through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for variety, sometimes to give the world a representation of the bright side of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy: the desire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the aversion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one imme-

immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shews you what you should avoid: and I cannot at present do this with more satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some justice to the character of Manilius.

IT would far exceed my present design, to give a particular description of Manilius through all the parts of his excellent life: I shall now only draw him in his retirement, and pass over in silence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undesigning honesty, by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the ease he does enjoy. It is here that he looks back with pleasure on the waves and billows through which he has steered to so fair an haven; he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and use of mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestic employments he is no less glorious than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive life, than in one that is spent in hurry and business; persons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the swiftness of their motion have a brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at rest; but if it then still remain, it must be the seeds of intrinsic worth that thus shine out without any foreign air or assistance.

HIS liberality in another might almost bear the name of Profusion; he seems to think it laudable even in the excess, like that river, which most enriches when it overflows: but Manilius has too perfect a taste of the pleasure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reason, he will have a just œconomy, and a splendid frugality at home, the fountain from whence those streams should flow, which he disperses abroad. He looks with disdain on those who propose their death as the time when they are to begin their munificence; he will both see

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and enjoy (which he then does in the higheſt degree) what he beſtows himſelf; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilſt they who have the happineſs to be within his care and patronage, at once pray for the continuation of his life, and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raiſe himſelf to a level with thoſe of the higheſt rank; and his good-nature is a ſufficient warrant againſt the want of thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to be in the very loweſt. One may ſay of him, as Pindar bids his muſe ſay of Theron;

‘ Swear, that Theron ſure has ſworn,
‘ No one near him ſhould be poor.
‘ Swear, that none e'er had ſuch a graceful art,
‘ Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
‘ With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded
‘ heart.

NEVER did Atticus ſucceed better in gaining the univerſal love and eſteem of all men; nor ſteer with more ſucceſs betwixt the extremes of two contending parties. It is his peculiar happineſs, that while he eſpouſes neither with an intemperate zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unuſual felicity, he is beloved and careſſed by both; and I never yet ſaw any perſon of whatever age or ſex, but was immediately ſtruck with the merit of Manilius. There are many who are acceptable to ſome particular perſons, whilſt the reſt of mankind look upon them with coldneſs and indifference; but he is the firſt whoſe entire good fortune it is ever to pleaſe and to be pleaſed, where-ever he comes to be admired, and where ever he is abſent to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of Raphael, which are either ſeen with admiration by all, or at leaſt no one dare own he has no taſte for a compoſition which has received ſo univerſal an applauſe. Envy and malice

malice find it againſt their intereſt to indulge ſlander and obloquy. It is as hard for an enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to his praiſe. An attempt upon his reputation is a ſure leſſening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is to refuſe him his juſt commendations, and be obſtinately ſilent.

IT is below him to catch the ſight with any care of dreſs: his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind, it is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit, and that he gives a luſtre to the plaineſt dreſs, whilſt it is impoſſible that the richeſt ſhould communicate any to him. He is ſtill the principal figure in the room: he firſt engages your eye, as if there were ſome point of light which ſhone ſtronger upon him than on any other perſon.

HE puts me in mind of a ſtory of the famous Buſſy d'Amboiſe, who at an aſſembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmoſt magnificence, relying upon his own ſuperior behaviour, inſtead of adorning himſelf like the reſt, put on that day a plain ſuit of clothes, and dreſſed all his ſervants in the moſt coſtly gay habits he could procure: the event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him, all the reſt looked like his attendants, whilſt he alone had the air of a perſon of quality and diſtinction.

LIKE Ariſtippus, whatever ſhape or condition he appears in, it ſtill ſits free and eaſy upon him; but in ſome part of his character, it is true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeneſs of his preſent circumſtances, the rectitude of his judgment has ſo far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himſelf with either the deſires or purſuits of any thing beyond his preſent enjoyments.

A THOUSAND obliging things flow from him

upon

upon every occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it were the demon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent commendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger of intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the expence of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good-humour; but, by a happy mixture in his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect, whilst he gains your heart.

THERE is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher passions, which, where-ever they find place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward demeanour of the persons they belong to; but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand, and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, where-ever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failling to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend. Z

## No. 468. Wednesday, August 27.

*Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.* Plin. Epist.

*He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good humour.*

MY paper is in a kind a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompence, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to shew the town his great capacity for acting in its full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion.—He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could shew you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company: then he would

would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which croud into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell one about him. Hamlet holding up the skull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion,

'ALAS, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a 'fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he 'hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and 'now how abhorred in my imagination it is, my gorge 'rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have 'kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes 'now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of 'merriment, that were wont to set the table on a 'roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning! 'quite chop-fallen! Now get you to my lady's cham-'ber, and tell her, Let her paint an inch thick, to 'this favour she must come. Make her laugh at 'that.'

IT is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lyes, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition, as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would

have it, that to divert was his busineſs, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it ſtung him to the heart, that it was his buſineſs. Men of ſenſe, who could taſte his excellencies, were well ſatisfied to let him lead the way in converſation, and play after his own manner; but fools who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expence, who called for it, and he would ſhew the form of conceited heavy fellows as jeſts to the company at their own requeſt, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jeſter.

WHAT was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was that in the accounts he gave of perſons and ſentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their geſtures, but he would in his narrations fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted paſſages, wherein men of the beſt wits were concerned, as well as ſuch wherein were repreſented men of the loweſt rank of underſtanding. It is certainly as great an inſtance of ſelf-love to a weakneſs, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or thoſe who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the higheſt degree pleaſing; and I do not know any ſatisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever taſted ſo much, as having got over an impatience of ſeeing myſelf in the air he could put me when I have diſpleaſed him. It is indeed to his exquiſite talent this way, more than any philoſophy I could read on the ſubject, that my perſon is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is ſaid of my ſhape, my air, my manner, my ſpeech, or my addreſs. It is to poor Eaſtcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happineſs of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

IT has as much ſurpriſed me as any thing in na-

ture, to have it frequently ſaid, that he was not a good player: but that muſt be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he ſucceeded them, and judging by compariſon of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and ſmartneſs could put on an utter abſence of common ſenſe in his face, as he did in the character of Bulfinch in the Northern Laſs, and an air of inſipid cunning and vivacity in the character of Pounce in the Tender Huſband, it is folly to diſpute his capacity and ſucceſs, as he was an actor.

POOR Eaſtcourt! let the vain and proud be at reſt; they will no more diſturb their admiration of their dear ſelves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raiſing the mirth of ſtupids, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

IT is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when diſturbers of the world are laid at reſt, but to take no notice when they who can pleaſe and divert are pulled from us: but for my part, I cannot but think the loſs of ſuch talents as the man of whom I am ſpeaking was maſter of, a more melancholy inſtance of mortality, than the diſſolution of perſons of ever ſo high characters in the world, whoſe pretenſions were that they were noiſy and miſchievous.

BUT I muſt grow more ſuccinct, and, as a SPECTATOR, give an account of this extraordinary man, who in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I ſpeak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for converſation. His fortune expoſed him to an obſequiouſneſs towards the worſt ſort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the beſt figure in the moſt refined. I have been preſent with him among men of the moſt delicate taſte a whole night, and have known him (for he ſaw it was deſired) keep the diſcourſe to himſelf the moſt part of it, and maintain his good-humour with a

countenance, in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on—— T

## No. 469. *Thursday, August* 28

*Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam, quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accideri, aut rebus externis.* Tull.

*To detract from other men, and turn their disadvantages to our own profit, is more contrary to nature, than death, poverty, or grief, or any thing which can affect our bodies, or external circumstances.*

I AM persuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

THOSE who are under the great officers of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence, than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man, and if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation in the person who applies himself to them, and make—

make the juftice of his caufe the moft powerful folicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a poft of bufinefs, becomes a bleffing to the public: he patronizes the orphan and the widow, affifts the friendlefs, and guides the ignorant: he does not reject the perfon's pretenfions, who does not know how to explain them, or refufe doing a good office for a man becaufe he cannot pay the fee of it. In fhort, though he regulates himfelf in all his proceedings by juftice and equity, he finds a thoufand occafions for all the good natured offices of generofity and compaffion.

A MAN is unfit for fuch a place of truft, who is of a four untractable nature, or has any other paffion that makes him uneafy to thofe who approach him. Roughnefs of temper is apt to difcountenance the timorous or modeft. The proud man difcourages thofe from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who moft want his affiftance. The impatient man will not give himfelf time to be informed of the matter that lyes before him. An officer, with one or more of thefe unbecoming qualities, is fometimes looked upon as a proper perfon to keep off impertinence and folicitation from his fuperior; but this is a kind of merit, that can never atone for the injuftice which may very often arife from it.

THERE are two other vicious qualities which render a man very unfit for fuch a place of truft. The firft of thefe is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without defign. The maxim which feveral have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, fhould be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injuftice fo long as he defers it. The difpatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the folicitor as the good office itfelf. In fhort, if a man compared the incon-

veniencies which another suffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himself may reap by such a delay, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himself.

BUT in the last place, there is no man so improper to be employed in business, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and such an one is the man, who upon any pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulness, dispatch-money, and the like specious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently shelters itself. An honest man will however look on all these methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an over-grown estate that is cankered with the acquisitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices discharged with such an inflexible integrity, we should not see men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I cannot but think that such a corruption proceeds chiefly from mens employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the character of shrewd worldly men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the studies of knowledge and virtue.

IT has been observed, that men of learning who take to business, discharge it generally with greater honesty, than men of the world. The chief reason for it I take to be as follows: A man that has spent his youth in reading, has been used to find virtue extolled, and vice stigmatized. A man that has passed his time in the world, has often seen vice triumphant, and virtue discountenanced. Extortion,

rapine,

rapine, and injuſtice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while ſeveral qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generoſity, ingenuity, and good-nature, impoveriſh and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men, whoſe tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

THERE would be at leaſt this advantage in employing men of learning and parts in buſineſs, that their proſperity would ſit more gracefully on them, and that we ſhould not ſee many worthleſs perſons ſhot up into the greateſt figures of life. C

## No. 470. *Friday, Auguſt* 29.

*Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,*
*Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum.*

Mart. Epig. 86. l. 2. v. 9.

*'Tis folly only, and defect of ſenſe,*
*Turns trifles into things of conſequence.*

I HAVE been very often diſappointed of late years, when upon examining the new edition of a claſſic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful paſſage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that ſuch or ſuch ancient manuſcripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of ſome other notable diſcovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different ſenſe, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the ſeveral ways of ſpelling the ſame word, and gathers together the various blunders and miſtakes of twenty or thirty different tranſcribers, they only take up the time of the

learned reader, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myself how enraged an old Latin author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in another makes use of a word that was never heard of: And indeed there is scarce a solecism in writing which the best author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of some manuscript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I QUESTION not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of; I shall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will suppose that the following song is an old ode, which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various readings, will, perhaps, find their account in the song, which never before appeared in print:

*My love was fickle once and changing,*
*Nor e'er would settle in my heart;*
*From beauty still to beauty ranging,*
*In ev'ry face I found a dart.*

*'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,*
*An eye then gave the fatal stroke:*
*'Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,*
*And all my former fetters broke.*

*But now a long and lasting anguish*
*For Belvidera I endure;*
*Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,*
*Nor hope to find the wonted cure.*

For

*For here the false unconstant lover,*
*After a thousand beauties shown,*
*Does new surprising charms discover,*
*And find variety in one.*

## VARIOUS READINGS.

Stanza the first, verse the first. *And changing.*] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, *&*, but that in the Cotton library, writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second. *Nor e'er would.*] Aldus reads it *ever would;* but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to its genuine reading, by observing that Synæresis which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

ibid. *In my heart.*] Scaliger and others, *on my heart.*

Verse the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The Vatican manuscript for *I* reads *it*; but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T.*

Stanza the second, verse the second. *The fatal stroke.*] Scioppius, Salmasius, and many others, for *the* read *a;* but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some manuscripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit.* But as I find Corinna to be the name of a woman in other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her.*

Stanza the third, verse the first. *A long and lasting anguish.*] The German manuscript reads *a lasting passion*, but the rhime will not admit it.

Verse the second. *For Belvidera I endure.*] Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera*; *Pelvis* being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glass, by which means the etymology of the word is very visible, and *Pelvidera* will signify a lady, who often looks

looks in her glaſs; as indeed ſhe had very good reaſon, if ſhe had all thoſe beauties which our poet here aſcribes to her.

Verſe the third. *Hourly I ſigh and hourly languiſh.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the laſt has great authorities of its ſide.

Verſe the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The elder Stevens reads *wanted cure.*

Stanza the fourth, verſe the ſecond. *After a thouſand beauties.*] In ſeveral copies we meet with a *hundred beauties*, by the uſual error of the tranſcribers who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taſte enough to know that the word *thouſand* was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's miſtreſs than an *hundred*.

Verſe the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Moſt of the ancient manuſcripts have it *in two*. Indeed ſo many of them concur in this laſt reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reaſons which incline me to the reading as I have publiſhed it; firſt, becauſe the rhime, and, ſecondly, becauſe the ſenſe is preſerved by it. It might likewiſe proceed from the oſcitancy of tranſcribers, who, to diſpatch their work the ſooner, uſed to write all numbers in cyphers, and ſeeing the figure 1 followed by a little daſh of the pen, as is cuſtomary in old manuſcripts, they perhaps miſtook the daſh for a ſecond figure, and by caſting up both together, compoſed out of them the figure 2. But this I ſhall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of ſo great uncertainty. C

## No. 471. *Saturday, August 30.*

Εν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὺς σοφὺς ἔχειν βίον EURIPID.

*The wise with hope support the pains of life.*

THE time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lye thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking she is endowed with certain powers, that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

THAT wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

AS the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to come. These are the passions of hope and fear.

BY these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lye hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of externity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

BY the way, who can imagine that the existence of

of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall, in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of Hope.

OUR actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. *We should hope for every thing that is good*, says the old poet Linus, *because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us*. Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

BESIDES these several advantages which rise from hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities among his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, Hope. His natural magnanimity hindred him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

THE old story of Pandora's box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shews us how deplorable a state they thought the present life, without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the Pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him

by

by Pandora: Upon his lifting up the lid of it, ſays the fable, there flew out all the calamities and diſtempers incident to men, from which, till that time they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been incloſed in the cup with ſo much bad company, inſtead of flying off with the reſt, ſtuck ſo cloſe to the lid of it, that it was ſhut down upon her.

I SHALL make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto ſaid. Firſt, that no kind of life is ſo happy as that which is full of hope, eſpecially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the perſon happy who enjoys it. This propoſition muſt be very evident to thoſe who conſider how few are the preſent enjoyments of the moſt happy man, and how inſufficient to give him an entire ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in them.

MY next obſervation is this, that a religious life is that which moſt abounds in a well-grounded hope, and ſuch an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more ſure and certain than the hope of any temporal bleſſing, as it is ſtrengthened not only by reaſon, but by faith. It has, at the ſame time, its eye perpetually fixed on that ſtate, which implies, in the very notion of it, the moſt full and the moſt complete happineſs.

I HAVE before ſhewn how the influence of hope in general ſweetens life, and makes our preſent condition ſupportable, if not pleaſing; but a religious hope has ſtill greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her ſufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the inſtruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

RELIGIOUS hope has likewiſe this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with ſecret comfort and refreſhment, but ſometimes

with rapture and tranſport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilſt the ſoul ſprings forward with delight to the great object which ſhe has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being reunited to her in a glorious and joyful reſurrection.

I SHALL conclude this eſſay with thoſe emblematical expreſſions of a lively hope, which the Pſalmiſt made uſe of in the midſt of thoſe dangers and adverſities which ſurrounded him; for the following paſſage had its preſent and perſonal, as well as its future and prophetic ſenſe. ' I have ſet the Lord ' always before me: becauſe he is at my right hand ' I ſhall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, ' and my glory rejoiceth: my fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in ' hope. For thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell, ' neither wilt thou ſuffer thine Holy One to ſee corruption. Thou wilt ſhew me the path of life: in ' thy preſence there is fulneſs of joy, at thy right ' hand there are pleaſures for evermore. C

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## No. 472. *Monday, September* 1.

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*——Voluptas*
*Solamenque mali——* Virg. Aen. 3. v. 660.

*This only ſolace his hard fortune ſends.* Dryden.

I RECEIVED ſome time ago a propoſal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author diſcourſed at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admoniſhed the rich, who were afflicted with any diſtemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the ſame ſpecies of affliction, and confine their tenderneſs to them, ſince it is impoſſible to aſſiſt all who are preſented to them. The propoſer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir William Read, and being

ing a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing. This misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think, an establishment for all the poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the addition of a very few others to those wealthy who are in the same calamity. However, the thought of the proposer arose from a very good motive, and the parcelling of ourselves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of society and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for mens holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of pleasure; and sure it may also be some reason for amity, that they are under one common distress. If all the rich who are lame in the gout, from a life of ease, pleasure, and luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous life of pleasure, and add a few of such laborious men, who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age or sickness; I say, would such gouty persons administer to the necessities of men disabled like themselves, the consciousness of such a behaviour would be the best julep, cordial, and anodyne in the feverish, faint, and tormenting vicissitudes of that miserable distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual evils. These classes of charity would certainly bring down blessings upon an age and people; and if men were not petrified with the love of this world, against all sense of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable bill for a poor man in the agony of pain, aggravated by want and poverty, to draw upon a sick alderman after this form:

Mr Baſil Plenty,

*S I R,*

*YOU have the gout and ſtone, with ſixty thouſand pound ſterling; I have the gout and ſtone, not worth one farthing; I ſhall pray for you, and deſire you would pay the bearer twenty ſhillings for value received from*

Cripple-Gate, S I R,
Aug. 29. 1712. Your humble ſervant,
LAZARUS HOPEFUL.

THE reader's own imagination will ſuggeſt to him the reaſonableneſs of ſuch correſpondences, and diverſify them into a thouſand forms; but I ſhall cloſe this as I began upon the ſubject of blindneſs. The following letter ſeems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his ſtudy after a ſuſpence of an ability to do ſo. The benefit he reports himſelf to have received, may well claim the handſomeſt encomium he can give the operator.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'RUMINATING lately on your admirable diſ-
'courſes on the *Pleaſures of the Imagination*, I
'began to conſider to which of our ſenſes we are
'obliged for the greateſt and moſt important ſhare
'of thoſe pleaſures; and I ſoon concluded that it
'was to the ſight: that is the ſovereign of the ſenſes,
'and mother of all the arts and ſciences, that have
'refined the rudeneſs of the uncultivated mind to a
'politeneſs that diſtinguiſhes the fine ſpirits from the
'barbarous *gout* of the great vulgar and the ſmall.
'The ſight is the obliging benefactreſs that beſtows
'on us the moſt tranſporting ſenſations that we have
'from the various and wonderful products of na-
'ture. To the ſight we owe the amazing diſcoveries
of

of the height, magnitude, and motion of the planets; their ſeveral revolutions about their common centre of light, heat, and motion, the ſun. The ſight travels yet farther to the fixed ſtars, and furniſhes the underſtanding with ſolid reaſons to prove, that each of them is a ſun moving on its own axis in the center of its own vortex or turbillion, and performing the ſame offices to its dependent planets, that our glorious ſun does to this. But the inquiries of the ſight will not be ſtopped here, but make their progreſs through the immenſe expanſe of the Milky Way, and there divide the blended fires of the Galaxy into infinite and different worlds, made up of diſtinct ſuns, and their peculiar equipages of planets, till unable to purſue this tract any farther, it deputes the imagination to go on to new diſcoveries, till it fill the unbounded ſpace with endleſs worlds.

'THE ſight informs the ſtatuary's chiſel with power to give breath to lifeleſs braſs and marble, and the painter's pencil to ſwell the flat canvas with moving figures actuated by imaginary ſouls. Muſic indeed may plead another original, ſince Jubal, by the different falls of his hammer on the anvil, diſcovered by the ear the firſt rude muſic that pleaſed the antediluvian fathers; but then the ſight has not only reduced thoſe wilder ſounds into artful order and harmony, but conveys that harmony into the moſt diſtant parts of the world without the help of ſound. To the ſight we owe not only all the diſcoveries of philoſophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that tranſports the intelligent reader of Homer, Milton, and Virgil.

'AS the ſight has poliſhed the world, ſo does it ſupply us with the moſt grateful and laſting pleaſure. Let love, let friendſhip, paternal affection, filial piety, and conjugal duty, declare the joys the ſight beſtows on a meeting after abſence. But it would be endleſs to enumerate all the pleaſures

and advantages of sight; every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

'THUS as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are derived from the sight, so has providence been more curious in the formation of its seat, the eye, than of the organs of the other senses. That stupendous machine is composed in a wonderful manner of muscles, membranes, and humours. Its motions are admirably directed by the muscles; the perspicuity of the humours transmit the rays of light; the rays are regularly refracted by their figure, the black lining of the sclerotes effectually prevents their being confounded by reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an instant, and at the same time to make a judgment of their position, figure, or colour. It watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.

'THE pleasures and advantages of sight being great, the loss must be very grievous; of which Milton, from experience, gives the most sensible idea, both in the third book of his Paradise Lost, and in his Sampson Agonistes.

To Light in the former:

——————Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn.

And a little after;

Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or

Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surround me: from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Preſented with an univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.

Again, in Sampſon Agoniſtes:

————————But chief of all,
O loſs of ſight! of thee I moſt complain;
Blind among enemies! O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepid age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd————————

————————Still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half:
O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon;
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe,
Without all hopes of day!

'THE enjoyment of ſight then being ſo great a bleſſing, and the loſs of it ſo terrible an evil, how excellent and valuable is the ſkill of that artiſt which can reſtore the former and redreſs the latter? My frequent peruſal of the advertiſements in the public news-papers (generally the moſt agreeable entertainment they afford) has preſented me with many and various benefits of this kind done to my countrymen by that ſkilful artiſt Dr Grant, her Majeſty's oculiſt extraordinary, whoſe happy hand has brought and reſtored to ſight ſeveral hundreds in leſs than four years. Many have received ſight by his means who came blind from their mother's womb, as in the famous inſtance of Jones of Newington.

'ington. I myſelf have been cured by him of a 'weakneſs in my eyes next to blindneſs, and am 'ready to believe any thing that is reported of his 'ability this way; and know that many, who could 'not purchaſe his aſſiſtance with money, have en-'joyed it from his charity. But a liſt of particulars 'would ſwell my letter beyond its bounds, what I 'have ſaid being ſufficient to comfort thoſe who are 'in the like diſtreſs, ſince they may conceive hopes 'of being no longer miſerable in this kind, while 'there is yet alive ſo able an occuliſt as Dr Grant.

*I am the* SPECTATOR's *humble ſervant,*

T PHILANTHROPUS.

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## No. 473. *Tueſday, September* 2.

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*Quid? ſi quis vultu torvo ferus et pede nudo*
*...æque togæ ſimulet textore Catonem;*
*...emne repræſentet, moreſque Catonis?*
Hor. Ep. 19. l. 19. v. 12.

*Suppoſe a man the coarſeſt gown ſhould wear,*
*No ſhoes, his forehead rough, his look ſevere,*
*And ape great Cato in his form and dreſs;*
*Muſt be his virtues and his mind expreſs?* Creech.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

*SIR,*

'I AM now in the country, and employ moſt of 'my time in reading, or thinking upon what I 'have read. Your paper comes conſtantly down 'to me, and it affects me ſo much, that I find my 'thoughts run into your way; and I recommend 'to

to you a ſubject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is the ſatisfaction ſome men ſeem to take in their imperfections: I think one may call it glorying in their inſufficiency. A certain great author is of opinion it is the contrary to envy, tho' perhaps it may proceed from it. Nothing is ſo common as to hear men of this ſort, ſpeaking of themſelves, add to their own merit, as they think, by impairing it, in praiſing themſelves for their defects, freely allowing they commit ſome few frivolous errors, in order to be eſteemed perſons of uncommon talents and great qualifications. They are generally profeſſing an injudicious neglect of dancing, fencing, and riding, as alſo an unjuſt contempt for travelling and the modern languages; as for their part, they ſay, they [illegible] valued or troubled their head about them. This panegyrical ſatire on themſelves certainly is worthy of your animadverſion. I have known one of theſe gentlemen think himſelf obliged to forget the day of an appointment, and ſometimes even that you ſpoke to him, and when you ſee them, they hope you will pardon them, for they have the worſt [illegible] in the world. One of them ſtarted up the other day in ſome confuſion, and ſaid, Now I think on it, I am to meet Mr Mortmain the attorney about ſome buſineſs, but whether it is to-day, or to-morrow, faith, I cannot tell. Now to my certain knowledge he knew his time to a moment, and was there accordingly. Theſe forgetful perſons have, to heighten their crime, generally the beſt memories of any people, as I have found out by their remembering ſometimes thro' inadvertency. Two or three of them that I know can ſay moſt of our modern tragedies by heart. I aſked a gentleman the other day that is famous for a good carver, (at which acquiſition he is out of countenance, imagining it may detract from ſome of his more eſſential qualifications) to help me to ſomething

that

'that was near him; but he excused himself, and 'blushing told me, Of all things he could never 'carve in his life; though it can be proved upon 'him, that he cuts up, disjoints, and uncases with 'incomparable dexterity. I would not be under-'stood as if I thought it laudable for a man of qua-'lity and fortune to rival the acquisitions of artifi-'cers, and endeavour to excel in little handy quali-'ties; No, I argue only against being ashamed at 'what is really praise-worthy. As these pretences 'to ingenuity shew themselves several ways, you 'will often see a man of this temper ashamed to be 'clean, and setting up for wit only from negligence 'in his habit. Now I am upon this head, I cannot 'help observing also upon a very different folly pro-'ceeding from the same cause. As these above-men-'tioned arise from effecting an equality with men of 'greater talents from having the same faults, there 'are others that would come at a parallel with those 'above them, by possessing little advantages which 'they want. I heard a young man not long ago, 'who has sense, comfort himself in his ignorance of 'Greek, Hebrew, and the orientals: at the same 'time that he published his aversion to those lan-'guages, he said, that the knowledge of them was ra-'ther a diminution than an advancement of a man's 'character: though at the same time I know he 'languishes and repines he is not master of them 'himself. Whenever I take any of these fine per-'sons thus detracting from what they do not un-'derstand, I tell them I will complain to you, and 'say I am sure you will not allow it an exception 'against a thing, that he who contemns it is an ig-'norant in it.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most humble servant,*

S. T.

MR.

Mr Spectator,

‘I AM a man of a very good eſtate, and am honourably in love. I hope you will allow, when the ultimate purpoſe is honeſt, there may be, without treſpaſs againſt innocence, ſome toying by the way. People of condition are perhaps too diſtant and formal on thoſe occaſions; but however that is, I am to confeſs to you that I have writ ſome verſes to atone for my offence. You profeſſed authors are a little ſevere upon us, who write like gentlemen: but if you are a friend to love, you will inſert my poem. You cannot imagine how much ſervice it will do me with my fair one, as well as reputation with all my friends, to have ſomething of mine in the Spectator. My crime was, that I ſnatched a kiſs, and my poetical excuſe as follows:

I.

Belinda, ſee from yonder flow'rs
  The bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours;
  Are they impair'd in ſhow or ſmell?

II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a kiſs,
  Sweeter than their ambroſial dew;
Why are you angry at my bliſs?
  Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

III.

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
  In ſpite of your unkind reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd love alive,
  Which you inhumanly would ſtarve.

*I am*, SIR,

*Your humble ſervant*,

Timothy Stanza.

*SIR*,

*SIR,* *Aug.* 23. 1712.

'HAVING a little time upon my hands, I could
'not think of bestowing it better, than in wri-
'ting an epistle to the SPECTATOR, which I now
'do, and am,

*SIR, Your humble servant,*

BOB SHORT.

P. S. 'If you approve of my stile, I am likely e-
'nough to become your correspondent. I desire
'your opinion of it. I design it for that way of
'writing called by the judicious the Familiar. T.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.

THE

# INDEX.


A.

ABCETUS his character, N. [illegible]
Admiration, a pleasing motion of the mind, N. 413.
Affectation, the misfortune of it, N. 404 described, 460.
Almighty, his power over the imagination, N. 421. Aristotle's saying of his being, 465.
Allegories, like light to a discourse, N. 421. Eminent writers faulty in them, ib.
Allusions, the great art of a writer, N. 421.
Amazons, their commonwealth, N. 433. How they educated their children, 434. Their wars, ib. They marry their male-allies, ib.
Americans used painting instead of writing, N. 416.
Amity between agreeable persons or different sexes dangerous, N. [illegible]
Amoret the jil[t], reclaimed b[y] Philand[e]r, N. 401.
An[ne] Boleyn's last letter to King Henry VIII. N. 397.
A[n]cients in the East, their way of living, N. 415.
Appearances, things not to be [trusted] for them, N. 4[6]4.
Applause (p[ublic]) its pleasure, N. 442.
April (month of) described, N. 425.
Arabella, verses on her singing, N. 443.
Architecture, the ancients perfection in it, N. 415. The greatness of the manner, how it strikes the fan[cy], [ib.] Of the manner of b[oth] an[ci]ents and moderns, [i]b. The concave and convex figures have the greatest air, ib. Every thing that pleases the imagination in it, is either great, beautiful, or new, ib.
Art (works of) defective to entertain the imagination, N. 414. Receive great advantage from their likeness to those of nature, ib.
August and July (months of) described, N. 425.

B.

BABEL (tower of) N. 415.
Bacon (Sir Francis) prescribes his reader a poem or prospect, as conducive to health, N. 411.

N. 411. What he ſays of the pleaſure of taſte, 447.
Bankruptcy, the miſery of it, N. 428, 456.
Bar oratory in England, reflections on it, N. 407.
Baſilius Valentius and his ſon, their ſtory, N. 426.
Baxter (Mr) his laſt words, N. 445. More laſt words, *ib.*
Bayle (Mr) what he ſays of libels, N. 451.
Bear-Garden, a combat there, N. 436. The cheats of it, 449.
Beauty heightened by motion, N. 406.
Beau[illegible] objects, what [illegible]ſtood by [illegible] 412. Nothing m[illegible] way more directly to the ſoul, *ib.* Every ſpecies of ſenſible creatures has different notions of it, *ib.* A ſecond kind of it, *ib.*
Beggars, the grievance of them, N. 430.
Belvidera, a critic on a ſong [illegible] her, N. 470.
[illegible] Jupiter, (temple of) N. 415.
Birds, how affected by colours, N. 412.
Blaſt (Lady) her character, N. 457.
Bluemantle (Lady) an account of her, N. 427.
Buck (Timothy) his anſwer to James Miller's challenge, N. 436.
Buffoonry cenſured, N. 443.
Buſineſs (men of) their error in ſimilitudes, N. 421. Of learning, fitteſt [illegible]
Buſſy d'Amboiſe, a ſtory of him, N. 467.

C.

CÆSAR loſt his life by neglecting a Roman augur's caution, N. 395
Caelia, her character, N. 404.
Caliſthenes, his character, N. 422.
Calumny, the ill effects of it, N. 451.
Camilla's letter to the Spectator from Venice, N. 443. how applauded there, *ib.*
Carteſian, how he would account for the ideas formed by the fancy from a ſingle circumſtance of the memory, N. 417.
Cato, the reſpect paid him [illegible] the Roman theatre, N. 4[illegible]6.
Chamont's ſaying of Moni[illegible] misfortunes, N. 395.
Charity ſchools to be encouraged, N. 430.
Charles II. his gaieties, N. 462.
Charms, none can ſupply the place of virtue, N. 395.
Children, their duty to their parents, N. 426. Ill education of them fatal, 431.
Chineſe laugh at our gardens, and why, N. 414.
Chremylus, his character out of Ariſtophanes, N. 464.
Cicero, his genius, N. 404. The oracle's advice to him, *ib.* What he ſays of ſcandal, 427. Of the Roman gladiators, 436.
Clarendon (Earl of) his character of a perſon of troubleſome curioſity, N. 439.
Cleanthes, his character, N. 404.
Cleopatra, a de[illegible]ption of her ſailing down the Cydnos, N. 400.
Cloe, the idiot, N. 466.
Colours, the eye takes mo[illegible] delight in them, N. 412. why the

the poets borrow most epithets from them, *ib.* Only ideas in the mind, 413. speak all languages, 416.
Comedies, English, vicious, N. 446.
Commonwealth of Amazons, N. 433.
Compassion civilizes human nature, N. 397. How to touch it, *ib.*
Company, temper chiefly to be considered in the choice of it, N. 424.
Concave and convex figures in architecture have the greatest air, and why, N. 415.
Confidence, the danger of it to the ladies, N. 395.
Coverley (Sir Roger de) his adventure with Sukey, N. 410. His good-humour, 424.
Conversation an improvement of taste in letters, N. 409.
Country life, why the poets in love with it, N 414. What Horace and Virgil say of it, *ib.* Rules for it, 424.
Courage wants other good qualities to set it off, N. 422.
Court and city, their peculiar ways of life and conversation, N. 403.
Critics (French) friends to one another, N. 409.
Cuckoldom abused on the stage, N. 446.
Curiosity (absurd) an instance of it, N. 439.
Custom a second nature, N. 437. The effect of it, *ib.* How to make a good use of it, *ib.* Cannot make every thing pleasing, 455.
Cynthio and Flavia break off their amour very whimsically, N. 399.

D.

DACINTHUS, his character, N. 462.
Dainty (Mrs Mary) her memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.
Damon and Strephon, their amour with Gloriana, N. 423.
Dancing displays beauty, N. 466; on the stage faulty, *ib.* The advantages of it, *ib.*
Dangers past, why the reflection of them pleases, N. 418.
Day, the several times of it in several parts of the town, N. 454.
Deluge, Mr W——n's notion of it reproved, N. 396.
Defamation the sign of an ill heart, N. 4[illegible]. Papers of that kind a scandal to a government, 451. To be punished by good ministers, *ib.*
Denying, sometimes a virtue, N. 458.
Deportment (religious) why so little appearances of it in England, N. 437.
Descriptions come short of statuary and painting, N. 416. Please sometimes more than the sight of things, *ib.* The same not alike relished by all, *ib.* What pleases in them, 418. What is great, surprising and beautiful, more acceptable to the imagination than what is little, common, or deformed, *ib.*
Desire, when corrected, N. 400.
Devotion, the noblest buildings owing to it, N 415.
Diana's cruel sacrifices condemned by an ancient poet, N. 453.

Dionysius's

Dionysius's ear, what it was, N. 439.
Discourse in conversation not to be engrossed by one man, N. 428.
Distracted persons, the sight of them the most mortifying thing in nature, N. 421.
Dogget, how cuckolded on the stage, N. 446.
Domestic life, reflections concerning it, 455.
Doris, Mr Congreve's character of her, N. 422.
Drama, its first original a religious worship, N. 405.
Dream of the seasons, N. 425; of golden scales, 463.
Dress, the ladies extravagance in it, N. 435. An ill intention in their singularity, *ib.* The English character to be modest in it, *ib.*
Drink, the effects it has on modesty, N. 458.

E.

EASTCOURT (Dick) his character, N. 468.
Editors of the classics, their faults, N. 470.
Education of children, errors in it, N. 431. a letter on that subject, 455. Gardening applied to it, *ib.*
Emblematical persons, N. 419.
Employments, whoever excels in any, worthy of praise, N. 432.
Emulation, the use of it, N. 432.
Enemies, the benefits that may be received from them, N. 399.
English naturally modest, N. 407, 435; thought proud by foreigners, 432.
Enmity, the good fruits of it, N. 399.
Epictetus's saying of sorrow, N. 397.
Equestrian ladies, who, N. 435.
Error, his habitation described, N. 460; how like to truth, *ib.*
Essay on the pleasures of the imagination, from N. 411. to 421.
Ether (fields of) the pleasures of surveying them, N. 420.
Ever-greens of the fair sex, N. 395.
Euphrates river contained in one bason, N. 415.
Exchange (Royal) described, N. 454.

F.

FAIRY writing, N. 419. The pleasures of imagination that arise from it, *ib.* More difficult than any other, and why, *ib.* The English the best poets of this sort, *ib.*
Faith, the benefit of it, N. 459, The means of confirming it, 465.
Fame, a follower of merit, N. 426. the palace of, described, 439, courts compared to it, *ib.*
Familiarities indecent in society, N. 429.
Fancy, all its images enter by the sight, N. 411.
Fashion, a description of it, N. 460.
Father, the affection of one for a daughter, N. 449.
Favours spoiled by a marriage *N.* 437.
Faults (secret) how to find them out, *N.* 399.

Fear

Fear (passion of) treated, *N.* 471.
Feeling not so perfect a sense as sight, *N.* 411.
Fiction, the advantage the writers have in it to please the imagination, *N.* 419. What other writers please it, 420.
Fidelia, her duty to her father, N. 449.
Final causes of delight, in objects, N. 413. Lye bare and open, *ib.*
Flattery described, N. 460.
Flavia's character and amour with Cynthio, N. 398.
Flora an attendant on the spring, N. 425.
Follies and defects mistaken by us in ourselves for worth, N. 460.
Fortius, his character, N. 422.
Fortunatus the trader, his character, *N.* 443.
Freart (monsieur) what he says of the manner of both ancients and moderns in architecture, N. 415.
French, their levity, N. 435.
Friends kind to our faults, N. 399.

G.

GARDENING, errors in it, N. 414. Why the English gardens not so entertaining to the fancy, as those in France and Italy, *ib.* Observations concerning its improvement both for benefit and beauty, *ib.* Applied to education, 455.
Georgics (Virgil's) the beauty of their subjects, N. 417.
Gesture, good in oratory, N. 407.
G[illegible], what they say should [illegible] a little discoloured, N: 419. The description of them pleasing to the fancy, *ib.* why we incline to believe them, *ib.* not a village in England formerly without one, *ib.* Shakespear's the best, *ib.*
Gladiators of Rome, what Cicero says of them, N. 434.
Gloriana, the design upon her, N. 423.
Goat's-milk, the effect it had on a man bred with it, N. 408.
Good sense, and good-nature always go together, N. 437.
Grace at meals practised by the Pagans, N. 458.
Grandeur and minuteness, the extremes pleasing to the fancy, N. 420.
Gratitude, the most pleasing exercise of the mind, N. 453. a divine poem upon it, *ib.*
Greatness of objects, what understood by it, in the pleasures of the imagination, N. 412, 413.
Green-sickness, Sabina Rentfree's letter about it, N. 431.
Guardian of the fair sex, the Spectator so, N. 449.

HAMLET's reflections on looking upon Yorick's skull, N. 404.
Harlot, a description of one out of the proverbs, N. 410.
Health, the pleasures of the fancy more conducive to it, than those of the understanding, N. 411.
Heaven and hell, the notion of, conformable to the light of nature, N. 447.
Heavens, verses on the glory of them, N. 465.
Hebrew idioms run into English N. 405.

Hesiod's saying of a virtuous life, N. 447.
Historian, his most agreeable talent, N 420. How history pleases the imagination, *ib.* Descriptions of battles in it scarce ever understood, N. 428.
*Hockley in the hole* gladiators, N. 436.
Homer's descriptions charm more than Aristotle's reasoning, N. 411; compared with Virgil, 417; when he is in his province, *ib.*
Honestus the trader, his character, N. 443.
Honeycomb (Will) his adventure with Sukey, N. 410.
Hope (passion of) treated, N. 471.
Horace takes fire at every hint of the Iliad and Odyssey, N. 417.
Hotspur (Jeffrey Esq;) his petition from the country infirmary, N 429.
Human nature the best study, N. 408.
Humour (good) the best companion in the country, N. 424.
Hush (Peter) his character, N. 457.
Hymn, David's pastoral one on providence, N. 441. on gratitude, 453. on the glories of the heaven and earth, 465.
Hypocrisy, the various kinds of it, N 499. to be preferred to open impiety, 458.

I.

IDEAS, how a whole set of them hang together, N. 416.
Idiot, the story of one by Dr Plot, N. 441.
Idle and innocent, few know how to be so, N. 411.
Jilt, a penitent one, N. 401.
Iliad, the reading of it like travelling through a country uninhabited, N. 417.
Imaginary beings in poetry, N. 419. Instances in Ovid, Virgil, and Milton, *ib.*
Imagination, its pleasures in some respects equal to those of the understanding, in some preferable, N. 411. Their extent, *ib.* The advantages of them, *ib.* What is meant by them, *ib.* Two kinds of them, *ib.* Awaken the faculties of the mind, without fatiguing or perplexing it, *ib.* more conducive to health than those of the understanding, *ib.* raised by other senses as well as the sight, 412. The cause of them not to be assigned, 413. Works of art not so perfect as those of nature to entertain the imagination, 414. The secondary pleasures of the fancy, 416. the power of it, *ib.* whence its secondary pleasures proceed, *ib.* of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight, 418. how poetry contributes to its pleasures, 419. how historians, philosophers, and other writers, 420, 421. The delight it takes in enlarging itself by degrees, as in the survey of the earth, and the universe, *ib.* and when it works from great things to little, *ib.* where it falls short of the understanding, *ib.* How affected by similitudes, 42[illegible] as liable

liable to pain as pleasure; how much of either it is capable of, *ib.* the power of the Almighty over it, *ib.*
Imagining, the art of it in general. N. 421.
Impertinent and trifling persons, their triumph, N. 432.
Impudence mistaken for wit, N 443.
Infirmary, one for good-humour, 429, 437, 440 a farther account out of the country, *ib.*
Ingoltson (Charles of Barbican) his cures, N. 444.
Invitation, the Spectator's, to all artificers as well as philosophers to assist him, N. 428, 442; a general one, *ib.*
Jolly (Frank Esq;) his memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.
Iras, her character, N. 404.
Irony, who deal in it, N. 438.
July and August (months of) described, N. 25.
June (month of) described, N. 425.

K.

KNOWLEDGE of one's self, rules for it, N. 399.

L.

LANDSKIP, a pretty one, N. 414.
Language (licentious) the brutality of it, N. 400.
Languages (European) cold to the oriental, N. 405.
Lapland ode translated, N. 406.
Latimer, the martyr, his behaviour at a conferrence with the papists, N. 465.
Law-suits, the misery of them, N. 456.
Leaf (green) swarms with millions of animals, N. 420.
Learning (men of) who take to business, best fit for it, N. 469.
Letters from Cynthio to Flavia, and their answers on the breaking off their amour, N. 398.
Letters, from Queen Anne Boleyne to Henry VIII. 397. From a bankrupt to his friend, 456; the answer, *ib.* From Lazarus Hopeful to Basil Plenty, 472.
Letters to the Spectator; from Peter de Quir of St John's college in Cambridge, N. 396; from a penitent jilt, 401; from a lady importuned by her mother to be unfaithful to her husband, 402; from a married man who out of jealousy abstructed the marriage of a lady to whom he was a guardian, *ib.* from a lady whose lover would have abused her passion for him, *ib.* from a young uncle on the disobedience of his elder nephews and nieces, *ib.* about a city and country life, 406; with a translation of a Lapland ode, *ib.* on the passions, 408; concerning Gloriana, 423; of good-humour, 424; of the country infirmary, 429; of common beggars, 430; of charity-schools, *ib*, the freedoms of married men and women, *ib.* from Richard and Sabina Rentfree, 431; about prejudice and emulation, 432 naked shoulders, 437; a country society and infirmary, *ib.* from Camilla, 443; from an exchange man, *ib.* about buffoonry,

foonry, *ib.* from Ephraim Weed, 450; from a projector for news, 452, 457; about education, 455; from one who had married a fcold, *ib.* from Pill Garlic, *ib.* about the ufe and abufe of fimiles, *ib.* falutations at churches, 460. with a tranflation of the 114th Pfalm, 461; about the advance on the paper for the ftamps, *ib.* about king Charles the fecond's gaieties, 462; about dancing, 466; about fight, 472; about penegyrical fatires on ourfelves, 473; from Timothy Stanza, *ib.* from Bob Short, *ib.*

Libels, a fevere law againft them, N. 451; thofe that write or read them excommunicated, *ib.*

Light and colours only ideas in the mind, N. 413.

Livy, in what he excels all other hiftorians, N. 409, 420.

Loller (lady Lydia) her memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.

London, the differences of the manners and politics of one part from the other, N. 403.

M.

MAN, the middle link between angels and brutes, N. 408. What he is, confidered in himfelf, 441. The homage he owes his Creator, *ib.*

Ma[illegible]lius, his character, N. 467.

March (month of) defcribed, N. 425.

M[illegible]ne the fine dancer, N. 466.

[illegible]ars, [illegible] attendant on the [illegible], N. 425.

M[illegible]rtial, an epigram of his on a grave man's being at a lewd play, N. 446.

Matchiavel, his obfervation on the wife jealoufy of ftates, N. 408.

Matter, the leaft particle of it contains an unexhaufted fund, N. 420.

May (month of) dangerous to the ladies, N. 395. defcribed, 425.

Meanwell (Thomas) his letter about the freedoms of married men and women, N. 430.

Memory, how improved by the ideas of the imagination, N. 417.

Merchant, the worth and importance of his character, N. 428.

Mercy, whoever wants it has a tafte of no enjoyment, N. 456.

Metamorphofes (Ovid's) like inchanted ground, N. 417.

Metaphor, when noble, cafts a glory round it, N. 421.

Miller (James) his challenge to Timothy Buck, N. 436.

Milton, his vaft genius, N. 417. His poem of *Il Penferofo*, 425. His defcription of the arch-angel and the evil fpirit's addreffing themfelves for the combat, 465.

Mimicry (art of) why we delight in it, N. 416.

Minifter, a watchful one defcribed, N. 439.

Minutius, his character, N. 422.

Modefty (falfe) the danger of it, N. 458. diftinguifhed from the true, *ib.*

Monfters, novelty beft[illegible] charm[illegible] them, N. 412. Incapable of propagat[illegible] 413. What gives fatisfaction in the fight of them, 418.

Money; the Spectator propofes


it

it is a theſis, N. 442. the power of it, 450. the love of it very commendable, *ib.*
Morality, the benefits of it, N. 459. Strengthens faith 465.
Mouſe-Alley doctor, N. 444.
Muſic (church) of the improvement of it, N. 405. It may raiſe confuſed notions of things in the fancy, 416.

N.

NAKED ſhouldered, N. 437.
Names of authors to be put to their works, the hardſhips and inconveniencies of it, N. 451.
Nature, a man's beſt guide, N. 404. the moſt uſeful object of human reaſon, 408. Her works more perfect than thoſe of art to delight the fancy, 414. Yet the more pleaſant the more they reſemble them, *ib.* more grand and auguſt than thoſe of art, *ib.*
Neceſſary cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is great, new, and beautiful, N. 413.
New or uncommon, why every thing that is ſo raiſes a pleaſure in the imagination, N. 411. What underſtood by the term with reſpect to objects, 412. Improves what is great and beautiful, *ib.* Why a ſecret pleaſure annexed to its idea, 413. Every thing ſo that pleaſes in architecture, 415.
News, how the Engliſh thirſt after it, N. 452. Project for a ſupply of it, *ib.* of whiſperers, 457.
Nicodemuncio's letter to Olivia, N. 433.
Nicolini, his perfection in muſic, N. 405.
Night-walk in the country, N. 425.
November (month of) deſcribed, N. 425.

O.

ODE (Laplander's) to his miſtreſs, N. 406.
Opinion (popular) deſcribed, N. 460.
Oſtentation, one of the inhabitants of the paradiſe of fools, N. 460.
Otway, his admirable deſcription of the miſeries of lawſuits, N. 456.
Ovid, in what he excels, N. 417. His deſcription of the palace of fame, 439.

P.

PAMPHLETS, defamatory, deteſtable, N. 441.
Pantheon at Rome, how it ſtrikes the imagination at the firſt enterance, N. 415.
Paradiſe of fools, N. 460.
Paradiſe Loſt (Milton's) its fine images, N. 417.
Parents, their care due to their children, N. 416.
Party not to be followed with innocence, N. 399.
Party prejudices in England, N. 432.
Paſſions treated of, N. 408. What moves them in deſcriptions moſt pleaſing, 418. in all men, but appear not in all, *ib.* of hope and fear, 471.
Paſſionate people, their faults, N. 438. Nat. Lee's deſcription of one, *ib.*
Peeviſh fellow deſcribed, N. 438.
Penſeroſo (poem of) by Milton, N. 425.

Perſecution

Perſecution in religious matters, immoral, N. 459.
Perſian ſoldier reproved for railing againſt an enemy, N. 427.
Phidias, his propoſal of a prodigious ſtatue of Alexander, 415.
Phocion's ſaying of a vain promiſer, N. 448.
Philipater's letter about his daughters dancing, N 466.
Philips (Mr) paſtoral verſes of his, N. 400.
Philoſophy (new) the authors of it gratify and enlarge the imagination, N. 420.
Picture not ſo natural a repreſentation as a ſtatue, N. 416. what pleaſes moſt in one, 418.
Pindar's ſaying of Theron, N. 467.
Pity, is love ſoftened by ſorrow, N. 397. that and terror leading paſſions in poetry, 418.
Places of truſt, who moſt fit for them, N. 469. Why courted by men of generous principles, *ib.*
Planets, to ſurvey them, fills us with aſtoniſhment, N. 420.
Pleaſant fellows to be avoided, N. 462.
Pleaſantry in converſation, the faults it covers, N. 462.
Poems, ſeveral preſerved for their ſimiles, N. 421.
Poetry has the whole circle of nature for its province, N. 419.
Poets, the pains they ſhould take to form the imagination, N. 417. ſhould mend nature, and add to her beauties, 418. How much they are at liberty in it, *ib.*
Polite imagination let into a great many pleaſures the vulgar are not capable of, N. 411.
Politics of St James's coffeehouſe, on the report of the French king's death, N. 403. of Giles's, *ib.* of Jenny Man's, *ib.* of Will's, *ib.* the temple, *ib.* Fiſh-ſtreet, *ib.* Cheapſide, *ib.* Garraway's *ib.*
Poor, the ſcandalous appearance of them, N. 430.
Poverty the loſs of merit, N. 464.
Praiſe, the love of it deeply fixed in mens minds, N 467.
Precipice, diſtant, why its proſpect pleaſes, N. 418.
Prejudice, a letter about it as it reſpects parties in England, N. 432.
Promiſes (neglect of) through frivolous falſhood, N. 448.
Promiſers condemned, N. 448.
Proſpect, a beautiful one delights the ſoul as much as a demonſtration, N. 411. Wide ones pleaſing to the fancy, *ib.* Enlivened by nothing ſo much as rivers and falls of water, 412; that of hills and valleys ſoon tires, *ib.*
Proverbs (the 7th chapter of) turned into verſe, N 410.
Pſalm, 114th tranſlated, N. 461.
Pſalmiſt, againſt hypocriſy, N. 399: of providence, 441.
Punning, whoſe privilege, N. 396. a pun of thought, 454
Pyramids of Egypt, N. 415.
Pythagoras, his precepts about the choice of a courſe of life, N. 447.

Q.

QUACK bill, N. 444. [...]ors, the cheats of them, *ib.*
Quakers, project of an act to marry

marry them to the olive beauties, N. 396.
Quir (Peter de) his letter to the Spectator about puns, N 396.

R.

RALLERY in conversation, the absurdity of it, N. 422.
Rainbow, the figure of one contributes to its magnificence, as much as the colours to its beauty, N. 415.
Ramble, from Richmond by water to London and about it, by the Spectator, N. 454.
Raphael, the excellence of his pictures, N. 467.
Read (Sir William) his operations on the eyes, N 472.
Reason the pilot of the passions, N 408. A pretty nice proportion between that and passion, *ib.*
Religion considered, N. 459.
Renatus Valentinus, his father and grandfather, their story, N. 426.
Rent-free (Sabina) her letter about the green-sickness, N. 431.
Retirement, a dream of it, N. 425
Riches corrupt mens morals, N. 464.
Rich men, their defects overlooked, N. 464.
Ridicule put to a good use, N. 445.
Riding-dress of ladies, the extravagance of it, N. 435.
Robin, the porter at Will's coffee-house, his qualifications, N 398.
Rhubarb (John Esq;) his memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.
Rusticity shocking, N. 400.
Rusty (Scabbard) his letter to the Spectator. N. 449.

S.

SALLUST, his excellence, N. 409.
Salutations in churches censured, N. 460.
Satires, the English, ribaldry and Billingsgate, N. 451. Panegyrical on ourselves, 473.
Scales (golden) a dream of them, N. 463.
Scandal, to whom most pleasing, N. 426. How monstrous it renders us, 451.
Scot (Dr) his Christian life, its merit, 447.
Scots, a saying of theirs, N. 463.
Scribblers against the Spectator, why neglected by him, N. 445.
Seasons, a dream of them, N. 425.
Sidney, verses on his modesty, N. 400.
Self-conceit one of the inhabitants of the paradise of fools, N. 460.
Semanthe, her character, N. 404.
Semiramis, her prodigious works and power, N. 415.
Sempronia the match maker, N. 437.
September (month of) described, N. 425.
Sexes, amity between agreeable persons of different, dangerous, N. 400. the advantages of it to each, 433.
Shakespear, excels all writers in his ghosts, N. 419.
Sherlock (Dr) improved the notion of heaven and hell, N. 447.
Sight, the most perfect sense, N. 411. The pleasures of imagination arise originally from it, *ib.* furnishes it with ideas, *ib.*

Silk-

Silk-worm, a character of one, N. 454.
Similitudes, eminent writers faulty in them, N. 421. the preservation of several poems, *ib.* an ill one in a pulpit, 455.
Sippet, (Jack) his character, N. 448.
Snarlers, N. 438.
Socrates, why the oracle pronounced him the wisest of men, N. 408.
Song with notes, N. 470.
Soul, its happiness the contemplation of God, N. 413. State of it after separation, *ib.*
Sounds, how improper for description, N. 416.
Spectator, his invitation to all sorts of people to assist him, N. 442. about the stamps, 445. guardian of the fair sex, 449. his advertisements, 461. about the price of his paper, *ib.* put into the golden scales, 463. a sort of news-letter, 468.
Spenser, his whole creation of shadowy persons, N. 419.
Spirits, several species in the world besides ourselves, N. 419.
Spring, a description of it, N. 423. his attendants, *ib.*
Spies, not to be trusted, N. 439. despised by great men, *ib.*
Stamps, how fatal to weekly historians, N. 445.
Stars (fixt) how their immensity and magnificence confound us, N. 420.
Statuary, the most natural representation, N. 416.
Stint (Jack) and Will Trap, their adventure. N. 448.
Stoics discarded all passions, N. 397.
Sudden (Thomas Esq;) his memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.
Sukey's adventure with Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley, N. 410.
Sun-rising and setting, the most glorious show in nature, N. 412.
Symmetry of objects, how it strikes, N. 411.
Syncopius the passionate, his character, N. 438.

T.

TALE-BEARERS censured, N. 439.
Taste of writing, what it is, and how it may be acquired, N. 409. The perfection of a man's as a sense, *ib.* defined, that of the English, *ib.*
Terror and pity, why those passions please, N. 418.
Thames, its banks, and the boats on it, described, N. 454.
Theognis, a beautiful saying of his, N. 464.
Thimbleton (Ralph) his letter to the Spectator N. 432.
Thoughts, of the highest importance to sift them, N. 399.
Tillotson (archbishop) improved the notion of heaven and hell, N. 447.
Torture, why the description of it pleases, and not the prospect, N. 418.
Transmigration of souls, how believed by the ancients, N. 408.
Trap (Mr) his letter to Mr Stint, N. 448.
Trees, more beautiful in all their luxuriancy, than when cut and trimmed, N. 414.

Trimming, the Spectator unjustly accused of it, N. 445.

V.

VAINLOVES, the family of, N. 454.
Valentinus, Basilius, and Alexandrinus, their story, N. 426.
Valerio, his character, N. 404.
Valetudinarians in chastity, N. 395.
Vanity, the paradise of fools, N. 460. a vision of her and her attendants, *ib.*
Variety of mens actions proceeds from the passions, N. 408.
Venus, the charming figure she makes in the first Æneid, N. 417. an attendant on the spring, 425.
Vertumnus, an attendant on the spring, N. 425.
Viner (Sir Robert) his familiarity with king Charles II, N. 462.
Virgil, his genius, N. 404. compared with Homer, 417. when he is best pleased, *ib.*
Virtues, supposed ones not to be relied on, N. 399.
Understanding, wherein more perfect than the imagination, N. 420. reasons for it, *ib.* should master the passions, 438.
Universe, how pleasing the contemplation of it, N. 420.

W.

WALL, the prodigious one of China, N. 415.
Wars, the late made us so greedy of news, N. 452.
Wealthy men fix the character of persons to their circumstances, N. 469.
Weed (Ephraim) his letter to the Spectator about his marriages and estate, N. 450.
Whispering-place, Dionysius the tyrant's, N. 439.
Whisperer's political, N. 457.
Wig, long one, the eloquence of the bar, N. 407.
Wit, (false) why it sometimes pleases, N. 416. Nothing without judgment, 422.
Witchcraft, generally beloved by our forefathers, N. 419.
Women have always designs upon men, N. 433.
Words, the pleasures proceeding to the imagination from the ideas raised by them, N. 416.
Writer, how to perfect his imagination, N. 417. who among the antient poets had this faculty, *ib.*

Y.

YOUTH, instructions to them to avoid harlots, N. 410.

Z.

ZEAL, intemperate, criminal, N. 399.